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BOMBAY BRANCH
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TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

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THE

Comical Revenge

OR,

LOVE in a TUB.

Acted at his Highneſs

The Duke of *YORK*'s Theatre

IN

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

00043555

THE

WORKS

OF

Sir *George Etherege*:

Containing His

PLAYS

AND

POEMS.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. H.* And Sold by *J. Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate, next *Grays-Inn* Lane; and *T. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1704.

43555

THE PROLOGUE.

WHO cou'd expect ſuch Crouding here to Day,
Meerly on the Report of a new Play?
A Man wou'd think y'ave been ſo often bit
By us of late, you ſhould have learn'd more Wit;
And firſt have ſent a Forlorn Hope to ſpy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy;
Expecting 'till ſome deſperate Criticks had
Reſolv'd you, whether it were good or bad.
But yet, we hope you'll never grow ſo wiſe;
For, if you ſhould, we and our Comedies
Muſt trip to Norwich, *or for* Ireland *go;*
And never fix, but, like a Puppet-Show,
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For ſuch our Fortune is, this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, ſupports the Stage:
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy Flights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her Heights,
Though now declin'd: Yet, could ſome able Pen
Match Fletcher's *Nature, or the Art of* Ben,
The Old and Graver ſort would ſcarce allow
Thoſe Plays were good, becauſe we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you would forget,
Moſt Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit;
And only think upon the Modern way
Of Writing, whilſt y'are Cenſuring his Play.
And, Gallants, as for you, Talk loud i'th' Pit;
Divert your ſelves and Friends with your own Wit;
Obſerve the Ladies, and neglect the Play,
Or elſe 'tis fear'd we are undone to Day.

Perſons

Perſonæ Dramatis.

The Lord *Bevill*, Father to *Lovis*, *Graciana* and *Aurelia*.
The Lord *Beaufort*, Servant to *Graciana*.
Colonel *Bruce*, } A Cavalier, Friend to *Lovis*, in Love with *Graciana*.
Lovis, Friend to *Bruce*.
Sir *Frederick Frollick*, Couſin to the Lord *Beaufort*.
Graciana, A young Lady, in Love with the Lord *Beaufort*.
Aurelia, Her Siſter, in Love with Colonel *Bruce*.
Mrs. *Rich*, } A wealthy Widow, Siſter to the Lord *Bevill*, in Love with Sir *Frederick*.
Letitia, A Girl, waiting upon *Aurelia*.
Betty, Waiting-woman to the Widow.
Dufoy, } A ſaucy impertinent *Frenchman*, Servant to Sir *Frederick*.
Clark, Servant to the Lord *Beaufort*.
Sir *Nicholas Cully*, Knighted by *Oliver*.
Wheadle and *Palmer*, Gameſters.
Mrs. *Grace*, A Wench kept by *Wheadle*.
Jenny, Her Maid.
Mrs. *Lucy*, A Wench kept by Sir *Frederick*.
A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.
A Bell-man.
Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.

To the Honourable

Charles Lord *Buckhurſt.*

My Lord,

I Could not have wiſh'd my ſelf more fortunate than I have been in the Succeſs of this Poem: The Writing of it was a Means to make me known to Your Lordſhip: The Acting of it has loſt me no Reputation; and the Printing of it has now given me an Opportunity to ſhew how much I honour You.

I here Dedicate it, as I have long ſince Dedicated my ſelf, to Your Lordſhip: Let the humble Love of the Giver make You ſet ſome Value upon the worthleſs Gift: I hope it may have ſome Eſteem with others, becauſe the Author knows how to eſteem

You,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

You, whoſe Knowledge moves Admiration, and Goodneſs Love, in all that know You. But I deſign this a Dedication, not a Panegyrick; not to Proclaim Your Virtues to the World, but to ſhew Your Lordſhip how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My LORD,

Your moſt Humble

and Faithful Servant,

Geo. Etherege.

THE COMICAL REVENGE;

OR,

LOVE in a TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene, an Ante-Chamber to Sir *Frederick Frollick*'s Bed-Chamber.

Enter Dufoy, *with a Plaiſter on his Head, walking diſcontentedly; and* Clark *immediately after him.*

Clark. GOod-morrow, *Monſieur.*

Dufoy. Good-mor',——good-mor'.

Clark. Is Sir *Fred'rick* ſtirring?

Dufoy. Pox ſturré himé.

Clark. My Lord has ſent me——

Duf. Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no ſtay Two Day in *Englandé.*

Clark. Good *Monſieur,* what's the Matter?

Duf. De matré! de matré is eaſie to be perceive; Dis Bedlamé, Mad-capé, diable de matré, vas drunké de laſt Night; and vor no reaſon, but dat me did adviſé Him to go to Bed, begar he did ſtrikè, breaké my Headé, Jernie.

Clark. Have Patience, he did it unadviſedly.

Duf. Unadviſé! didé not me adviſe him juſté when He did ité?

Clark. Yes; but he was in Drink you ſay.

Duf. In Drinké; me viſhé he had been over de neac and De ear in Drinké: Begar in *France* de Drink dat van Man drinké do's not crack de noder man's Brainé. Hark!——he is avake, [*Sir* Fred. *knocks.* And none of the People are to attendé himé: Ian Villain Day are all gone, run to the Diable; [*Knocks again.* Have de patience, I beſeech you. [*Pointing towards his Maſter's Chamber.*

Clark. Acquaint Sir *Frederick* I am here from my Lord.

Duf. I vil, I vil; your ver umble Serviteur. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene, Sir *Frederick*'s Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick *in his Night-gown, and after him* Dufoy.

Duf. Good-mor', good-mor' to your Vorſhippé; me Am alvay ready to attendé you Vorſhippé, and your Vorſhippé's alvay ready to beaté and to abuſé mé; Ye ——re drunké de laſté Nighté, and my Head aké to D—— Morningé; See you here [*Shewing his Head.* If my Brainé have no ver good raiſon to counſel you, And to mindé your bus'neſſé.

Sir *Fred.* Thou haſt a notable Brain: Set me down a Crown for a Plaiſter; but forbear your Rebukes.

Duf. 'Tis ver couragious ting to breaké de Head of your Serviteur, is it noté? Begar your vil never keepé de good Serviteur, had me no love you ver vel——

Sir *Fred.* I know thou lov'ſt me.

Duf. And tarefore you do beaté me, is dat de raiſon?

Sir *Fred.* Prithee forbear; I am ſorry for't.

Duf. Ver good Satisfaction! Begar it is——dat am Sorri for't.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Well, well.

Duf. De Serviteur of my Lord your Couſin be comé Speak vid you.

Sir *Fred.* Bring him in. [*Exit* Dufoy.

I am of Opinion that Drunkenneſs is not ſo damnable a Sin To me as 'tis to many; Sorrow and Repentance are ſure To be my firſt Work the next Morning: 'Slid, I have Known ſome ſo luckly at this Recreation, that, whereas 'tis Familiar to forget what we do in Drink, have even loſt The Memory, after Sleep, of being Drunk: Now do I Feel more Qualms than a young Woman in Breeding.

Enter Dufoy *and* Clark. [Dufoy *goes out again.*

Clark! What News from the God of Love? he's always At your Maſter's Elbow, h'as juſtl'd the Devil out of Service; no more! Mrs. *Grace!* Poor Girl, Mrs. *Graciana* Has flung a Squib into his Boſom, where the Wild-fire Will Huzzéé for a time, and then crack, it flies Out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he ſent me before with his Service; he'll Wait on you himſelf when he's dreſs'd.

Sir *Fred.* In very good time, there never was a Girl More Humourſome, nor tedious in the dreſſing of Her Baby. [*Ex.* Clark.

Enter Dufoy, *and Foot-Boy.*

Duf. Hayé! heré is de ver vine varké begar, de ver Vine varké!——

Sir *Fred.* What's the Bus'neſs?

Duf. De Buſineſs! de Devil také mé if dare be not De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman, de Linke-boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber-maydé, dat havé Beeegé de Howsé; dis is de conſequance of de Drink Vid a Poxé.

Sir *Fred.* Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys muſt be ſatisfy'd, I ſuppoſe there's Mony due to 'em; the Fidlers, For broken Heads and Inſtruments, muſt be compounded With; I leave that to your Care: But for the Chamber-maid, I'll deal with her my ſelf; go, go, fetch her up.

Duf. De Pimpé, begar I vil be de Pimpé to no Man In de Chriſtendome; do you go fetch her up; De Pimpé—— [*Ex.* Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* Go Sirrah, direct her.

[*To the Foot-boy.*] *Exit Foot-boy.*

Now have I moſt unmanfully fallen foul upon ſome Woman, I'll warrant you, and wounded her Reputation Shrowardly: Oh Drink, Drink! thou art a vile Enemy to The civilleſt ſort of courteous Ladies.——

Enter Jenny, Wheadle's *Wenches Maid.*

Oh *Jenny*, next my Heart nothing could be more Welcome.

Maid. Unhand me; are you a Man fit to be truſted With a Woman's Reputation?

Sir *Fred.* Not when I am in a reeling Condition; Men Are now and then ſubject to thoſe Infirmities in drink, Which Women have when th' are ſober. Drunkenneſs is no Good Secretary, *Jenny*; you muſt not look ſo angry, Good-faith you muſt not /

Maid. Angry! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir *Fred.* So I am i'troth, I think.——

Maid. A civil Gentleman will come to a Lady's Lodging at two a Clock in the Morning, and knock as if It were upon Life and Death; a Midwife was never Knock'd up with more Fury.

Sir *Fred.* Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made ſuch an Uproar amongſt the Neighbours, we muſt be forc'd to change our Lodging.

Sir *Fred.* And thou art come to tell me whither—— Kind Heart!

Maid. I'll ſee you a little better manner'd firſt. Becauſe we would not let you in at that unſeaſonable Hour, you and your rude ranting Companions hoop'd and Hollow'd like Mad-men, and roar'd out in the Streets, *A Whore, a Whore, a Whore*; you need not have knock'd Good People out of their Beds, you might have met With them had been good enough for your purpoſe abroad.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* 'Twas ill done *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy Mr. *Wheadle* was not there, my Miſtreſs's Friend: had he been there, ſh'ad been quite Undone. There's nothing got by your lewd Doings: you Are but Scandals to a civil Woman: We had ſo much The Good-will of the Neighbours before, we had Credit For what we wou'd; and but this Morning the Chandler Refuſed to ſcore a Quart of Scurvy-graſs.

Sir *Fred.* Hang Reputation among a Company of Raſcals; truſt me not if thou art not grown moſt Wond'rous pretty. [*Offers to hug her.*

Maid. Stand off, or I proteſt I'll make the People in Your Lodging know what a manner of Man you are.

Sir *Fred.* You and I have been intimate Acquaintance;—Why ſo coy now, *Jenny?*

Maid. Pray forbear:——You'll never leave 'till I Shriek out;——your Servants liſten, [*Noiſe within.*
Hark——there's ſome Body coming. My [*Enter* Beaufort.
Miſtreſs charg'd me to tell you ſhe will never ſee your Eyes again; ſhe never deſerv'd this at your Hands,——
Poor Gentlewoman!——You had a fling at me too, you Did not whiſper it, I thank you: 'Tis a miſerable Condition We Women bring our ſelves to for your ſakes. [*Weeps.*

Beauf. How now Couſin! what, at Wars with the Women?

Sir *Fred.* I gave a ſmall Alarm to their Quarters laſt Night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Jenny* in Tears! what's the occaſion, poor Girl?

Maid. I'll tell you, my Lord.

Sir *Fred.* Buzze; Set not her Tongue going agen; [*Clapping his Hand before her Mouth.*
She's made more Noiſe than half a dozen Paper-mills: *London*-Bridge at a low Water is Silence to her; in a Word, rambling laſt Night, we knock'd at her Miſtreſs's Lodging, they deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harſh Word or two flew out, *Whore*——I think, or ſomething To that purpoſe.

Maid. Theſe were not all your Heroick [*Enter* Dufoy.
Actions; pray tell the Conſequence, how you march'd Bravely at the rear of an Army of Link-boys; upon the Sudden, how you gave Defiance, and then wag'd a bloody War with the Conſtable; and having vanquiſh'd that Dreadful Enemy, how you committed a general Maſſacre On the Glaſs-windows: Are not theſe moſt Honourable Atchievements, ſuch as will be regiſtred to your Eternal Fame, by the moſt learn'd Hiſtorians of *Hicks's-Hall.*

Sir *Fred.* Good ſweet *Jenny*, let's come to a Treaty; Do but hear what Articles I'll propoſe.

Maid. A Womans Heart's too tender to be an Enemy To Peace. [*They whiſper.*

Duf. Your moſt humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monſieur, I perceive you are much to blame, You are an excellent Governor indeed,

Duf. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé? No Tingé but Bedlamé can governé himé.

Sir *Fred.* *Jenny*, here's my Hand; I'll come and make Amends for all——pretty Rogue.——

Duf. Ver pret Roguée, vid a Poxé.

Maid. What rude French Raſcal have you here?

Duf. Raſcalé! Begar ver it nod vor de reverence of My Matré I vod cut off your Occupation. French Raſcalé! Whore Engliſh.——

Sir *Fred.* *Dufoy*, be gone, and leave us.

Duf. I vil, I vil leave you to your Recreation; I viſhé You ver good paſtime, and de Poxé, begar. [*Exit* Dufoy.

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow.—— Sir *Frederick* You will not fail the time.

Sir *Fred.* No, no, *Jenny.*

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel *Jenny.* [*Exit* Jenny.

Sir *Fred.* Now did all this Fury end in a mild Invitation To the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this Wenches Miſtreſs ever ſince I came from Travel, but never was acquainted with that Fellow that keeps her; prithee what is he?

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Why his Name is *Wheadle*; he's one whoſe Trade is Treachery, to make a Friend, and then deceive Him; he's of a ready Wit, pleaſant Converſation, Throughly skill'd in Men; in a Word, he knows ſo much Of Virtue as makes him well accompliſh'd for all manner Of Vice: He has lately inſinuated himſelf into Sir *Nich'las Cully*, one whom *Oliver*, for the tranſcendent Knavery and Diſloyalty of his Father, has diſhonour'd With Knight-hood; a Fellow as poor in Experience as in Parts, and one that has a Vain-glorious Humour to gain a Reputation amongſt the Gentry, by feigning good Nature, And an Affection to the King and his Party. I made a little Debauch th' other Day in their Company, where I foreſaw this Fellow's Deſtiny, his Purſe muſt pay for Keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheadle*'s Extravagances. But, pray, my Lord, how thrive you in your more Honourable Adventures? Is Harveſt near? When is the Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto ſo proſperous, my Happineſs Has ſtill out-flown my Faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Graciana's fix'd i'th' Circle of my Arms.

Sir *Fred.* Then y'are a happy Man for a Seaſon.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir *Fred.* I miſtruſt your Miſtreſs's Divinity; you'll Find her Attributes but Mortal: Women, like Juglers Tricks, appear Miracles to the Ignorant; but in themſelves Th'are meer Cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Couſin; I have engag'd that you This Day ſhall be my Gueſt at my Lord *Bevill*'s Table; Pray make me Maſter of my Promiſe once.

Sir *Fred.* Faith I have engag'd to Dine with my Dear *Lucy*; poor Girl, I have lately given her occaſion to Suſpect my Kindneſs; yet for your ſake I'll venture to Break my Word, upon Condition you'll excuſe my Errors; You know my Converſation has not been among Ceremonious Ladies.

Beauf. All modeſt freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is baniſh'd thence.

Sir *Fred.* This Virtue is enough to make me bear with
All the Inconveniences of honeſt Company.

Beauf. The freeneſs of your Humour is your Friend.
I have ſuch News to tell thee, that I fear thou'lt find thy
Breaſt too narrow for thy Joy.

Sir *Fred.* Gently, my Lord, leſt I find the thing too
Little for my Expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careleſs Carriage has done more
Than all the Skill and Diligence of Love could e're effect.

Sir *Fred.* What, has the Widow ſome kind Thoughts
Of my Body?

Beauf. She loves you, and Dines on purpoſe at her
Brother's Houſe this Day, in hopes of ſeeing you.

Sir *Fred.* Some Women, like Fiſhes, deſpiſe the Bait,
Or elſe ſuſpect it, whilſt ſtill it's bobbing at their Mouths;
But ſubtilly wav'd by the Angler's Hand, greedily hang
Themſelves upon the Hook. There are many ſo critically
Wiſe, they'll ſuffer none to deceive them but themſelves.

Beauf. Couſin, 'tis time you were preparing for your
Miſtreſs.

Sir *Fred.* Well, ſince 'tis my Fortune, I'll about it.
Widow, thy Ruin lie on thy own Head: Faith, my
Lord, you can witneſs 'twas none of my ſeeking. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene, *Wheadle*'s Lodging.

Enter Wheadle *and* Palmer.

Whead. Come, bear thy Loſſes patiently.

Palm. A Pox confound all Ordinaries, if ever I play
In an Ordinary agen—— [*Bites his Thumb.*

Whead. Thou'lt loſe thy Mony: Thou haſt no Power
To forbear; I will as ſoon undertake to reclaim a Horſe
From a hitch he has learn'd in his Pace, or an old Maſtive
From worrying of Sheep.

Palm.

Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing can do it but Hemp.

Whead. Want of Mony may do much.

Palm. I proteſt I had rather ſtill be vicious than owe My Virtue to Neceſſity. How commendable is Chaſtity In an Eunuch? I am grown more than half Virtuous of Late: I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aſide; I Walk within the Purlieus of the Law. Could I but leave This Ordinary, this Square, I were the moſt accompliſh'd Man in Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity, thou art Maſter of thy Art; ſuch a Nimble Hand, ſuch neat Conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I ſhould have made an excellent Jugler, Faith.

Whead. Come, be chearful, I've lodg'd a Deer ſhall Make amends for all; I lack'd a Man to help me ſet my Toils, and thou art come moſt happily.

Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it?

Whead. My new Friend and Patron, Sir *Nicholas Cully*.

Palm. He's fat, and will ſay well, I promiſe you. Well, I'll do his Buſineſs moſt dextrouſly, elſe let me Ever loſe the Honour of ſerving a Friend in the like Nature.

Whead. No more Words, but haſte, prepare for the Deſign; Habit your ſelf like a good thrifty Country-man; Get Tools, Dice and Mony for the purpoſe, and meet Me at the *Devil* about Three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

Whead. Deſire him to walk in. Here *Palmer*, the Back-way, quickly, and be ſure——

Palm. Enough, enough, I'll warrant thee. [*Ex.* Palm.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir *Nicholas*, this Viſit is too great a Favour: I intended one to you; how do you find your ſelf this Morning?

Cul. Faith much the drier for the laſt Nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirſty Earth, which Gapes the more for

A ſmall Shower; we'll ſoak you throughly to Day.

Cul. Excuſe me, faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am ſorry for't; I meant you a Share in my Good Fortune: But ſince it cannot be——

Cul. What? what good Fortune?

Whead. Nay 'twill but vex you to know it, ſince you Have not leiſure to purſue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, prithee tell me

Whead. Now do I want Power to keep it from you. Juſt as you came in at that Door, went out at this a Waiting-Gentlewoman, ſent with a civil Meſſage from Her Lady, to deſire the Happineſs of my Company this Afternoon, where I ſhould have the opportunity of ſeeing Another lovely brisk Woman, newly married to a fooliſh Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear Reaſon from one That can ſpeak it better than her Husband: I return'd my Humble Thanks for the Honour ſhe did me, and that I Could not do my ſelf ſo great an Injury to diſobey her Will; this is th' Adventure; but ſince y'ave Bus'neſs——

Cul. A Pox on Bus'neſs. I'll defer't.

Whead. By no means for a ſilly Woman; our Pleaſures Muſt be Slaves to our Affairs.

Cul. Were it to take Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate, I'd neglect it. Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whead. Oh, moſt Loyal-hearted Ladies.

Cul. How merry will we be then!

Whead. I ſay mind your Bus'neſs.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately. Where ſhall I Meet you in the Afternoon?

Whead. You'll find me at the *Devil* about Three a Clock, Where I expect a ſecond Summons as ſhe paſſes toward The City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail; be ſure you Wait for me. [*Exit.* Cully.

Whead. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouſe ſhe Intends to play with, and then prey upon. How eagerly Did this half-witted Fellow chap up the Bait like a

Ravenous Fiſh, that will not give the Angler leave
To ſink his Line, but greedily darts up and meets
It half way. [*Ex. Laughing.*

SCENE IV.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Graciana, *and* Aurelia *immediately after her, with a Letter in her Hand.*

Grac. The Sun's grown lazy; 'tis a tedious ſpace
Since he ſet forth, and yet's not half his Race.
I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear;
Love never loiters, Love ſure brings him here.

Aur. Brought on the Wings of Love, here I preſent
[*Preſenting the Letter.*
His Soul, whoſe Body Priſons yet prevent;
The noble *Bruce*, whoſe Virtues are his Crimes.
[Grac. *rejects the Letter.*
Are you as falſe and cruel as the Times!
Will you not read the Stories of his Grief;
But wilfully refuſe to give Relief?

Grac. Siſter, from you this Language makes me ſtart:
Can you ſuſpect ſuch Vices in my Heart?
His Virtues I, as well as you, admire;
I never ſcorn'd, but pity much his Fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you wou'd not reject
[Grac. *rejects the Letter again.*
This Meſſenger of Love: This is Neglect.

Grac. 'Tis Cruelty to gaze on Wounds I'm ſure,
When we want Balſom to effect their Cure.

Aur. 'Tis only want of Will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to ſave.

Grac. We of our ſelves can neither love nor hate:
Heav'n does reſerve the Pow'r to guide our Fate.

Aur. Graciana,——

Enter Lord Bevill, Lovis, *and the Widow.*

Grac. Siſter, forbear; my Father's here.

L. *Bev.*

L. *Bev.* So Girl; what, no News of your Lover yet? Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid He will go nigh To incur the Cooks Anger.

Wid. I believe h'as undertook a hard task; Sir *Frederick*, They ſay, is no eaſie Man to be perſwaded to come Among us Women.

Lov. Sir, [Lovis *and Lord* B. will whiſper.

L. *Bev.* What now?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl: [*To* Graciana. I long to ſee Sir *Frederick* here.

L. *Bev.* Forbear, I charge you on my Bleſſing: Not One Word more of Colonel *Bruce.*

Lov. You gave Encouragement, Sir, to his Love; The Honour of our Houſe now lyes at Stake.

L. *Bev.* You find by your Siſter's Inclinations Heav'n Has decreed her otherwiſe.

Lov. But Sir,——

L. *Bev.* Forbear to ſpeak, or elſe forbear the Room.

Lov. This I can obey, but not the other. [*Exit* Lovis.

Enter Foot-Boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord *Beaufort*'s come.

L. *Bev.* 'Tis well.

Wid. D' hear, are there not two Gentlemen?

Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handſom Gentleman. [*Exit Foot-boy.*

L. *Bev.* Come, let's walk in, and give them Entertainment.

Wid. Now Couſin, for Sir *Frederick*, this Man of Men, There's nothing like him. [*Exeunt all but* Aurelia.

Aur. With curious Diligence I ſtill have ſtrove [*Holding the Letter in her Hand.*
During your Abſence, *Bruce*, to breath your Love
Into my Siſter's Boſom; but the Fire
Wants force; Fate does againſt my Breath conſpire:
I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,
Againſt my ſelf, the Dictates of your Will;
My Love to yours does yield; ſince you enjoin'd;
I hourly court my Rival to be kind;

With

With Paſſion too, as great as you can do,
Taught by thoſe Wounds I have receiv'd from you.
Small is the difference that's between our Grief;
Yours finds no Cure, and mine ſeeks no Relief.
You unſucceſsfully your Love reveal;
And I for ever muſt my Love conceal:
Within my Boſom I'll your Letter wear,
[*Putting the Letter in her Boſom.*
It is a Tomb that's proper for Deſpair. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Clark *and* Dufoy.

Clark. METhinks the Wound your Maſter gave you Laſt Night, makes you look very thin and Wan, Monſieur.

Duf. Begar you are miſtaké, it be de Woundé dat my Metreſſe did give me long ago.

Clark. What ſome pretty little Engliſh Lady's crept Into your Heart?

Duf. No, but damn'd little Engliſh Whore is creepé Into my Bone begar, me could viſh dat de Diable vould Také her vid all my Harté.

Clark. You haye manag'd your Bus'neſs ill, Monſieur.

Duf. It vas the Raskal Cyrugin Engliſh dat did Manage de Buſineſs illé; me did putté my Buſineſſé into His Haundé: he did ſtop de Tapé, and de Liquor did Varké, varké, varké, up into de Headé, and de Shoulder, begar.

Clark. Like Soap clapp'd under a Saddle.

Duf. Here come my Maſter; holdé your Peace. [*Ex.* Clark.

Enter

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow, *and* Maid.

Sir *Fred.* Whither, whither do ye draw me, Widow? What's your Deſign?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then repoſe In a cool Arbour.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I dare not venture my ſelf in thoſe Amorous Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love I perceive, and my Heart's too tender to be truſted with Such Converſation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were ſo fooliſhly conceited; Is it your Wit or your Perſon, Sir, that is ſo taking?

Sir *Fred.* Truly you are much miſtaken, I have no Such great Thoughts of the young Man you ſee; who Ever knew a Woman have ſo much reaſon to build her Love upon Merit? Have we not daily Experience of great Fortunes, that fling themſelves into the Arms of vain idle Fellows? Can you blame me then for ſtanding upon my Guard? No, let us ſit down here, have each on's a Bottle Of Wine at our Elbows; ſo prompted, I dare enter into Diſcourſe with you.

Wid. Wou'd you have me ſit and drink Hand to Fiſt With you, as if we were in the *Fleece*, or ſome other of Your beloved Taverns?

Sir *Fred.* Faith I wou'd have thee come as near as Poſſible to ſomething or other I have been us'd to converſe With, that I may the better know how to entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of thoſe Ladies you uſe to converſe With, cou'd you fancy me to look like? be merry, and Tell me.

Sir *Fred.* 'Twere too great a Sin to compare thee to Any of them; and yet th'aſt ſo incens'd me, I can hardly Forbear to wiſh thee one of 'em. Ho *Dufoy!* Widow, I ſtand in awe of this Gentleman; I muſt have his Advice Before I dare keep you Company any further.——How Do you approve the ſpending of my time with this Lady?

Duf. Ver vel, begar; I could viſh I had never ſpend My time in de vorſe Compagnie.

Wid.

Wid. You look but ill, Monſieur; have you been ſick Lately?

Duf. I have de ver great Affliction in my Mindé, Madam.

Wid. What is't?

Duf. Truly I havé de ver great Paſſion vor dis Jentel woman, and ſhe have no Compaſſion at all vor me; She do refuſé me all my Amouré and my Adreſſé.

Wid. Indeed, *Betty*, you are to blame.

Maid. Out upon him for a French Diſſembler, he never Spake to me in his Life, Madam.

Duf. You ſee, Madam, ſhe ſcorné me vor her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French Lové to mé!

Duf. It vil breké my Hearté to remember de time ven you did refuſé me.

Wid. Will you permit me to ſerve you in this Buſineſs, Monſieur?

Duf. Madam, it be d' Honour vor de King dé *France.*

Wid. Betty, whither run you?

Maid. I'll not ſtay to be jeer'd by a ſneaking *Valet-de-Chambré:* I'll be reveng'd if I live, Monſieur. [*Ex.* Betty.

Wid. I'll take ſome other time.

Duf. Van you have de leiſuré, Madam.

Sir *Fred.* By thoſe Lips,——

Wid. Nay, pray forbear, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Who's conceited now, Widow? cou'd you Imagine I was ſo fond to Kiſs them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for ſtanding on my Guard So near an Enemy.

Sir *Fred.* If you are ſo good at that, Widow, let's ſee, What Guard wou'd you chuſe to be at, ſhou'd the Trumpet ſound a Charge to this dreadful Foe?

Wid. It is an idle Queſtion amongſt experienc'd Soldiers; But if we ever have a War, we'll never trouble the Trumpet; The Bells ſhall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir *Fred.* It will be moſt proper, they ſhall be rung Backwards.

Wid.

Wid. Why ſo, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* I'll have all the helps that may be to allay a Dangerous Fire; Widows muſt needs have furious Flames; The Bellows have been at Work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my Humour, a Walk i'th' Garden; and afterwards we'll take The Air in the Park.

Sir *Fred.* Let us join Hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parſon, I do not Fear it, Sir. [*Ex. Sir* Fred. *and* Wid.

Duf. Begar, I do no caré two Soulz if de Shamber-Maid Ver hangé; be it not great deal better pretendé d' Affection To her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take de Medicine vor De Clapé? Begar it be de ver great deal better. [*Ex.* Dufoy.

SCENE II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Beaufort *and* Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
But my Deſtruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognoſticating Ruin and Deſpair.

Grac. Sir, you miſtake; 'tis not my Love I blame,
But my Diſcretion; *Here the active Flame [**Pointing to her Breaſt*
Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd,
Too ſoon, too ſoon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprize,
We boaſt the ſudden Conqueſts of our Eyes;
But Men eſteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain
They prize by their own Hazard, and their Pain.

Beauf. Graciana, can you think we take Delight
To have our Happineſs againſt us fight;

Or that ſuch Goodneſs ſhou'd us Men diſpleaſe,
As does afford us Heav'n with greater eaſe?
[*Enter* Lovis, *walking diſcontentedly.*
See where your Brother comes; his
Carr'age has been ſtrange of late to me;
I never gave him cauſe of Diſcontent;
He takes no notice of our being here:
I will ſalute him.
Grac. By no means:
Some ſerious Thoughts you ſee employ his Mind.
Beauf. I muſt be civil. Your Servant, Sir.
Lov. You are my Siſter's Servant, Sir; go fawn
Upon your Miſtreſs: Fare-you-well. [*Ex.* Lovis.
Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.
Heav'n! What is the Matter? [Grac. *weeps.*
What ſaucy Sorrow dares approach your Heart?
Waſte not theſe precious Tears: Oh, weep no more.
Shou'd Heav'n frown, the World wou'd be too poor,
(Robb'd of the ſacred Treaſure of your Eyes)
To pay for Mercy one fit Sacrifice.
Grac. My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.
Beauf. Your Brother is a Man, whoſe noble Mind
Was to ſevereſt Virtue ſtill inclin'd;
He in the School of Honour has been bred,
And all her ſubtle Laws with heed has read:
There is ſome hidden Cauſe, I fain wou'd know
From whence theſe ſtrange Diſorders in him flow.
Graciana, ſhall I beg you to diſpel
Theſe Miſts which round my troubl'd Reaſon dwell.
Grac. It is a Story I cou'd wiſh you'd learn,
From one whom it does not ſo much concern:
I am th' unhappy Cauſe of what y'ave ſeen;
My Brother's Paſſion does proceed from mine.
Beauf. This does confound me more; it cannot be;
You are the Joy of all your Family:
Dares he condemn you for a noble Love,
Which Honour and your Duty both approve?

Grac. My Lord, thoſe Errors merit our Excuſe
Which an exceſs of Virtue does produce.

Beauf. I know that Envy is too baſe a Gueſt
To have a Lodging in his gen'rous Breaſt;
'Tis ſome extream of Honour, or of Love,
Or both, that thus his Indignation move.

Grac. E'er I begin, you muſt my ſad Story end,
You are a Rival to his deareſt Friend.

Beauf. Graciana, though you have ſo great a ſhare
Of Beauty, all that ſee you Rivals are;
Yet during this ſmall ſpace I did proclaim,
To you, and to the World, my purer Flame,
I never ſaw the Man that durſt draw near,
With his ambitious Love t'aſſault your Ear.
What Providence has kept us thus aſunder?

Grac. When I have ſpoke you'll find it is no wonder.
He has a Miſtreſs more renown'd than me,
Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty;
He on his Legs does now her Favour wear;
He is confin'd by her foul Raviſher:
You may not know his Perſon; but his Name
Is ſtrange to none that have convers'd with Fame.
'Tis *Bruce.*

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne'er did ſee,
But have heard Wonders of his Gallantry.

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd,
But his Heroick Virtues ſo improv'd
In time thoſe Seeds of Love which firſt were ſown,
That to the higheſt Friendſhip they are grown.
This Friendſhip firſt, and not his Love to me,
Sought an Alliance with our Family.
My Siſter and my ſelf were newly come
From learning how to live, to live at home:
When barren of Diſcourſe one Day, and free
With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of her.
Unlucky Accident! his Friend reply'd;
He long had wiſh'd their Blood might be ally'd;

Then

Then preſs'd him that they might my Father move
To give an Approbation to his Love:
His Perſon and his Merits were ſo great,
He granted faſter than they cou'd entreat;
He wiſh'd the Fates that govern Hearts wou'd be
So kind to him to make our Hearts agree,
But told them he had made a Sacred Vow,
Never to force what Love thou'd diſallow.

[*Enter Sir* Frederick *and* Widow.

But ſee, Sir *Frederick*, and my Aunt.
My Lord, ſome other time I will relate
The Story of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir *Fred.* How now my Lord? ſo grave a Countenance
In the Preſence of your Miſtreſs? Widow, what wou'd
You give your Eyes had Power to make me ſuch another
Melancholy, Gentleman?

Wid. I have ſeen e'en as merry a Man as your ſelf, Sir *Frederick*, brought to ſtand with folded Arms, and With a triſtful Look tell a mournful Tale to a Lady.

[*Enter a Foot-boy, and whiſpers Sir* Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* The Devil owes ſome Men a Shame; the Coach is ready: Widow, I know you are ambitious to Be ſeen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Couſin, will you Honour me With yours to the Park; that may take off the Scandal Of his?

Enter Aurelia *and* Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'll wait upon you; but we muſt Not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Couſin *Aurelia*——

Aurel. Madam, I beg you will excuſe me, and you, My Lord; I feel a little Indiſpoſition, and dare not Venture into ſo ſharp an Air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but* Aurelia *and* Leticia.

Aurel. Retire: I wou'd not have you ſtay with me, I have too great a Train of Miſery.

If Virtuous Love in none be Cauſe of Shame,
Why ſhou'd it be a Crime to own the Flame?
But we by Cuſtom, not by Nature led,
Muſt in the beaten Paths of Honour tread,
I love thee *Bruce*; but Heav'n, what have I done!
Leticia, did I not command you hence?
Letic. Madam, I hope my Care is no Offence?
I am afflicted thus to ſee you take
Delight to keep your Miſeries awake.
Aurel. Since you have heard me, ſwear you will be true:
Leticia, none muſt know I love but you.
Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and ſerving you deſpair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this ſmart;
Love once was buſie with my tender Heart.
Aurel. Wert thou in Love?
Letic. I was.
Aurel. Prithee, with whom?
Letic. With one that like my ſelf did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his Years. [*She weeps.*
Aurel. Leticia, You confirm me by your Tears:
Now I believe you lov'd; Did he love you?
Letic. That had been more than to my Love was due;
He was ſo much above my humble Birth,
My Paſſion had been fitter for his Mirth.
Aurel. And does your Love continue ſtill the ſame?
Letic. Some ſparks remain, but time has quench'd the Flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
Theſe greater Griefs which (Madam) you endure.
Aurel. Time to my bleeding Heart brings no Relief;
Death there muſt heal the fatal Wounds of Grief.
Leticia, come, within this ſhady Bower
We'll join our mournful Voices, and repeat
The ſaddeſt Tales we ever learn'd of Love.

Aurelia *and* Leticia *walk into an Arbour, and ſing this Song in Parts.*

SONG.

WHEN Phillis *watch'd her harmleſs Sheep*
Not one poor Lamb was made a Prey;
Yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep,
Her ſilly Heart did go aſtray:
Then flying to the Neighb'ring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And to the Winds did breathe her Love.
She ſought in vain
To eaſe her Pain;
The heedleſs Winds did fan her Fire;
Venting her Grief
Gave no Relief;
But rather did increaſe Deſire.
Then ſitting with her Arms acroſs,
Her Sorrows ſtreaming from each Eye;
She fix'd her Thoughts upon her Loſs,
And in Deſpair reſolv'd to die.

Aurel. Why ſhou'd you weep, *Leticia*, whilſt we ſing?
[*Walking out of the Arbour.*
Tell me from whence thoſe gentle Currents ſpring.
Can yet your faded Love cauſe ſuch freſh Showers?
This Water is too good for dying Flowers.

Letic. Madam, it is ſuch Love commands this Dew
As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.

Aurel. Leticia, I am weary of this place;
And yet I know not whither I ſhou'd go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can ſleep?
That may deceive you of your Cares a while.

Aurel. I will: There's nothing here does give me Eaſe,
But in the end will nouriſh my Diſeaſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, *and immediately after him a Foot-boy.*

Whead. The Hour is come; where's your Maſter, Sirrah?

Foot-b. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

Whead. Is he neatly dreſs'd?

Foot-b. In the very Suit he won th' other Day of the *Buckinghamſhire* Graſier.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it me when you Perceive me talking with Sir *Nicholas Cully*, with Recommendations from a Lady; lurk in ſome ſecret place 'Till he's come, that he may not perceive you at his Entrance. Oh, here's *Palmer*. [*Ex. Foot-boy.*
Thom, what's the price of a Score of fat Weathers? [*Enter* Palmer.

Palm. Do they not well become me, Boy?

Whead. Nature doubtleſs intended thee for a Rogue, She has ſo well contriv'd thee for Diſguiſes. Here comes Sir *Nicholas*. [*Enter Sir* Nicholas.
Sir *Nicholas*, come, come; this is an honeſt Friend and Country-man of mine.

Sir *Nich.* Your Servant, Sir; Is not the Lady come By yet?

Whead. I expect her every moment,——Ho, here's her Boy. Well, what News? [*Enter Boy.*

Boy. My Lady preſents her Service to you, Sir, and Has ſent you this. [*Delivers a Letter.*

[Wheadle *reads, and ſeems much diſpleas'd.*

Sir *Nich.* What is the matter, Man?

Whead. Read, read, I want [*Gives* Cul. *the Letter.*
Patience to tell you. Fortune ſtill jades me in all my Expectations.

Sir *Nich.* *(reading the Letter.)* *The Citizen's Wife forc'd To go to Greenwich with her Husband; will meet ſome Time next Week.*

Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do; be not ſo Paſſionate, Man.

Whead. I muſt abuſe my Friend upon an idle Woman's Words!

Sir *Nich.* Piſh, 'tis an accident: Come, let us drink a Glaſs of Wine, to put theſe Women out of our Heads.

Palm. Women? ho Boys, Women, where are the Women?

Whead. Here's your merry Country-man.

Palmer *ſings.*

HE took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck;
But as he wound her to him,
The Apron-ſtrings did break.

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Sir *Nich.* A merry Man indeed, Sir, my Service o you. [*Drinks to* Palmer.

Palm. Thank you, Sir. Come Mr. *Wheadle*, remembring my Landlord, i'faith; wou'd he were e'en Among us now. Come be merry Man. * Lend [**To Sir* Nich. Me your Hand, Sir; you look like an honeſt Man; Here's a good Health to all that are ſo: Tope——here Pledge me. [*Drinks.*

[*Gives Sir* Nicholas *the Glaſs.*

Sir *Nich.* Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

[*Drinks, and leaves ſome in the Glaſs.*

Palm. I'll not abate you an ace. 'Slid, y'are not ſo Honeſt as I took you for. [*Sir* Nicholas *drinks up the reſt.*

Palmer *ſings.*

IF any Man baulk his Liquor
Let him never baulk the Gallows,
But ſing a Pſalm there wi' th' Vicar,
Or die in a dirty Ale-Houſe.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below deſires to ſpeak With his Maſter *Palmer.*

Palm. So, ſo, thank thee Lad; it is my Man, I Appointed him to call here; h'as ſold the Cattle I'll Warrant you: I'll wait upon you agen preſently, Gentlemen. [*Ex.* Palmer.

Whead. Is not this a very pleaſant Fellow?

Sir *Nich.* The pleaſanteſt I ever met with; what is he?

Whead. He's a *Buckinghamſhire* Graſier, very rich; He has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale: I met Him here by chance, and cou'd not avoid drinking a Glaſs o' Wine with him. I believe he's gone down to Receive Mony; 'twere an excellent Deſign to bubble him.

Sir *Nich.* How 'twou'd change his merry Note; will You try him?

Whead. Do you; I cannot appear in't, becauſe he takes Me for his Friend.

Sir *Nich.* How neatly I cou'd tope upon him!

Whead. All things will paſs upon him; I'll go your Half: Talk of Dice, you'll perceive if he's coming. What Mony have you about you?

Sir *Nich.* Ten Pieces.

Whead. I have about that quantity too; here, take it. If he ſhould run us out of our ready Mony be ſure you Set him deep upon Tick, if he'll be at you, that we May recover it; for we'll not pay a Farthing of what we Loſe that way. Huſh, here he comes.

Enter Palmer *with a Bag of Mony under his Arm, and flings it upon the Table.*

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted to this, Gentlemen.

Wheed. Their Greaſe is well try'd, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* Come, Sir, for all your Riches, you are in Arrear hear. [*Offers him a Glaſs.*

Palm. I'll be ſoon out of your Debts: My hearty Love To you, Sir. [*Drinks.*] Would I had you both in *Buckinghamſhire*, and a Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar; We'd roaſt an Ox before we parted; ſhou'd we not, Boy?

Palmer *ſings.*

WE'd ſing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the Day;
Our Reaſon we'd baniſh, our Senſes ſhou'd ſway;
And every Pleaſure our Wills ſhou'd obey.

Palm. Come, drink to me a brimmer if your dare now.

Sir *Nich.* Nay, if you provoke me you'll find me a Bold Man: Give me a bigger Glaſs, Boy: So, this is Fit for Men of Worſhip: Hang your retail Drinkers; Have at thee, my brave Country-man. [*Drinks.*

Palm. I'll do all I can for my Guts to Pledge thee. Ho, brave Boys! that's he, that's he, i'faith; how I Cou'd hug thee now! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

Wheed. I proteſt, Gentlemen, you'll fright me out of Your Company. Sir *Nicholas*, ſhall we have th' other Round?

Sir *Nich.* Let's pauſe a while. What ſay you, Gentlemen, if to paſs away the time, and to refreſh us, We ſhou'd have a Box and Dice, and fling a merry Main among our ſelves in ſport?

Wheed. 'Twill ſpoil good Company; by no means, Sir *Nicholas*.

Palm. Hang play among Friends; let's have a Wench.

SINGS.

SINGS.

AND Jenny was all my Joy,
She had my Heart at her Will;
But I left her and her Toy
When once I had got my fill.

What ſay you, ſhall we have her?

Sir *Nich.* We are not drunk enough for a Wench.

Palm. Let's ſing a Catch then.

Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, Mr. *Palmer.*

Palmer *ſings, ſtanding in the middle, with a Glaſs of Wine in his Hand.*

Palm. *I Have no Deſign here,*
But drinking good Wine here.
Whead. *Nor I, Boy.*
Sir Nich. *Nor I, Boy.*
Whead. *Th' art my Boy.*
Sir Nich. *Th' art my Boy.*
All Three. *Our Heads are too airy for Plots:*
Let us hug then all three,
Since our Virtues agree,
We'll hollow and caſt up our Hats.

They hollow whilſt Palmer *drinks, and then change 'till it has gone round.*

Sir *Nich.* Enough, enough.

Palm. Very good Boys all, very good Boys all! Give Me a Glaſs of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir *Nicholas*, Your Lady.

Sir *Nich.* Pray, Sir, forbear; I muſt be forc'd to Leave your Company elſe. Prithee, *Wheadle*, let's have A Box and Dice.

Wheadle

Whead. We ſhall grow dull. Mr. *Palmer*, what ſay you to the Buſineſs?

Palm. I do not underſtand Dice: I underſtand good Pa[illegible] and Drink——Hang the Devil's Bones.

[Wheadle *whiſpers* Cully *to ſend for Dice.*
Cully *whiſpers the Drawer.*

Palmer *ſings.*

HE that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,
Or his Wench for fear of Miſhaps,
May he beg all his Days, cracking of Lice,
And die in concluſion of Claps.

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmleſſer Sport of the two; a merry Glaſs round.

Sir *Nich.* Excuſe me, Sir; I'll Pledge you here. [*Takes Dice* Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main.

Palm. The Main? what's the Main?

Sir *Nich.* Do not you underſtand Hazard.

Palm. I underſtand Dice, or Hap-hazard!

Sir *Nich.* Can you play at Paſſage?

Palm. You paſs my Underſtanding: I can fling moſt at a Throw, for a Shot, or a Glaſs of Wine.

Sir *Nich.* Paſſage is eaſily learn'd: The Caſter wins if he fling above Ten with Doublets upon three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets?

Sir *Nich.* Two of a ſort; two Cinques, two Tre's, and ſo like.

Palm. Ho, ho; I have you.

Sir *Nich.* Come, ſet then.

Palm. I ſet you this Bottle.

Sir *Nich.* Nay, nay, ſet Mony.

Palm. Is it a fair Play, Mr. *Wheadle?* I truſt to you.

Whead. Upon my Word a very fair ſquare Play; but the Table is ſo wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer.

Drawer. Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen?

Sir *Nich.* I think 'twill not be amiſs.

Whead. Much better. Come Mr. *Palmer.*

Palm. I'll follow, Sir.

Palmer *ſings.*

IF ſhe be not as kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the Care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a-dandy.
I wou'd not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Hadſt thou ne're ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs
Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.

Sir *Nich.* Ho brave Boy.

Palm. March on, march on.

SINGS.

MAKE much of ev'ry Buxome Girl,
Which needs but little Courting;
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes Delight in ſporting.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, *and Drawer.*

Palm. NAY, Sir *Nicholas*, for all your haſte, I muſt Have a Note under your Hand for the Thouſand Pounds you owe me.

Wheadl. This muſt not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer*; Sir *Nicholas* ſhall not pay the Mony.

Sir *Nich.* I had been a Mad-man to play at ſuch a Rate, if I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Tho' I am but a poor Country-man, I Scorn to be chous'd: I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you Mr. *Palmer.*

Palm. Hark me no harks; I'll have my Mony.

Sir *Nich.* Drawer, take your Reck'ning.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir; haſte into the Country To mind your Cattle.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earneſt?

Whead. Ay indeed; fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*; but now I perceive what you are.

Your Ear, Sir. [*To* Cully.

Whead. Never fear him; he dares not go into the Field, without it be among his Sheep.

Cul. Agreed; to morrow, about Eight in the Morning, Near *Pancridge.*

Whead. I will have the Honour to ſerve you, Sir *Nich'las.* Provide your ſelf a Second, Mr. *Palmer.*

[*Exeunt Sir* Nich. *and* Wheadle *laughing.*

Palm. So, Laugh! This is the Sheep that I muſt Fleece. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Scene, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Sir Frederick Fr[illick], *with Fidlers before him, and* Ha[r] *ſix or eight Link-boys, Dancing and Singing.*

Sir *Fred.* Here, here, this is the Window; range Your ſelves here.

Enter the Bell-man.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir *Fred.* Honeſt Bell-man, prithee lend me thy Bell.

Bell-m. With all my Heart, Maſter.

[*Sir* Fred. *rings the Bell, and then repeats theſe Verſes.*

Sir Fred. *YOU Widow, that do ſleep Dog-ſleep,*
And now for your dead Husband weep,
Perceiving well what want you have
Of that poor Worm has eat in Grave;
Riſe out of Bed, and ope the Door;
Here's that will all your Joys reſtore.
Good-morrow, my Miſtreſs dear, Good-morrow.
Good-morrow, Widow.

[He rings the Bell again.

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unla'd, holding her Petticoats in her Hand.

Maid. Who's that comes at this unſeaſonable Hour To diſturb my Ladies Quiet?

Sir *Fred.* An honeſt Bell-man to mind her of her Frailty.

Maid. Sir *Frederick*, I wonder you will offer this; You will loſe her Favour for ever.

Sir *Fred.* Y'are miſtaken; now's the time to creep in Her Favour.

Maid. I'm ſure y'ave wak'd me out of the ſweeteſt Sleep: Hey ho——

Sir *Fred.* Poor Girl! let me in, I'll rock thee into A Sweeter.

Maid. I hear a ſtirring in my Miſtreſs's Chamber; I believe I have frighted her. [*Exit* Maid.

Sir *Fred.* Sound a freſh Alarm; the Enemy's at Hand. [*Fidlers Play.*

The Widow *comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.*

Wid. Whoſe Inſolence is this, that dares affront me Thus?

Sir *Fred. in a Canting Tone.* If there be Inſolence in Love, 'tis I Have done you this unwilling Injury.

Wid. What pitiful riming Fellow's that? He ſpeaks As if he were prompted by the Fidlers.

Sir *Fred.* Alas; what Pains I take thus to uncloſe Thoſe pretty Eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes!

Wid. A godly Book wou'd become that Tone a great Deal better: He might get a pretty Living by reading Mother *Shipton*'s Propheſies, or ſome Pious Exhortation At the Corner of a Street: His mournful Voice, I vow, Has mov'd my Compaſſion.

Sir *Fred.* Ay, ay, we ſhou'd have a Fellow-feeling of One another indeed, Widow.

Wid. Sir *Frederick*, is it you?

Sir *Fred.* Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady? Have not your Quarters been beaten up at theſe moſt Seaſonable Hours before now?

Wid. Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commiſſion for what he did: I'm afraid ſhou'd it once become your Duty, you wou'd ſoon grow weary of the Employment.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I hate this diſtance; 'tis not the *English* Faſhion, prithee let's come to't Hand to Fiſt.

Wid. I give no Entertainment to ſuch lewd Perſons. Farewel, Sir. [*Exit* Wid.

Sir *Fred.* I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Parish up. Sing the Catch I taught you at the Muſe.

Fidlers ſing.

SONG.

SONG.

HE that will win a Widow's Heart
Muſt bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and ſmart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow *runs to the Window again, with her* Maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir *Frederick*; what do you imagine The Neighbours will think?

Sir *Fred.* So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forc'd to Think the better of me.

Wid. I am much beholden to you for the Care you Have of my Reputation.

Sir *Fred.* Talk no more, but let the Door be open'd; Or elſe Fidlers——

Wid. Pray hold; what Security ſhall I have for your Good Behaviour.

Sir *Fred.* My Word.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence you Came.

Sir *Fred.* Thy own Honeſty then; is that engag'd?

Wid. I think that will go nigh to ſecure me. Give 'em Entrance, *Betty*. [*Ex.* Widow *and her* Maid.

Enter Palmer, *with a Link before him.*

Sir *Fred.* Ha! who goes there?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* *Palmer* in a Diſguiſe! what Roguery haſt Thou been about?

Palm. Out of my Loyal Inclinations doing Service to His Majeſty.

Sir *Fred.* What? a plotting?

Palm. How to deſtroy his Enemies, Mr. *Wheadle* and I are very Vigilant.

Sir *Fred.* In bubbling of ſome Body, on my Life——

Palm. We do not uſe to boaſt our Services, nor do We ſeek Rewards; good Actions recompence themſelves.

Sir *Fred.* Ho the Door opens; farewel, Sirrah. Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready when I call. Honeſt Bell-man, drink this. [*Gives the Bell-man Mony.*

Bell-m. Thank you, noble Maſter. [*Exit Bell-man.*

Sir *Fred. entring.* Here's ſomething to ſtop thy Mouth too. [*The Maid ſhrieks.*

Maid. Out upon you, Sir *Frederick*; you'll never leave Your old Tricks. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene, The Widow's Houſe.

Enter Sir Frederick, *leading the* Widow, *follow'd by her* Maid.

Sir *Fred.* Little did I think I ſhou'd have been brought To this paſs: Love never had the Power to rob me of My Reſt before.

Wid. Alas poor Gentleman! he has not been us'd to Theſe late Hours.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, do not you be peeviſh now; 'tis Dangerous Jeſting with my Affection; 'tis in its Infancy, And muſt be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Why, with Kiſſes, and ſuch pretty little Dalliances; thus, thus. [*Kiſſes her.*

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir; if it be ſo froward, put it out To Nurſe; I am not ſo fond of it as you imagine; pray how have you diſpos'd of your brave Camerades? Have You left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir *Fred.* No, you muſt be acquainted with their Virtues. Enter, Gentlemen.

Enter the Fidlers, and a Maſque of the Link-boys, who are Dancing-maſters, diſguis'd for the Frollick.

Wid. Theſe are Men of Skill. [*After the Maſque.*

Sir *Fred.* I diſguis'd 'em for your Entertainment.

Wid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my Reſt.

Sir *Fred.* Can you in Conſcience turn a Young Man out Of Doors at this time o'th' Night, Widow? Fie, fie, The very Thought on't will keep you waking.

Wid. So pretty, ſo well-favour'd a Young Man; one That loves me.

Sir *Fred.* Ay, one that loves you.

Wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing. [*She ſighs.*

Sir *Fred.* Come, come be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen, and leave me here; you may go. [*To the Maſquers.*

Wid. You may ſtay, Gentlemen; you may ſtay, and Take your Captain along with you: You'll find good Quarters in ſome warm Hay-loft.

Sir *Fred.* Mercileſs Woman! Do but lend me thy Maid; faith I'll uſe her very tenderly and lovingly, even As I'd uſe thy ſelf, dear Widow, if thou wou'dſt but Make proof of my Affection.

Wid. If the Conſtable carry your ſuſpicious Perſon to The Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'll ſend my Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir *Fred.* Go, go to Bed, and be idle, Widow that's Worſe than any Misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, And give notice of our coming. Farewel, Widow; I Pity thy ſolitary Condition. [*Exeunt, Fidlers playing.*

SCENE IV.

Scene, Sir *Frederick*'s Lodging.

Enter Duſoy *and* Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir *Frederick* ſtays out ſo late.

Duſ. Dis is noting; ſix, ſeven a Clock in the Morning is ver-good Hour.

Clark. I hope he does not uſe theſe Hours often.

Duſ. Some ſix, ſeven time a Veek; no oftiner.

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Duſ.

Duf. Matré *Clark*, to divertiſe you, I vil tell you How I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matré. About two, tree Yeat ago me had for my conveniance Diſchargé my ſelf from attending [*Enter a Foot-boy.* as Matré D'oſtel to a Perſon of Condition in *Parie*; it Happen after de diſpatch of my little Affairé——

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad ſpent his Mony, Sir.

Duf. Jan foutré de Lacque; me vil have de Vip and De Belle vor your Breeck, Rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a Word, he was *Jack-pudding*, to a Mountebank, and turn'd off for want of Wit: My Maſter pick'd him up before a Puppit-ſhow, mumbling a Half-penny Cuſtard, to ſend him with a Letter to the Poſt.

Duf. Morbleu, ſee, ſee de Inſolance of de Foot-boy Engliſh, Bogre Raſcale, you lie, begar I vil cutté your Troaté. [*Exit Foot-boy.*

Clark. He's a Rogue; on with your Story, Monſieur.

Duf. Matré *Clark*, I am your ver humble Serviteur; But begar me have no patience to be abuſé. As I did Say, after de diſpatché of my Affairé, van Day being Idele, vich does produté de Mellanchollique, I did valké Over de new Bridge in *Parie*, and to devertiſe de Time, And my more ſerious Toughté, me did look to ſee de Marrioneté and de Jack-puddinge, vich did play hundred Pretty Triké, time de Collation vas come; and vor I Had no Company, I vas unvilling to go to de Cabareté, But did buy a Darriolé, littel Cuſtardé vich did ſatisfie My Apetite ver vel: In dis time young Monſieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman of ver great Quality, van dat vas My ver good Friendé, and has done me ver great and Inſignal Faveure) come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did Pention at the ſame Academy, to Learn de Language, de bon mine, de great Horſe, and Many oder Triké: Monſieur ſeeing me did make de Bowé, and did beken, beken me come to him: He did Tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman had de Letré vor de

Poſté, and did entreaté me (if I had de oppertunity)
To ſee de Letté deliver: He did tellé me too, it vold bé
Ver great Obligation: De Memory of de Faveur I had
Receive from his Famelyé, beſide de Inclination I
Naturally have to ſervé de Strangeré, made me returné
De Complemen vid ver great Civility, and ſo I did take
De Letré, and ſee it deliveré. Sir *Frollick* perceiving
(By de Management of dis Affairé) dat I vas Man
D'eſprit, and of Vitté, did entreaté me to be his Serviteur;
Me did take d'Affection to his Perſoné, and vas contenté
To live vid him, to counſel and to adviſe him. You ſee
Now de lie of de Bougre de Lacque Engliſhe, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot-m. Monſieur, the Apothecary is without.

Duf. Dat News be no ver velcome, begar. Matré *Clark*, go and ſit you down; I vil but ſwal my Break-face, and be vid you again preſant. Morbleu L'Apothecaré. [*Exeu*

SCENE V.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Wheadle *and* Cully.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a Teſtimony Of thy Kindneſs.

Whead. I ſhou'd be angry with you if you thought ſo: What makes you ſo ſerious?

Cul. I am ſorry I did not provide for both our Safeties.

Whead. How ſo?

Cul. Colonel *Hewſon* is my Neighbour, and very good Friend; I might have acquainted him with the Buſineſs, And got him with a File of Musketeers to ſecure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not ſecure your Honour. What wou'd the World have judg'd?

Cul. Let the World have judg'd what it wou'd: Have We not had many Preſidents of late, and the World Knows not what to judge? *Whead*

Whead. But you ſee there was no need to hazard your Reputation; here's no Enemy appears.

Cul. We have done our Duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to wait a while.

Cul. The Air is ſo bleak, I vow I can no longer endure it.

Whead. Have a little Patience, methinks I ſee two Making towards us in the next Cloſe.

Cul. Where, where? 'Tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a Man.

Cul. I proteſt I am the worſt Diſſembler in Caſes of This Nature.

Whead. Along; look like a Man of Reſolution. Whither, whither go you?

Cul. But to the next Houſe to make my Will, for Fear of the worſt: Tell them I'll be here again preſently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the leaſt occaſion To ſuſpect you, they'll appear like Lions.

Cul. Well, 'tis but giving Security for the Mony; That will bring me off at laſt.

Enter Palmer *and his Second.*

Palm. I ſee you ride the Fore-horſe, Gentlemen.

[*All ſtrip but* Cully, *who fumbles with his Doublet.*

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the Swords. [*To* Wheadle.

Whead. With all my Heart. [*They match the Swords.*

Palmer *ſings.*

HE had and a good right Bilbo *Blade,*
Wherewith he us'd to vapour;
Full many a ſtubborn Foe had made
To wince and cut a Caper.

Sec. Here's your Sword, Sir. [*To* Palmer.

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this Sport? [*To* Cully.

Cul. By and by, Sir; I will not ſend the Buttons from My Doublet for no Man's Pleaſure.

Whead. Death, y'ave ſpoil'd all; make haſte.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling?

Sec. This is a ſhame, fight him with his Double on; There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you. [*Making to Cully.*

Sec. Here, here, Sir. [*To Wheadle.*

Whead. I am for you, Sir.

[Wheadle *and the Second ſeem to fight.*

Cul. Hold, hold, I beſeech you, Mr. *Palmer*, hear Me, hear me.

Whead. What's the matter?

Cul. My Conſcience will not let me fight in a wrong Cauſe; I will pay the Mony, I have fairly loſt it.

Whead. How contemptible is Man, overcome by the Worſt of Paſſions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beaſts as Reaſon raiſes him above them, I will my ſelf Fight you both; come on, if you dare.———

Cul. Prithee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.

Whead. I diſown all the Kindneſs I ever had for you. Where are theſe Men of Valour, which owe their Virtue to this Man's Vice? Let me go, I will chaſtiſe Their Inſolence my ſelf. [Cully *holds him.*

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the Frailties of thy Friends.

Whead. Death! what wou'd you have me do? Can I Serve you with any thing more dear than my Life?

Cul. Let us give them Security.

Whead. Do you know what it is you wou'd do? Have You conſider'd what a thouſand Pounds is? 'Tis a Fortune for any one Man.

Cul. I will pay it all, thou ſhalt be no Loſer.

Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? How do you expect This Mony.

Palm. I expect ſuch Security for it as my Friend ſhall Adviſe.

Sec. A Warrant to confeſs a Judgment from you both.

Whead.

Whead. You ſhall be damn'd firſt; you ſhall have Nothing.

Palm. and Sec. We'll have your Bloods.

[*They proffer to fight.* Cully *holds* Wheadle.

Whead. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be ſo. You ſhall have a Judgment, Gentlemen.

Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls Papers out of his Pocket.*

What? you have your Tacklings about you.

Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons For War.

Whead. Diſpatch, diſpatch then, put me to no more Torment with delays.

Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you ſee we are Favourable, we grant you the Benefit of your Clergy.

[Cul. *ſubſcribes on* Palmer's *Back, and then* Wheadle. Your helping Hand, good Mr. *Wheadle*, to finiſh the Work.

Whead. Take that into the Bargain. [*Kicks him.*

Palm. You ſhall have another, if you pleaſe, at the Price.

Sec. We ſeldom quarrel under a thouſand Pounds.

Palm. and Sec. We wiſh you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer *ſings.*

COME, let's to the Tavern 'ſcape,
And drink whilſt we can ſtand;
We thirſt more for the Blood o'th' Grape
Than for the Blood of Man.

[*Exeunt* Palmer *and Second.*

Whead. Do you ſee now what Men of mighty proweſs Theſe are?

Cul. I was to blame indeed.

Whead. I am in ſuch a Paſſion I know not what to do:

Let us not ſtand gazing here; I wou'd not have this
Known for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter my Lord Bevill *and* Lovis.

Lov. 'Tis yet within your Pow'r, Sir, to maintain
Our Honour, and prevent this threatning Stain.

L. *Bev.* Forbear this wicked Inſolence. Once more
I charge you think on your Obedience. [*Ex. L.* Bevill.

Lov. Beauty, what art thou, we ſo much admire!
Thou art no real, but a ſeeming Fire,
Which, like the Glow-worm, only caſts a light
To them whoſe Reaſon Paſſion does Benight.
Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
Made of ſuch Vapours as from us ariſe.
Within thy guilty Beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States.
Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know—
[*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, Colonel *Bruce*, unexpectedly releaſed from
His Impriſonment, is come to wait upon you. [*Ex. Servant.*

Lov. What ſhall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some Counſel give to my diſtracted Mind:
Friendſhip and Shame within me ſo contend,
I know not how to ſhun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my gen'rous Friend? Oh noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this Content?
[*They Embrace.*

Though Deprivation be the greateſt Pain,
When Heav'n reſtores our Happineſs again,
It makes amends by our encreaſe of Joy,
Perfecting that which it did once deſtroy.

Dear

Dear Friend, my Love doth now exact its due;
Graciana muſt divide my Heart with you:
Conduct me to your Siſter, where I may
Make this my Morn of Joy a glorious Day.
What means this ſad Aſtoniſhment?
Lov. How can we chuſe but with Confuſion greet,
When I your Joys with equal Sorrows meet.
Bruce. O Heav'n! muſt my Afflictions have no end!
I 'ſcap'd my Foe, to periſh by my Friend:
What ſtrange Diſaſter can produce this Grief!
Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, ſpeak; be brief.
Lov. She lives; but I cou'd wiſh her dead.
Bruce. Raſh Man! why ſhou'd your Envy ſwell ſo high,
To wiſh the World this great Calamity?
Wiſh the whole frame of Nature were diſſolv'd,
That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
There is more Charity in this Deſire;
Since with our Loſs, our Sorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Lov. Here comes *Aurelia*, ſent for my Relief:
Heav'n knows her Tongue can beſt expreſs this Grief:
Examine her, and you ſhall find e'er long
I can Revenge, though not relate your Wrong.
Bruce. For pity haſte, *Aurelia*, and declare
[*Kiſſes her Hand.*
The Reaſons of your Brother's frighting Care:
My Soul is rack'd with Doubts, until I know.
[*After a Pauſe.*
Your Silence and your Looks, *Aurelia*, ſhow
As if your Kindneſs made you bear a part
Of thoſe great Sorrows that afflict his Heart.
Aurel. His Paſſion is ſo noble and ſo juſt,
No gen'rous Soul can know it but it muſt
Lay claim unto a Portion, as its due:
I can be thus concern'd for none but you.
Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my Misfortunes are;
Friendſhip muſt not engroſs them, though it ſhare.

I wou'd not willingly my Love ſuſpect;
And yet I fear 'tis anſwer'd with Neglect.

Aurel. My Siſter, by unlucky Stars miſs-led,
From you, and from her Happineſs is fled;
Unskilful in the way by Paſſion preſt,
She has took ſhelter in another's Breaſt.

Bruce. Fate, thou haſt done thy worſt, thy Triumph ſing
Now thou haſt ſtung ſo home, th'aſt loſt thy Sting.
I have not Pow'r, *Graciana*, to exclaim [*After a Pauſe.*
Againſt your Fault; indeed you are to blame.

Lov. Tell me, did ſhe her Promiſe plight, or give
Your Love Encouragement enough to live?

Bruce. It was her Pity ſure, and not Her Love.
That made her ſeem my Paſſion to approve:
My Story was unpleaſant to her Ear
At firſt; but Time had made her apt to hear
My Love: She told me that it grew her Grief,
As much as mine, my Pain found no Relief;
Then promis'd ſhe'd endeavour the decreaſe
Of that in her which warr'd againſt my Peace,
'Twas in this joyful Spring of Love that I
Was raviſh'd from her by our Enemy:
My Hopes grew ſtrong, I baniſh'd all Deſpair:
Theſe glowing Sparks I then left to the care
Of this Fair Maid, thinking ſhe might inſpire
My Paſſion, and blow up the kindling Fire.

Lov. Alas! ſhe to my Knowledge has been true;
Sh'as ſpoke and ſigh'd all that ſhe cou'd for you.

Aurel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with ſucceſs the catching Fire did feed:
'Till noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky Day,
A Viſit to our Family did pay;
Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and fraught
With all thoſe Virtues that in Courts are taught:
He with his amorous Tales ſo charm'd her Ear,
That ſhe of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

Bruce.

Bruce. That Heart which I ſo long with Toil and Pain
Beſieg'd, and us'd all Stratagems to gain,
[*Enter a Servant, and whiſpers with* Lovis.
Is now become within a trice we ſee
The Triumph of another's Victory.
Theſe is a Fate in Love, as well as War;
Some, though leſs careful, more ſucceſsful are.
Lov. Do not this Opportunity withſtand;
Theſe Lovers now are walking Hand in Hand
I'th' Garden; fight him there, and ſacrifice
His Heart to that falſe Woman's Cruelties:
If Fate be ſo unjuſt to make thee fall,
His Blood or mine ſhall wait thy Funeral.
Bruce. Young Man, this Raſhneſs muſt have my Excuſe,
Since 'tis your Friendſhip does your Fault produce;
If Pow'rs above did not this Paſſion ſway,
But that our Love our Reaſon did obey,
Your Siſter I with Juſtice might accuſe,
Nor wou'd I this occaſion then refuſe.
Lov. Does *Bruce* reſolve thus tamely to decline
His Int'reſt, and like fooliſh Women pine?
Can that great Heart which in your Breaſt does dwell,
Let your fond Griefs above your Courage ſwell?
Bruce. My Paſſions grow unruly, and I find
Too ſoon they'll raiſe a Tempeſt in my Mind.
Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
You did not in its Youth correct my Flame;
'Tis now ſo Head-ſtrong, and ſo wild a Fire,
I fear to both our Ruins 'twill conſpire:
I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
I may to her my injur'd Love declare.
Graciana, yet your Heart ſhall be my Prize,
Or elſe my Heart ſhall be your Sacrifice.
Deſpair's the iſſue of ignoble Minds,
And but with Cowards Entertainment finds.
[*Exeunt* Lovis *and* Bruce.

Aurel.

Aurel. Heav'n grant ſome Moderation to this Rage
That Reaſon their ſwell'd Paſſions may aſſwage.
Oh *Bruce!* thou little think'ſt the Fates in me
Have to the full reveng'd thy Injury. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bruce's* Houſe.

Enter Beaufort *and* Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told is much muſt move
All that have ſenſe of Honour or of Love,
That for my Rival I cou'd ſhed a Tear,
If Grief had any Pow'r when you are near.
Grac. Leave this Diſcourſe; your Miſtreſs you neglect,
And to your Rival all your Thoughts direct.
Enter Bruce *and* Lovis, *and ſtand undiſcover'd.*
Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
By my Compaſſion ſooth'd into a Sin.
The holieſt Man that to the Altar bows,
With wand'ring Thoughts too often ſtains his Vows.
Bruce. Graciana, you are alter'd much, I find,
[*Surpriſing her by the Hand.*
Since I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind.
The God of Love, which ſubt'ly let you ſway,
Has ſtoln your Heart, and taught it to obey.
Grac. Heav'ns! what ſtrange Surprize is this!
Bruce. Hither I'm come to make my lawful Claim;
You are my Miſtreſs, and muſt own my Flame.
Beauf. Forbear, bold Man, and do not tempt thy Fa[te]
[*Taking her by the other Hand.*
Thou haſt no Right, her Love does Right create:
Thy Claim muſt to my Title here give place;
'Tis not who loves, but whom ſhe's pleas'd to grace.
Grac. Hear me but ſpeak, *Bruce*, you divide my Care
Though not my Love, you by Compaſſion ſhare;
My

My Heart does double Duty; it does mourn
For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.
Bruce. Your Pity but deſtroys; if you wou'd ſave,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I muſt have.
Beauf. Her Love is mine, ſhe did it now declare;
Urge it no more, but vaniſh and deſpair.
Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd t'obey:
If y'are ſo good at that, here are ſuch Charms
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Can fright y'into the Circle of her Arms.
[Graciana *takes* Beaufort *in her Arms.*
Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my Defence;
This is not Courage, *Bruce*, but Inſolence.
Graciana, let me go, my Heart wants room.
Grac. My Arms 'till now were ne'er thought troubleſome.
Bruce. Beaufort, I hope y'ave Courage to appear,
Where ſacred Sanctuary is not near.
I'll leave you now within that happy State,
Which does provoke my Fury and my Hate.
[*Exit* Bruce *and* Lovis.
Grac. You muſt not meet him in the Field, to prove
A doubtful Combat for my certain Love.
Beſide, your Heart is mine; will you expoſe
The Heart you gave me to its raging Foes?
Thoſe Men want Honour who ſtake that at play,
Which to their Friends their Kindneſs gave away.
Beauf. Graciana, why did you confine me ſo
Within your Arms? You ſhou'd have let me go:
We ſoon had finiſh'd this our hot Debate,
Which now muſt wait a longer time on Fate.
Grac. None in Combuſtions blame ſuch as deſire
To ſave their precious Goods from raging Fire.
Quit this Paſſion now, my Lord, and prove
Your Anger cannot over-cloud your Love.
Beauf. Your glorious Preſence can this Rage control,
And make a Calm in my tempeſtuous Soul.

But

But yet there muſt be time; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce Tempeſts of the Air,
Before he make thoſe ſtormy Conflicts ceaſe,
And with his conquering Beams proclaims a Peace.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Beaufort *and* Lovis.

Lov. FArewel, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your acceptance were.

Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal Wings of Jealouſie they move:
I to my Rival will in neither yield;
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.

Lov. Your Emulation, Sir, is ſwoln ſo high,
You may be worthy of his Victory:
You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the Bud,
Whoſe Root was fed with vaſt expence of Blood.

Exit Lovis

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* What, my Lord, as ſtudious as a Country Vicar on a *Saturday* in the Afternoon? I thought you Had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not ſtudying of Speeches for my Miſtreſs; 'Tis Action that I now am thinking on, wherein there's Honour to be gain'd; and you, Couſin, are come luckily To ſhare it.

Sir *Fred.* On my Life, a Prize to be plaid for [illegible] Miſtreſs: I had notice of your Quarrel, which bro[illegible] Me hither ſo early with my Sword to ſerve you. B[illegible] Dares ſo zealous a Lover as your Lordſhip break th[illegible] Commandment of your Miſtreſs? I heard, poor Lady, She wept, and charg'd you to ſleep in a whole Skin; bu[illegible] Young Men never know when th'are well.

Beauf. Couſin, my Love to her cannot make me forget
My Du[ty]
Sir *Fred.* to my Family.
Upon? Pray whoſe Body muſt I exerciſe my Skill
Beauf. [Y]ou met the Man; *Graciana*'s Brother.
Sir *Fred.* An expert Gentleman, and I have not
[M]'d ſo late, unleſs it were with my Widows Maids;
[A]nd they are e'en too hard for me at my own Weapon.
Beauf. Couſin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.
Sir *Fred.* I wait to ſerve you, Sir.
Beauf. But yet with Grief, *Graciana*, I muſt go,
Since I your Brother there ſhall meet my Foe:
My Fate too near reſembles theirs where he
Did wound himſelf that hurt his Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Wheadle, *and* Palmer *dreſs'd like the Lord* Bevill.

Whead. So, my *Proteus*, exactly dreſs'd! Dexterous Rogue! Is *Grace* ready in her Geers, and ſettl'd in my Lady *Dawbwell*'s Houſe?
Palm. Every Trap is baited.
Whead. I'll warrant thee then we catch our *Cully*: He's gone to put himſelf into a fantaſtick Garb, in Imitation of Sir *Frederick Frollick*; he's almoſt frantick With the very Conceit of gaining the rich Widow. But hark, I hear him coming; ſlip down the back way, And to your Charge. [*Exit* Palmer.

Enter Cully.

Sir *Nich. Wheadle*, and what think you of this Habit? [i]s not very modiſh?
[W]*id.* As any Man need wear: How did you furniſh [y]our ſelf ſo ſuddenly?
Sir *Nich.* Suddenly? I proteſt I was at leaſt at ſixteen [T]okers, before I cou'd put my ſelf exactly into the Faſhion;

Faſhion; but now I defie Sir *Frederick*; I am as fine as He, and will be as mad as he, if that will carry the Widow, I'll warrant thee.

Whead. Is it not better puſhing thus for a Fortune, Before your Reputation's blaſted with the infamous Names Of Coward and Gameſter, and ſo become able to pay The thouſand Pounds without noiſe; than going into Country, ſelling your Land, making a havock among Your Woods, or Mortgaging your Eſtate to a ſcrupulous Scrivener, that will whiſper it into the Ears of the whole Town, by inquiring of your good Behaviour?

Sir *Nich.* Excellent *Wheadle!* And will my Lord *Bevill* ſpeak my Commendations to his Siſter?

Whead. She is impatient 'till ſhe ſee you, Sir; for in My hearing, upon the account I gave him of you, he Told her you were the prettieſt, wittieſt, wildeſt Gentleman about the Town; and a Cavalier in your Heart; the only things that take her.

Sir *Nich. Wheadle*, come, I will go to the Tavern, And ſwallow two whole Quarts of Wine inſtantly, and When I am Drunk ride on a Drawer's Back to viſit her.

Whead. Some leſs Frollick to begin with.

Sir *Nich.* I will cut three Drawers over the Pate Then, and go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at Noon-day. Come away. [*Exeunt*, Cully *ſinging*.

SCENE III.

Enter Palmer *and* Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord, *Grace*.

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer*?

Palm. Yes in good Faith, *Grace*; what a Rogue is *Wheadle*, to have kept ſuch a Treaſure to himſelf; without Communicating a little to his Friends? [*Offers to Kiſs her.*

Grace. Forbear; you'll be out in your Part, my Lord, When Sir *Nicholas* comes.

Palm. The Truth is, my Lady, I am better prepar'd for a time to act a Lover than a Relation.

That grave Dress is very amorous indeed.

My Virtues, like those of Plants in the Winter, hid; your warm Spring would fetch 'em out with Advantage.

Enter Jenny *in haste.*

Jenny. Mr. *Wheadle* and Sir *Nicholas* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister expect your Kew.

Enter Wheadle, *and Sir* Nicholas *kicking a Tavern-boy before him, who has three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his Back.*

Cul. singing. *Then march along Boys;*
Valiant and Strong Boys.

So, lay down the Bottles here.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman that I told you was ambitious to be your Sister's Servant.

Cul. Hither am I come, my Lord, to drink your Sister's Health, without Offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the Fleas About her.

Palm. Sir, I'll call her to pledge it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may be able to Tell her you have drunk it. [Palmer *drinks, and Exit.* *Wheadle*, how do you like this? [*Draws his Sword.* Shall I break the Windows?

Whead. Hold, hold; you are not in a House of Evil Reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frollick.*

Enter Palmer *and* Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nicholas*, Sister.

Cul. I Madam, I am Sir *Nicholas*, and how do you like me?

Grace. A pretty Gentleman. Pray, Sir, are you come a Housewarming, that you bring Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask ſuch pert Queſtions, Madam, I ca
Stop your Mouth. [*Kiſſes h*
Hither I am come to be Drunk, that you may ſe
Drunk; and here's a Health to your Flannel
Petticoat. [*I*
Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my Service to you; a He
Sir *Nicholas*'s great Grand-father's Beard-bruſh.
[*She drinks par*
Cul. Nay, pledge me; ha——
Grace. You are not quarrelſome in your Drink, I Hope, Sir.
Cul. No, Faith; I am wond'rous loving. [*Hugs her.*
Grace. You are a very bold Lover.
Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the Ramble to Night.
Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?
Cul. Thou ſhalt be witneſs how many Conſtables Staves I'll break about the Watchmens Ears: How many Bell-men I'll rob of their Verſes, to furniſh a little Apartment in the back-ſide of my Lodging.
Grace. I believe y'are an excellent Man at Quarter-ſtaff, Sir.
Cul. The odds was on my Head againſt any Warrener In all our Country; but I have left it off this two Year. My Lord, what ſay you, Do you think your Siſter and I ſhou'd not furniſh a Bed-Chamber as well as Two ſoberer People? What think you, my Lord?
Grace. I, and a Nurſery too, I hope, Sir.
Cul. Well ſaid, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy Body a Generation of wild Cats, Children that ſhall Waw, waw, ſcratch their Nurſes, and be Drunk with Their Sucking-bottles.
Wnead. Brave Sir *Nicholas.*
Cul. Wneadle, give me a Brimmer; the Widow ſha
Drink it to our Progeny. [*Exit Gra*
Where, where is ſhe gone?
Palm. You have frighted her hence, Sir.

Cul.

Cul. I'll fright her worſe, if I find her in a Corner. Widow, I'll follow you; I'll follow you, ha. [*Ex.* Cul.

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he over-acts Part I gave him; Sir *Frederick* is not half ſo mad: I keep him thus elevated 'till he has married *Grace*, we have the beſt part of his Eſtate at our Mercy.

Palm. Moſt ingenious *Wheadle!*

Whead. I was not born to Eaſe nor Acres; Induſtry is my Stock of Living. [*The Women ſhrick within.*

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the ſqueek.

Whead. We muſt go and take him off; he's as fierce as Bandog that has newly broke his Chain. [*Exe. laughing.*

SCENE IV.

Scene, a Field.

Enter Bruce *and* Lovis, *and traverſe the Stage.*

Then enter Four or Five Men in Diſguiſes.

1 *Man.* This way they went; be ſure you kill the Villain: Let Pity be a Stranger to your Breaſts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted With Compaſſion.

3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, ſhou'd you ſo eagerly Purſue his Life? He has the Report of a gallant Man.

1 *Man.* He murdered my Father.

3 *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in the Field At *Nasby*.

1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my ſelf Was Witneſs; I accus'd him to the Protector, and ſuborn'd Witneſs to have taken away his Life by Form Of Law; but my Plot was diſcover'd, and he yeſterday Releas'd; ſince which I've watch'd an opportunity, without The help of ſeeming Juſtice, for my Revenge. Strike Home.——

3 *Man.* We are your hired Slaves, and ſince you'll

Have it ſo, we'll ſhed his Blood, and never ſpare
Our own. [*Exeunt, drawing their Swo*

Enter Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick, *and traverſe the S*

Enter Bruce *and* Lovis *at another Door.*

Bruce. Your Friendſhip, noble Youth, 's too pro
For one already loſt you venture all;
Your preſent Happineſs, your future Joy;
You for the hopeleſs your great Hopes deſtroy.

Lov. What can I venture for ſo brave a Friend?
I have no Hopes but what on you depend,
Shou'd I your Friendſhip and my Honour rate
Below the value of a poor Eſtate,
A heap of Dirt? Our Family has been
To blame, my Blood muſt here atone the Sin.

Enter the Five Villains with drawn Swords

Heav'ns! what is there an Ambuſcado laid!
Draw, deareſt Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vil. Bruce*, look on me, and then prepare to die.
[*Pulling off his Vizard.*

Bruce. O Treach'rous Villain!

1 *Vil.* Fall on, and ſacrifice his Blood to my Revenge.

Lov. More Hearts than one ſhall Bleed if he muſt die.
[*They fight.*

Enter Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick.

Beauf. Heav'ns! what's this I ſee! Sir *Frederick*, draw;
Their Blood's too good to grace ſuch Villains Swords.
Courage, brave Men; now we can match their Force.

Lov. We'll make you, Slaves, repent this Treachery.
[*The Villains run.*

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth purſuit; we'll let them go
Brave Men! this Action makes it well appear
'Tis Honour, and not Envy brings you here.

Beauf. We come to Conquer, *Bruce*, and not to ſee,
Such Villains rob us of our Victory.

Your

Your Lives our fatal Swords claim as their Due;
W'are wrong'd our ſelves had we not righted you.
Bruce. Your gen'rous Courage has oblig'd us ſo,
That to your Succour we our Safety owe.
Lov. Y'ave done what Men of Honour ought to do,
What in your Cauſe we wou'd have done for you.
Beauf. You ſpeak the Truth, w'ave but our Duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no Obligation. [*He ſtrips.*
Bruce. My Honour is diſſatisfi'd; I muſt,
[Lovis *and Sir* Frederick *ſtrip.*
My Lord, conſider whether it be juſt
To draw my Sword againſt that Life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, Protection from the Grave.
Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
This is no place for Counſel, but for Fight:
Diſpatch.
Bruce. I am reſolv'd I will not Fight.
Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A Company of fearful Slaves away?
My Courage ſtoops not at ſo mean a Prey:
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to ſhed thy Blood.
Bruce. Open this Boſom, and let out a Flood.
Beauf. I come to Conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor Revenge on ſuch as yield.
Has nothing Pow'r, too backward Man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:
Think on the Beauteous *Graciana*'s Eyes;
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious Prize.
Bruce. There are ſuch Charms in *Graciana*'s Name,
[*Strips haſtily.*
My ſcrup'lous Honour muſt obey my Flame:
My lazy Courage I with Shame condemn:
No Thoughts have Power Streams of Blood to ſtem.
Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir, out of Kindneſs to our Friends
You and I muſt paſs a ſmall Compliment on each other.
[*They all fight.*

Beaufort *after many Paſſes cloſes with* Bruce; *they fall*
Beaufort *Diſarms him.*

Beauf. Here, live. [*Giving* Bruce *his Sword again.*

Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory
Y'ave vanquiſh'd and oblig'd your Enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant Men.

[Bruce *and* Beaufort *part* Lovis *and Sir* Frederick.

Lov. Before we bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handſom Proffers may for Wounds ſuffice?
I am amaz'd! what means this bloodleſs Field!

Bruce. The ſtouteſt Heart muſt to his Fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie, [*To* Beauf.
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heav'n does with ſuch a Conqueſt favour few:
'Tis eaſier to deſtroy than to ſubdue.
Our Bodies may by brutiſh Force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my Life from you;
Much is to both thoſe gen'rous Actions due;
The noble Giver I muſt highly prize,
Though I the Gift, Heav'n knows, as much deſpiſe.
Can I deſire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor Life its Ranſom does deſtroy!
No, no, *Graciana*'s loſs I'll ne'er ſurvive:
I pay too dear for this unfought Reprieve.

[*Falls on his Sword, and is deſperately wounded.*

Beauf. Hold gallant Man! Honour her ſelf does bleed;

[*Running to him, takes him in his Arms.*

All gen'rous Hearts are wounded by this Deed.

Lov. He does his Blood for a loſt Miſtreſs ſpend;
And ſhall not I bleed for ſo brave a Friend?

[Lovis *offers to fall on his Sword, but is hinder'd by Sir* Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* Forbear, Sir, the Frollick's not to go round:
As I take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendſhip to aſſiſt me here;
I hope the Wound's not Mortal, though I fear——

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my Relief;
'T has made made a vent for Blood, but not for Grief.
[*Bruce ſtruggling*, Lovis *and Sir* Frederick *help to hold him.*
Let me once more the unkind Weapon try:
Will ye prolong my Pain? oh Cruelty!

Lov. Ah deareſt *Bruce*, can you thus careleſs be
Of our great Friendſhip, and your Loyalty!
Look on your Friend; your drooping Country view;
And think how much they both expect from you.
You for a Miſtreſs waſte that precious Blood,
Which ſhou'd be ſpent but for our Maſter's good.

Sir *Fred.* Expence of Blood already makes him faint;
Let's carry him to the next Houſe, 'till we can procure a
Chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevill's*, the beſt place
For Accommodation. [*They all take him up.*

Beauf. Honour has plaid an after Game; this *Field*
The Conq'ror does unto the Conquer'd yield. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Graciana *weeping.*

Grac. Farewel all Thoughts of Happineſs, farewel:
My Fears together with my Sorrows ſwell:
While from my Eyes there flows this Cryſtal Flood,
From their brave Hearts there flows ſuch Streams of Blood.
Here I am loſt, while both for me contend;
With what Succeſs can this ſtrange Combat end!
Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common Enemy.

Enter Lord Bevill.

L. *Bev.* Weeping! Ah Child! ——

Grac. Kill me not with Expectation, Sir.

L. *Bev.* The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himſelf for you:
Being diſarm'd, and at his Rival's Mercy;
His Life and Sword were giv'n him by the
Noble Youth: He made a brave Acknowledgment
For both; but then conſid'ring you were loſt,

He ſcorn'd to live; and, falling on his Sword
Has giv'n himſelf a Mortal Wound. [*Exit L.* Bevill.

Enter Aurelia *weeping.*

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, go but in and ſee
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your Eternal Shame,
With his own Blood has quench'd his raging Flame.

Grac. weeping. My Carriage ſhall in theſe Misfortunes prove
That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. Aſide. Thy Sorrows, ſad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Deſpair:
Theſe Streams of Grief ſtraight to a Flood will riſe;
I can command my Tongue, but not my Eyes. [*Ex.* Aurel.

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, doſt thou tread!
Which is the Path that doth to Honour lead?
I in this Lab'rinth ſo reſolve to move,
That none ſhall judge I am miſs-led by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conqu'rors muſt forget their Victories,
And Homage pay to your Victorious Eyes.
Graciana, hither your poor Slave is come,
After his Conqueſt to receive his Doom:
Smile on his Vict'ry; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd falſe to you.

Grac. Perfidious Man, can you expect from me
An Approbation of your Treachery!
When I, diſtracted with prophetick Fears,
Blaſted with Sighs, and almoſt drown'd in Tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage laſt Night,
Did you not promiſe me you wou'd not fight?
Go now and triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you went my Enemy,
And are return'd the only Man I hate,
The wicked Inſtrument of my ſad Fate.
My Love has but diſſembled been to thee,
To try my gen'rous Lover's Conſtancy. [*Exit* Graciana.

Beau.

Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how ſtrange and cruel is my Fate! Preſerv'd by Love, to be deſtroy'd by Hate! [*Ex.* Beauf.

SCENE VI.

Scene, The *Widow*'s Houſe.

Enter Betty *and* Lettice *(the two Chamber-maids) ſeverally.*

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have ſtaid for you.

Lett. What haſt thou done to the French-man, Girl? He lyes yonder neither Dead nor Drunk; no Body Knows what to make of him.

Betty. I ſent for thee to help make ſport with him; He'll come to himſelf, never fear him: Have you not Obſerv'd how ſcurvily ha's look'd of late?

Lett. Yes; and he proteſts it is for Love of you.

Betty. Out upon him, for a diſſembling Raſcal; h'as Got the foul Diſeaſe; our Coach-man diſcover'd it by a Bottle of Diet Drink he brought and hid behind the Stairs, into which I infus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. What doſt intend to do with him?

Betty. You ſhall ſee.

Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a Bottom, and ſhut at the Top be lock'd, and a hole to put ones Head out at, made eaſie to be born on ones Shoulders.

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

Betty. He lyes behind the Stairs; haſte and bring him In, that he may take quiet Poſſeſſion of his Wooden Tenement; for 'tis near his time of waking.

The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Duſoy, *and put him into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at Hand that us'd to play at the blind Ale-Houſe?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible Noiſe you Can make to wake this Gentleman. [*Fidler plays a Tune.*

Lett. He wants a helping Hand; his Eye-lids are ſeal'd Up; ſee how the Wax ſticks [Dufoy *begins to wake.* Upon 'em. Let me help you, Monſieur.

Duf. Vat aré you? Jernie! vat is dis! am I Jack in a Boxé? begar, who did putté me here?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monſieur; will you be pleas'd To take your Pills this Morning?

Duf. Noé; but I vo'd have de Diable take youé; it Vas youé dat did abuſé me dus, vas it noté? begar I vil Killé ale de Shamber-maid in *Englandé.*

Lett. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monſieur? There's A Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Duf. Are youé de littel Diable come to tormenté mé? Morbleu! vas ever Man afronté in dis Naturé!

Betty. Methinks he has forbon, mine Monſieur, now If you pleaſe to make your little Addreſſé, and your Amouré, you will not find me ſo coy.

Duf. Begar I vil no marié de Couſin-Germane of de Diable.

Lett. What ſhou'd he do with a Wife? he has not Houſe-room for her.

Betty. Why do you not keep your Head within Doors, Monſieur?

Lett. Now there's ſuch a Storm abroad.

Duf. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé vid In Dooré? begar; tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to Sell, Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got a very convenient Shop, Monſieur.

Duf. I do hope you vil have verié convenient Halteré, Begar. Jerny, can I not také dis tingé in de pices?

Betty. You begin to ſweat, Monſieur; the Tub is Proper for you.

Duf.

Duf. I have no more patiencé; I vil breaké dis Priſon, Or I vil breaké my Neké, and ye ſhall alé be hangé.

[*Struggles to get out.*

Lett. He begins to Rave; bleſs the poor Man.

Betty. Some Muſick quickly, to compoſe his Mind.

[*The Muſick plays; and they Dance about him.*

How prettily the Snail carries his Tenement on His Back!

[*He walks with the Tub on his Back.*

I'm ſorry I am but his Miſtreſs: If I had been your Wife, Monſieur, I had made you a compleat Snail; your Horns ſhou'd have appear'd.

Duf. I vil have de patiencé, dere is no oder remedé; You be alé de Raskalé Whore; de Diable take you alé; And I vil ſay no more, begar.

Betty. This is a very fine Veſſel, and wou'd ſwim well; Let's to the Horſe-pond with him.

Lett. Come, come, he looks as ſullenly as a Hare in Her Form; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monſieur.

[*Exeunt all but* Dufoy.

Duf. Bougre, I canno hangé my ſelfé; begar I canno Drowné my ſelfé; I vil go hidé my ſelfé, and ſtarvé to dyé; I vil no be de laughé for every Jackanapé Engliſhé. Morbleu.

SCENE VII.

Sir Frederick *is brought in upon a Bier, with a Mourning Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a Mourning Cloak: Four Fidlers carry the Corps, with their Inſtruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

Enter the Widow *weeping.*

Mourner. Madam, you muſt expect a bloody Conſequence When Men of ſuch prodigious Courage fight. The young Lord *Beaufort* was the firſt that fell, After his Sword too deeply had engag'd

His

His Rival not to ſtay behind him long.
Sir *Frederick* with your Nephew bravely fought;
Death long did keep his diſtance, as if he
Had fear'd exceſs of Valour; but when they,
O'er-loaded with their Wounds, began to faint,
He with his Terrors did invade their Breaſts.
Fame ſoon brought many to the Tragick place,
Where I found my deareſt Friend, Sir *Frederick*,
Almoſt as poor in Breath as Blood:
He took me by the Hand, and all the Stock h'ad left
He ſpent, Madam, in calling upon you.
He firſt proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love;
And having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither,
To wait on you, his lateſt Breath expir'd with
The Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompence this Loſs.
Unhappy Woman! why ſhou'd I ſurvive
The only Man in whom my Joys did live?
My dreadful Grief! [*The Fidlers prepare.*

Enter Dufoy *in his Tub.*

Duf. Oh my Matré, my Matré; who has kill my Matré? Morbleu, I vil—— [*The* Widow *ſhrieks, and runs out: All the Fidlers run out in a fright.*
Oh, de Diablé, de Diablé! [*Sir* Frederick *ſtarts up, which frights* Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* What deviliſh Accident is this? Or has
The Widow undermin'd me?

[*Enter the* Widow *and her* Maid *laughing.*
I ſhall be laugh'd to Death now indeed, by Chamber-maids;
Why have you no pity, Widow?

Wid. None at all for the living: Ha, ha, ha. You ſee
W'are provided for your Frollick, Sir; ha, ha.

Sir *Fred.* Laugh but one Minute longer, I will forſwear
Thy Company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
For e'er after.

Wid. Farewel, Sir; expect at Night to ſee the old
Man, with his Paper Lanthorn and crack'd Spectacles,
Singing

Singing your woful Tragedy to Kitchin-maids, and Coblers Prentices.

[Widow *offers to go, Sir* Frederick *holds her by the Arm.*

Sir *Fred.* Hark you, hark you, Widow: By all thoſe Devils that have hitherto poſſeſs'd thy Sex——

Wid. No ſwearing, good Sir *Frederick.*

Sir *Fred.* Set thy Face then; let me not ſee the remains Of one poor Smile: So now I will Kiſs thee, and Be Friends. [Widow *falls out a laughing.*

Not all thy Wealth ſhall hire me to come within ſmell Of thy Breath again. Jealouſie, and which will be Worſe for thee, Widow, Impotence light upon me, if I Stay one Moment longer with thee. [*Offers to go.*

Wid. Do you hear, Sir; can you be ſo angry with one That loves you ſo paſſionately ſhe cannot ſurvive you?

Sir *Fred.* Widow, may the Deſire of Man keep thee Waking 'till thou art as Mad as I am. [*Ex. Sir* Frederick.

Wid. How lucky was this Accident! How he wou'd Have inſulted over my Weakneſs elſe!

Sir *Frederick*, ſince I've warning, you ſhall prove More ſubtil ways, before I own my Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill*'s Houſe.

Enter Lovis, *a Chirurgion, Servants carrying* Bruce *in a Chair.*

Chir. COurage, brave Sir; do not miſtruſt my Art.

Bruce. Tell me, didſt thou e'er cure a wounded Heart? Thy Skill, fond Man, thou here employ'ſt in vain; The Eaſe thou giv'ſt does but encreaſe my Pain.

Lov. Dear *Bruce*, my Life does on your Life depend; Though you diſdain to live, yet ſave your Friend.

Bruce.

Bruce. Do what you pleaſe; but are not thoſe unkind
That eaſe the Body, to afflict the Mind?
[*The Chirurgion dreſſes him.*
Oh cruel Love! thou ſhoot'ſt with ſuch ſtrange Skill,
The Wounds thou mak'ſt will neither heal nor kill:
Thy flaming Arrows kindle ſuch a Fire,
As will not waſte thy Victims, nor expire!

Enter Aurelia.

Lov. Is the Wound Mortal? tell me. [*To the Chirurgion.*
Or may we cheriſh Hopes of his Recovery?

Chir. The Danger is not imminent: Yet my Prognoſtick
Boads a ſad Event: For though there be no great Veſſel
Diſſected, yet I have Cauſe to fear that the *Parenchyma*
Of the right Lobe of the Lungs, near ſome large Branch
Of the *Aſperia Arteria*, is perforated.

Lov. Tell me in Engliſh, will he live or die?

Chir. Truly I deſpair of his Recovery. [*Ex. Chirurgion.*

Aurel. Aſide. Forgive me, Ladies, if exceſs of Love
Me beyond Rules of Modeſty does move,
And, againſt Cuſtom, makes me now reveal
Thoſe Flames my tortur'd Breaſt did long conceal;
'Tis ſome Excuſe, that I my Love declare
When there's no Med'cine left to cure Deſpair.
[*Weeps by the Chair ſide.*

Bruce. Oh Heav'n; can Fair *Aurelia* weep for me!
This is ſome Comfort to my Miſery.
Kind Maid, thoſe Eyes ſhou'd only Pity take
Of ſuch as feel no Wounds but what they make:
Who for another in your ſight does mourn,
Deſerves not your Compaſſion, but your Scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with Tears to pity you;
I for your Pity with this Paſſion ſue.

Bruce. My Pity! tell me, what can be the Grief,
That from the Miſerable hopes Relief!

Aurel. Before you know this Grief, you feel the Pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:

Where

Where ſo much Beauty does with Love conſpire,
No Mortal can reſiſt that double Fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave Heart,
On poor *Aurelia*'s you reveng'd the ſmart:
While you in vain did ſeek thoſe Wounds to cure,
With Patience I their Torture did endure.

Bruce. My Happineſs has been ſo long conceal'd,
That it becomes my Miſery reveal'd:
That which ſhou'd prove my Joy, now proves my Grief,
And that brings Pain, which, known, had brought Relief.
Aurelia, why wou'd you not let me know,
While I had Power to pay the Debt I owe?
'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'll do,
I'll ſigh away the Breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have Pow'r to grant me all I crave;
'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my Flame ſeek not to warm your Breaſt,
But beg my Aſhes in your Urn may reſt:
For ſince *Graciana*'s Loſs you ſcorn'd t'out-live,
I am reſolv'd I'll not your Death ſurvive.

Bruce. Hold, you too gen'rous are; yet I may live:
Heav'n for your ſake may grant me a Reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no; Heav'n has decreed, alas, that we
Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my Raſhneſs I too late repent;
I ne'er thought Death 'till now a Puniſhment. [*To* Lovis.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of Death! the very ſound
Once more will give my Heart a Mortal Wound:
Here on my Knees I've ſinn'd I muſt confeſs
Againſt your Love, and my own Happineſs;
I, like the Child, whoſe Folly proves his Loſs,
Refus'd the Gold, and did accept the Droſs.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufort* made ſo good a Choice,
His Virtue's ſuch, he has his Rival's Voice;
Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
Worthly to be the Centre of your Love.

Grac.

Grac. You to another wou'd ſuch Virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your ſelf does only live.
If to the moſt deſerving I am due,
He muſt reſign his weaker Claim to you.

Bruce. This is but Flatt'ry; for I'm ſure you c
Think none ſo worthy as that gen'rous Man:
By Honour you are his.

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous Paſſion owe;
You bleed for me; and if for me you die,
Your Loſs I'll mourn with vow'd Virginity.

Bruce. Can you be mindful of ſo ſmall a Debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget?
That will not Honour but Injuſtice be;
Honour with Juſtice always does agree.
This gen'rous Pity which for me you ſhow,
Is more than you to my Misfortunes owe:
Theſe Tears, *Graciana*, which for me you ſhed,
O'er-prize the Blood which I for you have bled:
But now I can no more——
My Spirits faint within my wearied Breaſt.

Lov. Siſter, 'tis fit you give him leave to reſt.
Who waits? [*Enter Servants.*
With Care convey him to his Bed.

Bruce. Hold——
Deareſt *Aurelia*, I will ſtrive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

Lov. Brave Man! The Wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
For matchleſs Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.
[*Exeunt all but* Graciana.

Grac. How ſtrangely is my Soul perplex'd by Fate!
The Man I love I muſt pretend to hate;
And with diſſembled Scorn his Preſence fly,
Whoſe Abſence is my greateſt Miſery!

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Hear me, upon my Knees I beg you'll hear.
She's gone. [*Exit* Graciana

The

There was no need, falſe Woman, to encreaſe
My Miſery with hopes of Happineſs.
This Scorn at firſt had to my Love and me
But Juſtice been; now it is Cruelty.
Was there no way his Conſtancy to prove,
But by your own Inconſtancy in Love?
To try another's Virtue cou'd you be,
Graciana, to your own an Enemy?
Sure 'tis but Paſſion which ſhe thus does vent,
Blown up with Anger and with Diſcontent;
Becauſe my Honour diſobey'd her Will,
And *Bruce* for Love of her his Blood did ſpill.
I once more in her Eyes will read my Fate;
I need no Wound to kill me, if ſhe hate.

SCENE II.

Enter Cully *Drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him playing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of Boys Hollowing, and Perſecuting him.*

Cul. Villians, Sons of unknown Fathers, tempt me No more. [*The Boys hout at him, he draws his Sword.* I will make a young Generation of Cripples, to ſucceed In *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*. The barbarous Breeding of theſe *London* Boys! [*Frights the Boys away.*

Boy that leads the Cymbal. Whither do you intend to Go, Sir?

Cul. To ſee the wealthy Widow, Mrs. *Rich.*

Boy. Where does ſhe dwell, Sir?

Cul. Hereabouts; enquire; I will Serenade her at Noon-day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Widow, *and her Maid* Betty.

Wid. Where is this poor French-man, Girl? h'as done Me good Service.

Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam, made him Drunk, and laid him to Sleep among his Empty Casks.

Wid. Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his Impriſonment; *Betty*, you uſe your Servant too ſeverely. Hark, what ridiculous Noiſe is that? It ſets my Teeth an edge worſe than the Scraping of Trenchers. [*The Cymbal plays without.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken Fellow, with a Cymbal Before him, and his Sword in his Hand, is preſs'd into Your Houſe.

Enter Cully *and Cymbal: The Women ſhriek.*

Cul. Sirrah, play me a Bawdy Tune, to pleaſe the Widow: Have at thee, Widow.

Betty. 'Tis one of *Oliver*'s Knights, Madam, Sir *Nicholas Cully*; his Mother was my Grandmother's Dairy-maid.

Enter Servants; they lay Hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Cul. Let me go; I am not ſo Drunk but I can ſtand Without your help, Gentlemen. Widow, here is Muſick; ſend for a Parſon, and we will Dance *Barneby* Within this half Hour.

Wid. I will ſend for a Conſtable, Sir.

Cul. Haſt a mind to ſee me beat him? How thoſe Rogues dread me! Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what Conditions I wou'd condeſcend to make thee my Bed-Fellow, Widow, ſpeak?

Wid. This is ſome drunken Miſtake; away with him Thruſt him out of Door.

Enter a Servant: Claſhing of Swords and Noiſe without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir *Frederick*.

Wid. What's the matter?

Serv. He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bailiffs, that wou'd Arreſt him at the Door.

Wid. Haſte everyone, and Reſcue him quickly.

[*Exeunt all but* Cully.

Cul. Widow, come back. I ſay, Widow, I will

No

Not ſtir one Foot after thee: Come back, I ſay, Widow. [*Falls down and ſleeps.*

Enter Duſoy.

Duf. Vat de Diable be de Matré? here is de ver Strange Varké in dis Houſe; de Vemen day do cry, ha, Ha, ha; de Men day do run, day do take de Bates de Dung-vorké, and de Vire-vorké; vat is here, Van killé? [*Looking on* Cully.

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a truſty Servant, indeed: Here you Are lock'd up, while your poor Maſter is Arreſted, and Dragg'd away by unmerciful Bailiffs.

Duf. My Matré? Jernie! Metres *Bet*, letté me go; Begar I vil kill allé de bogre de Bailié, and recover my Matré. Bogre de Bailié.

Betty. So, make all the haſte you can.

[*She helps him out of the Tub.*

Duf. Morbleu! bogre de Bailié I vil go prepare to Killé a touſand Bailié begar: Bogre de Bailié. [*Exit.*

Enter the Widow *and Servant ſeverally.*

Wid. Well, what News?

Serv. Madam, they have arreſted him upon an Execution for two hundred Pounds, and carried him to A Bailiff's Houſe hard by.

Wid. If that be all, *Betty*, take my Key, and give him The Mony in Gold; do you content the Bailiffs, but Let Sir *Frederick* know nothing of it; and then let them Bring him to my Houſe as their Pris'ner: Diſpatch.

[*Exeunt* Betty *and Servant.*

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a ſtray Gentleman Here, miſs-led by Drink?

Wid. There lyes the Beaſt you look for; you had beſt Remove him quickly, or I ſhall cauſe him to be put into The Pound. [*Exit* Widow.

Foot-b. If I do not get this Fool clear off before he comes to himſelf, our Plot is quite ſpoil'd: This

Summer-Livery may chance to hover over my ſhivering Limbs next Winter. Yonder ſits honeſt *Palmer*, my poor Maſter, in a Coach, quaking for fear; all that ſee him In that Reverend Diſguiſe, will ſwear he has got the Palſie. Ho, Sir *Nicholas*. [*Pulls him.*

Cull. I will drink three Beer-glaſſes to the Widow's Health before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow ſtays for you, to wait upon her To the Exchange.

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate; I am not Drunk enough to be ſeen in her Company.

Foot-b. I muſt carry him away upon my Back; but Since things may go ill, 'tis good to make ſure of Something: I'll examine his Pockets firſt: So, for this I Thank my own Ingenuity; in this way of plain Dealing I can live without the help of my Maſter. [*Enter a Servant.* Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my Burden?

Serv. I am ſure your Maſter has his load already. [*They lift him up.*

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my Muſick?

Enter Sir Frederick *with the Bailiffs, who are Fidlers diſguis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one Door, and the* Widow *at another.*

Boy. There is no hopes now; I'll ſhift for my ſelf. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir *Fred.* Widow, theſe are old Acquaintance of mine, Bid them welcome: I was coming to wait upon you Before; but meeting them by the way, they preſs'd me To drink—— [Cully *reels againſt Sir* Frederick.

Cul. Sir *Frederick*! Widow, bid him welcome; he is A very good Friend of mine, and as mad a Fellow as my Self. Kiſs, kiſs the Widow, Man; ſhe has a plump Under-lip, and kiſſes ſmartly.

Sir *Fred.* What's here? *Cully* Drunk, transform'd into A Gallant, and acquainted with the Spring and Proportion Of the Widow's Lips!

Cul. I, I am Drunk, Sir; am I not Widow? I ſcorn To be ſoberer than your ſelf, I will Drink with you, Swear with you, break Windows with you, and ſo forth.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no Exceptions againſt him, I hope; He has challeng'd you at your own Weapons.

Cul. Widow, Sir *Frederick* ſhall be one of our Bride-men; I will have none but ſuch mad Fellows at Our Wedding; but before I marry thee I will conſider Upon it. [*He ſits down and ſleeps.*

Sir *Fred.* Pray, Widow, how long have you been Acquainted with this Mirror of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir *Fred.* What? You intend me for a reſerve then? You will have two Strings to your Bow, Widow, I Perceive your Cunning; and Faith I think I ſhall do you The heartier Service, if thou employ'ſt me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; ſhake off Theſe lowſie Companions; come carry your Miſtreſs To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden this Glorious Evening.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I am a Man of Buſineſs, that Ceremony's to be perform'd by idle Fellows.

Wid. What wou'd you give to ſuch a Friend as ſhou'd Diſpatch this Buſineſs now, and make you one of thoſe Idle Fellows.

Sir *Fred.* Faith, pick and chuſe; I carry all my Wealth about me; do it; and I am all at thy Service, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at Liberty, And a Leg now will ſatisfie me.

Sir *Fred.* Good Faith, thou art too reaſonable, dear Widow; Modeſty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you ſatisfy'd?

Fidl. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, *with a Helmet on his Head, and a great Sword in his Hand.*

Duf. Vare are de bougre de Bailié? Tetibleu, bougre Rogue. [*He falls upon the Fidlers.*

Fid. Help, help, Sir *Frederick*, Murder, Murder! Alas, Sir, we are not Bailiffs; you may ſee we are Men of an honeſter Vocation. [*They ſhew their Inſtruments.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, thou mighty Man at Arms.

Duf. Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Matré at liberty? Play me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Engliſhé, quicklie, or I will make you all Dance vidout your Fiddle; quiké.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive. [Dufoy *dances a Jig.*

Sir *Fred.* Kind Widow, thank thee for this Releaſe. Laugh, Widow; [*Shakes his Pockets.* Ha, ha, ha; where is your Counterplot, Widow? Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Dufoy*. Come, be not ſo Melancholy; we'll to the Park: I care not if I ſpend a Piece or two upon thee in Tarts and Cheeſcakes. Piſh, Widow, why ſo much out of Humour? 'Tis no ſhame To love ſuch a likely young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almoſt find in my Heart to puniſh my Self, to afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sot I never Saw before.

Sir *Fred.* How came he hither?

Wid. Enquire elſewhere; I will not anſwer thee one Queſtion; nor let thee ſee me out of a Mask any more This Fortnight.

Sir *Fred.* Go, go into thy Cloſet, look over thy old Receipts, and talk wantonly now and then with thy Chamber-maid; I ſhall not trouble thee much 'till this is Spent; and by that time thy [*Shakes his Pockets.* Fooliſh Vow will be near over.

Wid. I want Patience to endure this Inſolence. Is my Charity rewarded thus?

Sir *Fred.* Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'Twill Get thee little hereafter; thou muſt anſwer for every Sin

It occaſions: Here is Wine and Women in Abundance. [*Shakes his Pockets.*

Wid. Avoid my Houſe, and never more come near me.

Sir *Fred.* But hark you, hark you, Widow, do you Think this can laſt always?

Wid. Ungrateful Man! [*Exit* Widow.

Sir *Fred.* She's gone; impatience for theſe two Hours Poſſeſs her, and then I ſhall be pretty well reveng'd.

Duf. Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful Servitur? you do never take notice of my Merit.

Sir *Fred. Dufoy*, thou art a Man of Courage, and haſt Done bravely; I will caſt off this Suit a Week ſooner Than I intended, to reward thy Service.

Duf. Begar I have ſeveral time given you ver Dangerous Teſtimonie of my Affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Cully *in his Arms.*

Sir *Fred.* Whither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach, Very like my Lord *Bevill*, who, hearing what a Condition Sir *Nicholas* was in, deſired me to bring him to him in My Arms.

Cul. Let me go, where is the Widow?

Sir *Fred.* What Widow?

Cul. Mrs. *Rich*; ſhe is to be my Wife.

Sir *Fred.* But do you hear, Sir *Nicholas?* how long Have you Courted this Widow!

Cul. Mr. *Wheadle* can tell you: Trouble me not with Idle Queſtions, Sir *Frederick*, you ſhall be welcome at Any time; ſhe loves Men that will Roar, and Drink, And Serenade her.

Sir *Fred.* This is ſome ſtrange Miſtake; ſure *Wheadle* Intending to chouſe him, has ſhew'd him ſome Counterfeit Widow, and he being Drunk, has been Miſguided to the true Widow's Houſe. The Fellow in The Coach may Diſcover all; I will ſtep and ſee who it is: Hold him here, *Dufoy*, 'till I return: Gentlemen, Come you with me. [*Exit Sir* Frederick *and Fidlers.*

Cul.

Cul. Where is my Miſtreſs?

Duf. Vat Metres?

Cul. The Widow.

Duf. She be de Metres of my Matré.

Cul. You lie, Sarrah.

Duf. Begar you be de Jackanapé, to tell me I do lye.

Cul. You are a French Raſcal, and I will blow your Noſe without a Handkerchief. [*He pulls* Dufoy *by the Nose.*

Duf. Helpé, helpé me; Morbleu; I vil beat you rid! My Fiſt and my Footé, tellé you aské me de Pardon; Take dat and daté; aské me de Pardon.

[Cully *falls down, and* Dufoy *beats him.*

Cul. I ask your Pardon, Sirrah?

Duf. Sirrah! Tettibleu. [*Offers to ſtrike.*

Enter Sir Frederick *and Fidlers, leading in* Palmer *trembling.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, *Dufoy.*

Duf. Begar he do merite to be beaté; he ſwaré he vil Marré youré Metres.

Pal. I beſeech you, Sir *Frederick.*

Cul. My Lord *Bevill!*

Sir *Fred.* So, he takes him for my Lord *Bevill*; now The Plot will out. 'Tis fit this Raſcal ſhou'd be Cheated; but theſe Rogues will deal too unmercifully With him: I'll take Compaſſion upon him, and uſe him More favourably my ſelf.

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Siſter?

[*Sir* Frederick *pulls off* Palmer's *Diſguiſe.*

Sir *Fred.* Look you, Sir *Nicholas*, where is my Lord *Bevill* now?

Cul. My merry Country-man, Mr. *Palmer!* I thought You had been in *Buckinghamſhire.* [*Sings.*

And he took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his Beck.

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man?
Sir *Frederick*, I owe this Gentleman a thouſand Pounds.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* How ſo?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, *Wheadle* went my Halfs; and we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir *Fred.* This was the Roguery you had been about The other Night, when I met you in Diſguiſe, *Palmer*; You'll never leave your Cheating and your Robbing, [illegible] Robberies do I know of your committing?

Palm. The Truth is, Sir, you know enough to Hang me, but you are a worthy Gentleman, and a Lover of Ingenuity.

Sir *Fred.* This will not paſs: Produce the Judgment.

Palm. Alas, Sir, Mr. *Wheadle* has it.

Sir *Fred.* Produce it, or — Fetch the Conſtable, Boy.

Palm. Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a ſorrowful Raſcal. Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is enter'd.

Sir *Fred.* Well, who is this Counterfeit Widow? Confeſs.

Palm. Truly 'twas *Wheadle*'s Contrivance; a Pox on Him: Never no good comes on't when Men are ſo Unconſcionable in their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, Sir *Frederick*? Sirrah, I Will have you hang'd,

Sir *Fred.* Speak, who is this Widow?

Palm. 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Wheadle*'s Miſtreſs, whom he has plac'd in my Lady *Dawbwel*'s Houſe: I am but a Poor Inſtrument, abus'd by that Raſcal.

Sir *Fred.* You ſee, Sir *Nicholas*, what Villains theſe are; they have cheated you of a thouſand Pounds, and Wou'd have married you to a Wench, had I not Diſcovered their Villany.

Cul. I am beholding to you, Sir *Frederick*; they are Rogues, Villainous Rogues: But where is the Widow?

Sir *Fred.* Why, you ſaw the true Widow here a little While ago.

Cul. The Truth is, methoughts ſhe was ſomething Comelier than my Miſtreſs: But will not this Widow Marry me?

Sir

Sir *Fred.* She is my Miſtreſs.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir *Fred.* Well, I have diſcover'd this Cheat, kept You from marrying a Wench, and will ſave you the Thouſand Pounds too. Now, if you have a Mind to Marry, what think you of my Sister? She is a plain Brown Girl, and has a good Portion, about not [illegible] Twenty thouſand Pounds: This Offer proves I have a Perfect Kindneſs for you.

Cul. I have heard ſhe is a very fine Gentlewoman; I Will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir *Fred.* Come then, I'll carry you where you may ſee Her, and ask her Conſent. *Palmer*, you muſt go along With us, and by the way aſſign this Judgment to me. Do you guard him, Gentlemen. [*To the Fidlers.*

Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir *Nicholas.*

Cul. How came I hither?

Sir *Fred.* You will be ſatisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What curſed Accident was this? What Miſchievous Stars have the managing of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my Heart like an after-game at *Iriſh!*

Duf. Allon marché; Shentelmen ſheté; marché: You Make de Mouthé of de honeſt Shentelmen: Begar you Vil make de Wry Mouthé ven you be Hangé. [*Exeu.*

SCENE III.

Scene, A Garden.

Enter Graciana *and* Leticia *ſeverally*; Leticia *with a Noſegay in her Hand.*

Grac. Leticia, what haſt thou been doing [illegible]

Let. Cropping the Beauty of the youthful Year.

Grac. How innocently doſt thou ſpend thy Hours, Selecting from the Crowd the choiceſt Flowers! . . Where is thy Miſtreſs?

Let. Madam, ſhe's with the wounded Colonel.
Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there
With thy ſweet Voice refreſh my wearied Soul.
[*They walk into an Arbour.*

[Let. *ſings.*

SONG.

Ah, though to your Conqu'ring Eyes
Love owes his chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you
With which he does the World ſubdue.
Yet you your ſelves are not above
The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with Diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge their Pain;
You are not free becauſe y're Fair;
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare,
Beauty's but an offenſive Dart;
It is no Armour for the Heart.

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident;
Oft to thee have breath'd my Diſcontent;
And thy ſweet Voice as oft has eas'd my Care:
But now thy Breath is like infectious Air. [*Enter* Beauf.
To feed the ſecret Cauſe of my Diſeaſe,
And does enrage what it did ſo late appeaſe.
Beauf. [*Starting.*] Hark, that was *Graciana's* Voice.
Oh *Beaufort!*
Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way:
I will conceal my ſelf within this Bower; ſhe may
The ſecret Cauſes of my Grief betray.
Beaufort *goes into an Arbour, and* Graciana *and* Leticia *come upon the Stage.*
Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I purſue;
Sure ſomething from me to my Love is due:

Within

Wirhin theſe private Shades for him I'll mourn,
Whom I in publick am oblig'd to ſcorn.

Let. Why ſhou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your Grief?
Love never yet in Sorrow found Relief:
Theſe Sighs, like Northern Winds to th' early Spring,
Deſtruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I deſpiſe:
Wou'd you have me preſerve theſe fatal Eyes?

Let. Had you leſs Beauteous been, y'ad known leſs Pain;
Ladies are happieſt moderately Fair:
But now ſhou'd you your Beauty waſte, which way
Cou'd you the Debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. Beaufort, didſt thou but know I weep for thee
Thou wou'dſt not blame my Scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour firſt made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked Line:
You were to *Beaufort* too ſevere, I fear,
Leſt to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in Honour ought to do:
I yet to *Beaufort* and my Love am true:
And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride,
Joy ſhall unite whom Grief does now divide:
But if for Love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.
Oh, *Beaufort!*

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana!* here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an Extaſie.

Grac. We are ſurpriz'd: unlucky Accident!
Freſh Sorrow's added to my Diſcontent.

[*Exeunt* Graciana *and* Leticia. *Manet*
Beaufort *enters.*

Beauf. Graciana, ſtay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joins with Love to be my Friend;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his Death; the Wound
By able Surgeons is not Mortal found.
She will not ſtay.

My Joys, like Waters ſwell'd into a Flood,
Bear down whate'er their uſual Streams withſtood.

Exit Beaufort.

SCENE IV.

Scene, My Lady *Dawbwell's* Houſe.

Enter Wheadle *and* Grace.

Wheadle. I wonder we have yet no Tidings of our Knight, nor *Palmer*, —— Fortune ſtill croſſes the Induſtrious, Girl; when we recover him you muſt begin To lie at a little openerward; 'tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at Bay, leſt ſome old Wood-man drop in By chance, and diſcover thou art but a Raſcal Deer. I have counterfeited half a Dozen Mortgages, a Dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all; that will ſatisfie Him in thy Eſtate: He has ſent into the Country for His Writings: But ſee, here he comes,

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir *Nicholas*, I muſt chide you, indeed I muſt; you Neglect your Duty here: Nay, Madam, never bluſh; Faith I'll reveal all. Y'are the happieſt, the luckieſt Man—

Enter Sir Frederick.

We are betray'd; Death, what makes him here?
Sir *Frederick*, your humble Servant; y'are come in the luckieſt time for Mirth; [*To Sir* Frederick
Will you but lend me your Ear? Do not ſee
Sir *Nicholas* and *Grace*. Yonder, look, look.

Sir *Fred.* Yes.

Wheadle. I am perſuading him to keep her; ſhe's a pretty Deſerving Girl; Faith let us draw off a while, and Laugh among our ſelves, for fear of ſpoiling the Poor Wenches Market; let us, let us.

Sir *Fred.* With all my Heart.

Bailiffs meet Wheadle *at the Door, and Arreſt him.*

Bailiffs. We Arreſt you, Sir.

Wheadle.

Whead. Arreſt me? Sir *Frederick*, Sir *Nicholas.*

Sir *Fred.* We are not provided for a Reſcue at Preſent, Sir.

Whead. At whoſe Suit?

Bailiffs. At Sir *Frederick Frollick's.*

Whead. Sir *Frederick Frollick's*? I owe him never a Farthing.

Sir *Fred.* Y'are miſtaken, Sir; you owe me a thouſand Pounds: Look you, do you know Mr. *Palmer's* Hand? He has aſſign'd ſuch a ſmall Debt over to me.

Enter Palmer *and* Jenny.

Whead. How was I bewitch'd to truſt ſuch a Villain! Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, *Palmer.*

Palm. Oh thou unconſcionable *Wheadle*; a thouſand Pounds was too ſmall a Bubble!

Sir *Fred.* Away with him, away with him.

Whead. Nay, Sir *Frederick*, 'tis Puniſhment enough to Fall from my Expectation: Do not ruin a young Man.

Grac. I beſeech you, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Thou haſt mov'd me, *Grace*; Do not Tremble, Chuck; I love thy Profeſſion too well to Harm thee. Look you, Sir, what think you of a Rich Widow? [*Proffering him the Whore.*

Was there no Lady to abuſe, *Wheadle*, but my Miſtreſs? No Man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, Sir *Nicholas?* But let this paſs; Sir *Nicholas* is ſatisfy'd; Take *Grace.* Here, marry her; we are all ſatisfy'd: She's A pretty deſerving Girl, and a Fortune now in earneſt; I'll give her a thouſand Pounds.

Whead. Pray, Sir, do but conſider——

Sir *Fred.* No Conſideration; diſpatch, or to Limbo.

Whead. Was there ever ſuch a Dilemma? I ſhall rot In Priſon. Come hither, *Grace*; I did but make bold, Like a young Heir, with his Eſtate, before it come into His Hands: Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Party, [*Stroaking her Belly.*] when we firſt cut it up, Shou'd have been preſerv'd for my Wedding-Feaſt.

Sir

Sir *Nich.* You are the happieſt, the luckieſt Man, Mr. *Wheadle.*

Palm. Much Joy, Mr. *Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.

Whead. Sir *Frederick*, ſhall that Rogue *Palmer* Laugh At me?

Sir *Fred.* No, no; *Jenny*, come hither; I'll make thee Amends, as well as thy Miſtreſs, for the Injury I did thee t'other Night: Here is a Husband for thee too: Mr. *Palmer*, where are you?

Palm. Alas Sir *Frederick*, I am not able to maintain her.

Sir *Fred.* She ſhall maintain you, Sir. Do not you Underſtand the Myſtery of *Sciponie*, *Jenny*?

Maid. I know how to make *Democuana*, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Thou art richly endow'd, i'faith: Here, Here, *Palmer*; no ſhall I, ſhall I: This or that, which You deſerve better.

Palm. This is but a ſhort Reprieve; the Gallows will Be my Deſtiny.

Sir *Fred.* Sir *Nicholas*, now we muſt haſte to a better Solemnity; my Siſter expects us. Gentlemen, meet us At the *Roſe*; I'll beſtow a Wedding Dinner upon you, And there releaſe your Judgment, Mr. *Wheadle*: Bailiffs, Wait upon them thither.

Sir *Nich.* I wiſh you much Joy with your Fair Brides, Gentlemen.

Whead. A Pox on your Aſſignment, *Palmer*.

Palm. A Pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*, and her Spouſe, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* Houſe.

Enter Lord Bevill, Bruce *led in*, Lovis, Beaufort, Graciana *and* Aurelia.

Bruce. Graciana, I have loſt my Claim to you, And now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* Due;

She, all this while within her tender Breaſt
The Flame of Love has carefully ſuppreſt,
Courting for me, and ſtriving to deſtroy
Her own Contentment to advance my Joy.
Aurel. I did no more than Honour preſs'd me to;
I wiſh I'ad Woo'd ſucceſsfully for you.
Bruce. You ſo excel in Honour and in Love,
You both my Shame and Admiration move.
Aurelia, here, accept that Life from me,
Which Heav'n ſo kindly has preſerv'd for thee.
My Lord, I hope you will my Choice allow, [*To L.* Bevil.
And with your Approbation ſeal our Vow.
L. *Bev.* In gen'rous Minds this to the World will prove,
That Gratitude has Pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, Impiety in me
Not to approve that which the Heav'ns decree.
Bruce. Graciana, on my gen'rous Rival you
Muſt now beſtow what to his Merit's due.
Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your Claim decline;
To him with Honour I my Heart reſign.
Beauf. Such Honour and ſuch Love as you have ſhown,
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.
My Lord, you muſt aſſiſt us here once more; [*To L.* Bevill.
The God of Love does your Conſent implore.
L. *Bev.* May Love in you ſtill feed your mutual Fire.
[*Joining their Hands.*
Beauf. And may that Flame but with our Breaſts expire.
Bev. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an End;
You are not *Bruce*'s Rival, but his Friend.
Beauf. In this brave Strife your Friendſhip ſoar'd above
The active Flames of our aſpiring Love.
Bruce. Dear Friend, thy Merits Fame cannot expreſs.
Lov. They are rewarded in your Happineſs.
Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I reſt;
Let's pour the our Joys into each others Breaſt:
Thus Mariners rejoice when Winds decreaſe,
And ſalling Waves ſeem wearied into Peace.

Enter

Enter Sir Frederick *and* Dufoy *at one Door, and the* Widow *and* Betty *at another.*

Sir *Fred.* Haſte, *Dufoy*, perform what I commanded You.

Duf. I vil be ver quick begar; I am more den half de *Mercurie.*

Sir *Fred.* Ho, Widow! the Noiſe of theſe Nuptials brought you hither; I perceive your Mouth waters.

Wid. Were I in a Longing Condition I ſhou'd be apt Enough to put my ſelf upon you, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Nay, I know thou art ſpiteful, and wou'dſt fain marry me in Revenge; but ſo long as I have theſe Guardian Angels about me, I defie thee and all thy Charms: Do skilful Faulkners thus reward their Hawks Before they fly the Quarry?

Wid. When your Gorge is empty you'll come to the Lure again.

Sir *Fred.* After I have had a little more Experience of The Vanity of this World, in a melancholy Humour I may be careleſs of my ſelf.

Wid. And marry ſome diſtreſſed Lady, that has had No leſs Experience of that Vanity.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I profeſs the contrary; I wou'd Not have the Sin to anſwer for of Debauching any from Such worthy Principles: Let me ſee; if I ſhou'd be Good-natur'd now, and conſent to give thee a Title to Thy own Wealth again, you wou'd be ſtubborn, and Not eſteem the Favour, Widow.

Wid. Is it poſſible you can have Thoughts of Gratitude? Do you imagine me ſo fooliſh as your ſelf, who Often venture all at play, to recover one inconſiderable Parcel?

Sir *Fred.* I told you how 'twou'd be, Widow: Leſs Providence attend thee, elſe I ſhall do no good upon Thee: Farewel.

Wid. Stay, Sir; let us ſhake Hands at parting.

Sir *Fred.* Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my Conſtitution, thou't never let me go; Widow, here, Examine, examine. [*Holding out his Hand*

L. *Bev.* Siſter, I long have known your Inclinations; Give me leave to ſerve you. Sir *Frederick*, here, take Her; and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family, Hope you will let my Maids go quietly about their Buſineſs, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Upon Condition there be no Twiſt of the Good Man departed; no Preſcription pleaded for Evil Cuſtoms on the Wedding Night. Widow, what old Doings will be anon! I have coupled no leſs than a Pair-royal my ſelf. This Day, my Lord, I hope you'll Excuſe the Liberty I have taken to ſend for them; the Sight will much encreaſe your Mirth this joyful Day.

L. *Bev.* I ſhou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had Reſtrain'd your Humor here. Theſe muſt needs be Pleaſant Matches that are of his making.

Enter Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* What, are they come?

Duf. Day be all at de Dooré, begar; every Man vid His pret Metres, Brid, Whore. Entré Jentelmen, vid Your Lady, entré vid your great Fortuné: Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir Nicholas *and his Bride,* Wheadle *and his Bride,* Palmer *and his Bride.*

Sir *Nich.* Brother, do you ſee how ſneakingly *Wheadle* Looks yonder, with his rich Widow?

Wid. Brother! is this Fellow your Brother?

Sir *Nich.* Ay, that I am.

Sir *Fred.* No, no, Sir *Nicholas.*

Sir *Nich.* Did not I marry your Siſter, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* Fie, fie, Sir *Nicholas*; I thought y'ad been A modeſter Man.

Sir *Nich.* Is my Wife no Kin to you, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir May, if it prove ſo. * Joy be with thee. [*To* Lucy.

Old

Old Acquaintance. Widow, reſolving to lead a Virtuous Life, and keep Houſe altogether with thee, I have diſpos'd of my own Houſhold-ſtuff, my dear Mrs. *Lucy*, To this Gentleman.

Whead. and *Palm.* We wiſh you Joy with your Fair Bride, Sir *Nicholas.*

Sir *Nich.* I will go and complain, and have you all Clapp'd up for a Plot immediately.

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, Sir *Nicholas*; there are certain Coach-poles without: You cannot 'ſcape, without y'ave a Thouſand Pounds in your Pocket: Carry her into the Country; come, your Neighbours Wives will viſit her, And vow She's a Virtuous well-bred Lady: And, give Her her due, faith ſhe was a very honeſt Wench to me, And I believe will make a very honeſt Wife to you.

Sir *Nich.* If I diſcover this I am loſt; I ſhall be Ridiculous even to our own Party.

Sir *Fred.* You are in the right: Come, take her, make Much of her, ſhe ſhall ſave you a thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Nich.* Well, *Lucy*, if thou canſt but deceive my Old Mother, and my Neighbours in the Country, I Shall bear my Fortune patiently.

Sir *Fred.* I'll warrant you, Sir; Women ſo skill'd in Vice can diſſemble Virtue.

Duf. Fie, fie; mäké de much of your Lady, Shentelmen; begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir *Fred.* *Dufoy*, I had almoſt forgot thee.

Duf. Begar my Merit is ver ſeldom in your Memorié.

Sir *Fred.* Now I will reward thy Services; here enjoy Thy Miſtreſs.

Duf. Ver vel, begar; you will give me two tree oldé Gowné vor all my Diligence.

Betty. Marry come up! Is that a deſpicable Portion For your greaſie Pantaloons?

Duf. Peace, peace, Metreſs *Bet*; ve vil be ver good Friend upon occaſion; but ve vil no marrié: Dat be ver Much better. begar.

Sir *Fred.* Did you bring the Bailiffs with you?

Duf. Day be vidout: Begar, Shentelmen, you have Bin made ver ſad; and now you ſhall be made ver mad Vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha! cozen'd with Fiddlers for Bailiffs! I durſt Have ſworn falſe Dice might as ſoon have paſs'd upon me.

Sir *Fred.* Bid them ſtrike up; we will have a Dance, Widow, to divert theſe melancholy Gentlemen. [*They Dance.*

L. *Bev.* Sir *Frederick*, you ſhall command my Houſe This Day; [*After the Dance.*

Make all thoſe welcome that are pleas'd to ſtay.

Sir *Fred.* Sir *Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I releaſe you Both of your Judgment, and will give it you under my Hand at any time. Widow, for all theſe bloody Preparations, there will be no great Maſſacre of Maiden-heads among us here. Anon I will make you All Laugh with the occaſion of theſe Weddings.

On what ſmall Accidents depends our Fate,
While Chance, not Prudence, make us fortunate!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

SIR Frederick, *now I am reveng'd on you,*
For all your Frollick Wit, y'are couzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to theſe
Honeſt Gentlemen; they are my Truſtees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may
Supply his Wants, and not your Truſt betray.

Spoke by *Wheadle.*

Poor Wheadle *hopes h'as giv'n you all Content;*
Here he proteſts 'tis that he only meant:
If y'are diſpleas'd w'are all croſs-bit to Day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.
Like Priſ'ners conſcious of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Author between Hope and Fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil than in former Days;
Few now in Publick hiſs or rail at Plays;

He bid me therefore mind your Looks with Care,
And told me I ſhou'd read your Sentence there;
But I, unſkill'd in Faces, cannot gueſs
By this firſt View what is the Play's Succeſs.
Nor ſhall I eaſe the Author of his Fear,
'Till twice or thrice, at leaſt, I've ſeen you here.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

A

COMEDY

ACTED AT HIS HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE of *YORK*'s

THEATER.

LONDON

Printed for *H. H.* and sold by *J. Tonson* and *T. Bennet* 1703.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir Oliver Cockwood } *Two Country Knights.*
and
Sir Joſlin Jolley,

Mr. Courtal } *Two honeſt Gentlemen of the Town.*
and
Mr. Freeman,

My Lady Cockwood.

Ariana } *Two young Ladies, Kinſwomen of Sir*
and } Joſlin Jolley's.
Gatty,

Mrs. Sentry, *My Lady* Cockwood's *Gentlewoman.*

Mrs. Gazette } *Two Exchange Women.*
and
Mrs. Trinket,

Mr. Rake-hell, *A Knight of the Induſtry.*
Thomas, *Sir* Oliver Cockwood's *Man.*
A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtal.
Waiters, Fidlers, and other Attendants.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, A Dining-Room.

Enter Courtal *and* Freeman, *and a Servant bruſhing* Courtal.

Court. SO, ſo, 'tis well; let the Coach be made ready
Serv. It ſhall, Sir. [*Ex. Servant.*

Court. Well, *Franck*, what is to be done to Day?

Free. 'Faith, I think we muſt e'en follow the old Trade; Eat well, and prepare our ſelves with a Bottle or Two of good *Burgundy*, that our old Acquaintance may look Lovely in our Eyes: For, for ought as I ſee, there is no Hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was Otherwiſe in my Memory; a Gentleman ſhou'd not have Gone out of his Chamber, but ſome Civil Officer or Other of the Game wou'd have been with him, and Have given him notice where he might have had a Courſe or two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly, a good Motherly Woman of my Acquaintance t'other Day, talking of the Sins of the Times, told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that there are A Company of Higling Raſcals, who partly for themſelves, but more eſpecially for ſome ſecret Friends, Daily

Daily foreſtal the Markets; nay, and that many Gentlemen Who formerly had been Perſons of great Worth and Honour, are of late, for ſome private Reaſons, become Their own Purveyors, to the utter Decay and Diſencouragement of Trade and Induſtry.

Court. I know there are ſome wary Merchants, who Never truſt their Buſineſs to a Factor; but for my part, I hate the *Fatigue*, and had rather be bound to Back my Own Colts, and Man my own Hawks, than endure the Impertinencies of bringing a young Wench to the Lure.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below deſires to Speak with you.

Court. Ha *Freeman*, this may be ſome lucky Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Court. And did not you ſay, Ay?

Serv. I told her, I wou'd go ſee.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am. *Franck*, prithee let me put thee into this Cloſet a while.

Free. Why, may not I ſee her?

Court. On my Life, thou ſhalt have fair play, and go Halfs, if it be a Purchaſe that may with Honour be Divided; you may over-hear all: But for Decency Sake, in, in Man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee.

Enter Miſtreſs Sentry.

Court. Miſtreſs *Sentry*, this is a Happineſs beyond my Expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. I hope your Lady's come to Town

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family. Well! we have had a ſad time in the Country: My Lady's ſo glad, ſhe's come to enjoy the Freedom of this Place again, and I dare ſay longs to have the Happineſs Of your Company.

Court. Did ſhe ſend you hither?

Sent.

Sent. Oh no, if ſhe ſhou'd but know that I did ſuch a Confident Trick, ſhe wou'd think me a good one i'faith; The Zeal I have to ſerve you, made me venture to call in my Way to the Exchange, to tell you the good News, and to let you know our Lodgings are in *James-ſtreet* at the Black-Poſts, where we lay the laſt Summer.

Court. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Sent. But I muſt needs deſire you to tell my Lady, That you came to the Knowledge of this by ſome lucky Chance or other; for I wou'd not be diſcovered for a World.

Court. Let me alone, I warrant thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on You.

Sent. O Heav'n! my Maſter! my Lady, and my ſelf Are both undone, undone———

Court. 'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was buſie?

Sent. For Heav'ns ſake, Mr. *Courtal*, what ſhall I do?

Court. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the Wood-hool here. [*She goes into the Wood-hole.*

Enter Sir Oliver.

Court. Sir *Oliver Cockwood!* [*Embraces him.*

Sir *Oliv.* Honeſt *Ned Courtal*, by my troth I think Thou tak'ſt me for a pretty Wench, thou hug'ſt me ſo Very cloſe and heartily.

Court. 'Tis my Joy to ſee you, Sir *Oliver*, and to Welcome you to Town.

Sir *Oliv.* Methinks, indeed, I have been an Age Abſent, but I intend to redeem the Time; and how, And how ſtand Affairs, prithee now? Is the Wine good? Are the Women kind? Well, Faith, a Man had better Be a Vagabond in this Town, than a Juſtice of Peace in The Country: I was e'en grown ſo for want of Gentleman-like Recreations; if a Man do but rap out An Oath, the People ſtart as if a Gun went off: and if

One

One chance but to couple himſelf with his Neighbour's Daughter, without the help of the Parſon of the Parish, And leave a little Teſtimony of his Kindneſs behind him. Him, there is preſently ſuch an uproar, that a poor Man Is fain to fly his Country: As for Drunkenneſs, 'tis True, it may be us'd without Scandal, but the Drink is So abominable, that a Man would forbear it, for fear of Being made out of Love with the Vice.

Court. I ſee, Sir *Oliver*, you continue ſtill your old Humour, and are reſolv'd to break your ſweet Lady's Heart.

Sir *Oliv.* You do not think me ſure ſo barbarous, Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, theſe are Secrets fit only to be truſted to ſuch honeſt Fellows as Thou art.

Court. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, ſince a Woman of ſuch rare Beauty, ſuch incomparable Parts, And of ſuch an unblemiſhed Reputation, is not able to Reclaim you from theſe wild Courſes, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* To ſay the Truth, She is a Wife that no Man need be aſham'd of, *Ned.*

Court. I vow, Sir *Oliver*, I muſt needs blame you, Conſidering how tenderly ſhe loves you.

Sir *Oliv.* Ay, ay, the more is her Misfortune, and Mine too, *Ned:* I wou'd willingly give thee a pair of the Beſt Coach-Horſes in my Stable, ſo thou cou'dſt but Perſuade her to love me leſs.

Court. Her Virtue, and my Friendſhip, ſufficiently Secure you againſt that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* I know thou wert never married, but has it Never been thy Misfortune to have a Miſtreſs love thee Thus entirely?

Court. It never has been my good Fortune, Sir *Oliver* But why do you ask this Queſtion?

Sir *Oliv.* Becauſe then, perchance, thou might'ſt have Been a little ſenſible what a damn'd Trouble it is—

Court. As how, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* Why look thee, thus: For a Man cannot Be altogether ungrateful, ſometimes one is obliged to Kiſs, and Fawn, and Toy, and lye fooling an Hour or Two, when a Man had rather, if it were not for the Diſgrace ſake, ſtand all that while in the Pillory paulted with Rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Court. This is a very hard Caſe indeed, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* And then the Inconvenience of keeping Regular Hours; but above all, that damn'd Fiend *Jealouſie* does ſo poſſeſs theſe Paſſionate Lovers, that I Proteſt *Ned, Under the Roſe be it ſpoken,* if I chance to Be a little prodigal in my Expence on a private Friend Or ſo, I am call'd to ſo ſtrict an Account at Night, That for quietneſs ſake I am often forc'd to take a Doſe Of *Cantharides* to make up the ſum.

Court. Indeed, Sir *Oliver,* every thing conſider'd, You are not ſo much to be envy'd as one may raſhly Imagine.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, a Pox of this tying Man and Woman Together, for better for worſe! Upon my Conſcience, It was but a Trick that the Clergy might have a feeling in The Cauſe.

Court. I do not conceive it to be much for their Profit, Sir *Oliver,* for I dare lay a good Wager, let 'em But allow Chriſtian Liberty, and they ſhall get ten Times more by Chriſtnings, than they are likely to loſe By Marriages.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, thou haſt hit it right, *Ned*; and now Thou talk'ſt of Chriſtian Liberty, prithee let us Dine Together to Day, and be ſwingingly merry, but with All ſecreſie.

Court. I ſhall be glad of your good Company, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* I am to call on a very honeſt Fellow, whom I left here hard by making a Viſit, Sir *Joſlin Jolley,* a Kinſman of my Wifes, and my Neighbour in the Country. We call Brothers, he came up to Town with Me,

Me, and lodgeth in the ſame Houſe; he has brought up
A couple of the prettieſt Kinſwomen, Heireſſes of a very
Good Fortune: Wou'd thou hadſt the inſtructing of 'em
A little. Faith, if I am not very much miſtaken, they
Are very prone to the Study of the Mathematicks.

Court. I ſhall be beholding to you for ſo good an Acquaintance.

Sir *Oliv.* This Sir *Joſlin* is in great favour with my Lady, one that ſhe has an admirable good Opinion of, And will truſt me with him any where; but to ſay Truth, he is as arrant a Sinner as the beſt of us, and Will boggle at nothing that becomes a Man of Honour. We will go and get leave of my Lady; for it is not fit I ſhou'd break out ſo ſoon without her Approbation, *Ned.*

Court. By no means, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* Where ſhall we meet about an Hour hence?

Court. At the French-houſe, or the Bear.

Sir *Oliv.* At the French-houſe by all means.

Court. Agreed, agreed.

Sir *Oliv.* Wou'd thou cou'dſt bring a fourth Man.

Court. What think you of *Franck Freeman?*

Sir *Oliv.* There cannot be a better——well—— Servant *Ned,* Servant *Ned!* [*Exit Sir* Oliver.

Court. Your Servant, Sir *Oliver.* Miſtreſs *Sentry!*

Sentry *in the hole.* Is he gone?

Court. Ay, ay! You may venture to bolt now.

Sentry *crawling out.* Oh Heav'ns! I wou'd not endure Such another Fright.

Court. Come, come, prithee be compos'd.

Sentry. I ſhall not be my ſelf again this Fortnight; I Never was in ſuch a Taking all the Days of my Life. To have been found falſe, and to one, who to ſay Truth, Has been always very kind and civil to me; but above all, I was concern'd for my Lady's Honour.——

Court. Come, come——there's no harm done.

Sentry. Ah! Mr. *Courtal,* you do not know Sir *Oliver* So well as I do, he has ſtrange Humours ſometimes, and

His

Has wit enough in's Nature to play the Tyrant, but that My Lady and my ſelf awe him by our Policy.

Court. Well, well, all's well; did you not hear what a roaring Blade Sir *Oliver* is?

Sent. Ah! 'tis a vile diſſembling Man. How fairly He carries it to my Lady's Face! But I dare not Diſcover him, for fear of betraying my ſelf.

Court. Well, Miſtreſs *Sentry*, I muſt Dine with 'em, And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glaſs or two, If I can I will ſlip away, and pay my Reſpects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not queſtion your Welcome I aſſure You, Sir—— Your Servant, Sir.

Court. Your Servant Miſtreſs *Sentry*, I am very ſenſible Of this Favour, I aſſure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my Power to oblige you, Sir. [*Exit* Sentry.

Court. Freeman! Come, come out of thy Hole; how Haſt thou been able to contain?

Free. Faith much ado; the Scene was very pleaſant: But above all, I admire thy Impudence, I cou'd never Have had the Face to have wheadl'd the poor Knight ſo.

Court. Piſh, piſh, 'twas both neceſſary and honeſt: We ought to do all we can to confirm a Husband in the Good Opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if without Offence a Man May ask you, have you been in good Grace with this Perſon of Honour? I never knew you had that Commendable Quality of Secreſie before.

Court. You are miſtaken, *Freeman*, things go not as You wickedly imagine.

Free. Why, haſt thou loſt all Senſe of Modeſty? Do'ſt thou think to paſs theſe groſs Wheadles on me too? Come, come, this good News ſhou'd make thee a little Merrier. 'Faith, though ſhe be an old Acquaintance, ſhe has the advantage of four or five Months abſence.

Court. Hid, I know not how proud you are, but I have thought My

My [illegible] very ſpruce e'er now in an old Suit, that has Been [illegible]d and laid up a while.

Court. Freeman, I know in Caſes of this Nature thou Art an Infidel, but yet methinks the Knowledge thou Haſt of my ſincere Dealing with my Friends ſhou'd Make thee a little more confiding.

Free. What deviliſh Oath cou'd ſhe invent to fright Thee from a Diſcovery?

Court. Wilt thou believe me, if I ſwear, the Preſervation of her Honour has been my Fault, and not Hers?

Free. This is ſomething.

Court. Why then, know that I have ſtill been as Careful to prevent all Opportunities, as ſhe has been to Contrive 'em; and ſtill have carried it ſo like a Gentleman, That ſhe has not had the leaſt ſuſpicion of Unkindneſs. She is the very Spirit of Impertinence, ſo fooliſhly fond And troubleſome, that no Man above Sixteen is able to Endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Court. Some Conveniences which I had by my Acquaintance with the Sot her Husband, made me Extraordinary civil to her, which preſently by her Ladyſhip was interpreted after the manner of the moſt Obliging Women. This Wench came hither by her Commiſſion to Day.

Free. With what Confidence ſhe deny'd it!

Court. Nay, that's never wanting, I aſſure you: Now is it expected I ſhou'd lay by all other Occaſions, And watch every Opportunity to wait upon her; ſhe Wou'd by her Good-will give her Lover no more Reſt, Than a young Squire that has newly ſet up a Coach, Does his only pair of Horſes.

Free. 'Faith, if it be as thou ſay'ſt, I cannot much Blame the hardneſs of thy Heart. But did not the Oaf Talk of two young Ladies?

Court. Well remember'd, *Franck*, and now I think 'twill be very neceſſary to carry on my Buſineſs With the old one, that we may the better have an Opportunity of being acquainted with them. Come, let us go and beſpeak Dinner, and by the way conſider Of theſe weighty Affairs.

Free. Well, ſince there is but little ready Mony Stirring, rather than want Entertainment, I ſhall be Contented to play a while upon Tick.

Court. And I, provided they promiſe fair, and we find There's hopes of Payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene, Sir *Oliver Cockwood*'s Lodging.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. *Cock.* 'Tis too late to repent: I ſent her, but yet I cannot but be troubled to think ſhe ſtays ſo long: Sure, if ſhe has ſo little Gratitude to let him, he has more Honour than to attempt any thing to the prejudice of My Affection——Oh——*Sentry*, are you come?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! there has been ſuch an Accident!

La. *Cock.* Prithee do not fright me, Wench.——

Sent. As I was diſcourſing with Mr. *Courtal*, in came Sir *Oliver*.

La. *Cock.* Oh!——I'm ruin'd——undone for ever!

Sent. You'll Will be ſending me on theſe deſperate Errands.

La. *Cock.* I am betray'd, betray'd——by this falſe—— What ſhall I call thee?

Sent. Nay, but Madam——have a little Patience——

La. *Cock.* I have loſt all Patience, and will never more Have any.——

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well.—

La. *Cock.* Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman.

Sent. Mr. *Courtal* thruſt me into the Wood-hole.

La. *Cock.* And did not Sir *Oliver* ſee thee?

Sent. He had not the leaſt glimpſe of me.——

La. *Cock.* Dear *Sentry*——And what good News?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the Afternoon, Madam.——

La. *Cock.* I hope you did not let him know I ſent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam——I'll warrant you I did every Thing much to the Advantage of your Honour.

La. *Cock.* Ah *Sentry!* if we could but think of ſome Lucky Plot now to get Sir *Oliver* out of the way.

Sent. You need not trouble your ſelf about that, Madam, he has engag'd to Dine with Mr. *Courtal* at the French-houſe, and is bringing Sir *Joſlin Jolley* to get your Good-will; when Mr. *Courtal* has fix'd 'em with a Beer-glaſs or two, he intends to ſteal away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladyſhip.

La. *Cock.* Truly he is a Perſon of much Worth and Honour.

Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have Over-heard Sir *Oliver*'s Diſcourſe, he would have made You bleſs your ſelf; there is not ſuch another wild Man In the Town; all his Talk was of Wenching, and Swearing, and Drinking, and Tearing.

La. *Cock.* Ay, ay, *Sentry*, I know he'll talk of ſtrange Matters behind my Back; but if he be not an abominable Hypocrite at Home, and I am not a Woman eaſily to be Deceiv'd, he is not able to play the Spark abroad thus, I aſſure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, *and Sir* Joſlin; *Sir* Joſlin *ſinging.*

My deareſt Dear, this is kindly done of thee to come Home again thus quickly.

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, my Dear, thou ſhalt never have any Juſt Cauſe to accuſe me of Unkindneſs.

La. *Cock.* Sir *Joſlin*, now you are a good Man, and I Shall truſt you with Sir *Oliver* again.

Sir

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, if ever I break my Word with a Lady, I will be deliver'd bound to Miſtreſs *Sentry* here, and She ſhall have leave to Carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a Heart cruel enough for ſuch a bloody Execution?

Sir *Joſ.* Kindly ſpoke i'faith, Girl; I'll give thee a Buſs for that. [*Kiſſes her.*

La. *Cock.* Fie, fie, Sir *Joſlin*, this is not ſeemly in my Preſence.

Sir *Joſ.* We have all our Failings, Lady, and this is Mine: A right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear Running after a Hare, when he ſees her, as I can Mumbling a pretty Wench when ſhe comes in my way.

La. *Cock.* I have heard indeed you are a parlous Man, Sir *Joſlin.*

Sir *Joſ.* I ſeldom brag, Lady, but for a true Cock Of the Game, little *Joſlin* dares match with the beſt Of 'em.

Sir *Oliv.* Sir *Joſlin*'s merry, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* Ay, ay, if he ſhould be wicked, I know Thou art too much a Gentleman to offer an Injury to Thine own dear Lady.

Sir *Joſ.* Faith, Madam, you muſt give my Brother *Cockwood* leave to Dine abroad to Day.

La. *Cock.* I proteſt, Sir *Joſlin*, you begin to make me Hate you too; well, you are e'en grown as bad as the Worſt of 'em, you are ſtill robbing me of the ſweet Society of Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Joſ.* Come, come, your Diſcipline is too ſevere, I'faith Lady.

La. *Cock.* Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleaſes, Sir; he Knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* Prithee, my Dear, be not angry, Sir *Joſeph* Was ſo earneſt in his Invitation, that none but a Clown Cou'd have refus'd him.

Sir *Joſ.* Ay, ay, we Dine at my Uncle Sir *Joſeph Jolley*'s Lady.

La. *Cock.* Will you be ſure now to be a good Dear, And no drink, nor ſtay out late?

Sir *Joſ.* I'll engage for all, and if there be no harm in A merry Catch, or a waggiſh Story——

Enter Ariana, *and Miſtreſs* Catty.

Ha, ha! Slie-girl and Mad-cap, are you got up? I know What you have been meditating on; but never trouble Your Heads, let me alone to bring you Conſolation.

Cat. We have often been beholding to you, Sir, for Every time he's Drunk, he brings us home a couple of Freſh Servants.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, farewel my Dear, prithee do not ſigh Thus, but make thee ready, viſit, and be merry.

La. *Cock.* I ſhall receive moſt Satisfaction in my Chamber.

Sir *Joſ.* Come, come along, Brother: Farewel one And all, Lady and Slie-girl, Slie-girl and Mad-cap, your Servant, your Servant.——

[*Ex. Sir* Oliver, *and Sir* Joſlin *ſinging.*

La. *Cock.* to *Sentry* aſide. *Sentry*, is the new Point I Bought come home, and is every thing in a readineſs?

Sent. Every thing, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and Dreſs me. [*Ex. Lady* Cockwood *and* Sentry.

Aria. Doſt not thou wonder, *Catty*, ſhe ſhou'd be ſo Strangely fond of this Coxcomb?

Cat. Well, if ſhe does not diſſemble, may I ſtill be Diſcover'd when I do; didſt thou not ſee how her Countenance chang'd, as ſoon as ever their Backs were Turn'd, and how earneſtly ſhe whiſpered with her Woman? There is ſome weighty Affair in Hand, I Warrant thee: My dear *Ariana*, how glad am I we are In this Town again.

Aria. But we have left the Benefit of the freſh Air, And the Delight of wand'ring in the pleaſant Groves.

Cat. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman to Bemoan the loſs of indeed, that's newly come to a reliſh Of the good things of this World.

Aria.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Cat. Why, hast not thou promis'd me a thousand Times, to leave off this Demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Cat. Why, wou'd it not make any one mad to hear Thee bewail the Loss of the Country? Speak but one Grave Word more, and it shall be my daily Pray'rs thou May'st have a jealous Husband, then you'll have enough I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your Tongue be not altogether so Nimble I may be conformable: But I hope you do not intend we shall play such mad Reaks as we did last Summer?

Cat. 'Slife, dost thou think we come here to be Mew'd up, and take only the liberty of going from our Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the Dining-Room to our Chamber again? And like a Bird in A Cage, with two Perches only, to hop up and down, Up and down?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Cat. Wou'dst thou never have us go to a Play but with Our grave Relations, never take the Air but with our Grave Relations; to feed their Pride, and make the World believe it is in their Power to afford some Gallant Or other a good Bargain?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Cat. Pish! the Men were only acquainted with our Vizards, and our Petticoats, and they are wore out long Since. How I envy that Sex! Well! We cannot Plague 'em enough when we have it in our Power, for Those Privileges which Custom has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The Truth is, they can run and ramble here, And there, and every where, and we poor Fools rather Think the better of 'em.

Cat. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house, And if they like neither the Play nor the Women, They seldom stay any longer than the Combing of

Their Perriwigs, or a Whiſper or two with a Friend; and Then they cock their Caps, and out they ſtrut again.

Aria. But whatſoever we do, prithee now let us Reſolve to be mighty honeſt.

Gat. There I agree with thee

Aria. And if we find the Gallants like lawleſs Subjects, who the more their Princes grant, the more They impudently crave.

Gat. We'll become abſolute Tyrants, and deprive them Of all the Privileges we gave 'em.——

Aria. Upon theſe Conditions I am contented to Trail A Pike under thee——March along Girl. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, The Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Courtal *and* Freeman.

Court. WAS there ever a Couple of Fops better Match'd than theſe two Knights are?

Free. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has ſo Tun'd 'em, as if ſhe intended they ſhould always play the Fool in Conſort.

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* ſecure, for he dares not go Home 'till he's quite Drunk, and then he grows Valiant, Inſults, and defies his ſweet Lady; for which, with Prayers and Tears, he's forc'd to feign a bitter Repentance The next Morning.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry-Garden? Why do not we make this Viſit then?

Court. Now art thou as Mad upon this Trail, as if We were upon a hot Scent.

Free. Since we know the Buſh, why do we not ſtart The Game?

Court.

Court. Gently, good *Frank*: Firſt know that the Laws of Honour preſcrib'd in ſuch nice Caſes, will not Allow me to carry thee along with me; and next, hath Thou ſo little Wit to think, that a diſcreet Lady that has had the Experience of ſo much Human Frailty, can Have ſo good an Opinion of the Conſtancy of her Servant, as to lead him into Temptation?

Free. Then we muſt not hope her Ladyſhip ſhou'd make us acquainted with theſe Gentlewomen.

Court. Thou may'ſt as reaſonably expect, that an old Rook ſhou'd bring a young Snap acquainted with his Bubble: but Advantages may be hereafter made, by my Admiſſion into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then?

Court. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it: Sir *Oliver*, when I began to grow reſty, that he might Incline me a little more to Drunkenneſs, in my Ear Diſcover'd to me the Humour of his dear Friend, Sir *Joſlin*: He aſſur'd me, that when he was in that Good-natur'd Condition, to requite their Courteſie, he Always carried the good Company home with him, and Recommended them to his Kinſwomen.

Free. Very good!

Court. Now after the freſh Air has breath'd on us a while, and expell'd the Vapours of the Wine we have Drunk, thou ſhalt return to theſe two Sots, whom we Left at the French-houſe, according to our Promiſe, and Tell 'em, I am a little ſtaid by ſome unlucky Bus'neſs, And will be with 'em preſently; thou wilt find 'em tir'd With long Fight, weak and unable to obſerve their Order; charge 'em briskly, and in a Moment thou ſhalt Rout 'em, and with little or no Damage to thy ſelf, gain An abſolute Victory.

Free. Very well!

Court. In the mean time, I will make my Viſit To the longing Lady, and order my Buſineſs ſo Handſomely, that I will be with thee again immediately,

To make an Experiment of the good Humour of Sir *Joſlin.*

Free. Let's about it.

Court. 'Tis yet too early. we muſt drill away a little Time here, that my Excuſes may be more probable, and My Perſecution more tolerable.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty *with Vizards, and paſs nimbly over the Stage.*

Free. Ha, ha—— How wantonly they trip in! There's Temptation enough in their very Gate, to ſtir up the Courage of an old Alderman: Prithee let us follow 'em.

Court. I have been ſo often balk'd with theſe Vizard-Masks, that I have at leaſt a Dozen times Forſworn 'em; they are a moſt certain ſign of an ill Face, or what is worſe, an old Acquaintance.

Free. The Truth is, nothing but ſome ſuch weighty Reaſon, is able to make Women deny themſelves the Pride they have to be ſeen.

Court. The Evening's freſh and pleaſant, and yet there Is but little Company.

Free. Our Courſe will be the better, theſe Deer Cannot Herd: Come, come Man, let's follow.

Court. I find it is a meer Folly to ſwear any thing it Does but make the Devil the more earneſt in his Temptation. [*They go after the Women.*

Enter Women again, and croſs the Stage.

Aria. Now if theſe ſhould prove two Men of War That are Cruſing here, to watch for Prizes.

Gat. Wou'd they had Courage enough to ſet upon us. I long to be engag'd.

Aria. Look, look yonder, I proteſt they chaſe us.

Gat. Let us bear away then; if they be truly Valiant They'll quickly make more Sail, and Board us.

[*The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door.*

Enter Courtal *and* Freeman,

Free. 'Sdeath, how fleet they are! whatſoever Faults They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Court. Sure, by that little mincing Step they ſhou'd be Country Fillies that have been breath'd a Courſe at Park, and Barly-Break: We ſhall never reach 'em.

Free. I'll follow directly, do thou turn down the Croſs-walk and meet 'em.

Exeunt the Women, and after 'em Courtal *at the lower Door, and* Freeman *at the upper on the contrary ſide.*

Court. By your leave, Ladies.——

Gat. I perceive you can make bold enough without it.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies.——

Aria. Or any other Ladies that will give themſelves The trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'Slife, their Tongues are as nimble as their Heels.

Court. Can you have ſo little Good-nature to daſh a Couple of baſhful young Men out of Countenance, who Came out of pure Love to tender you their Service?

Gat. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Siſter.

Aria. Indeed, methinks, they look as if they never Had been ſlip'd before.

Free. Yes Faith, we have had many a fair Courſe in This Paddock, have been very well fleſh'd, and dare Ev'ry faſten. [*They Kiſs their Hands with a little force.*

Aria. Well, I am not the firſt unfortunate Woman That has been forc'd to give her Hand, where ſhe never Intends to beſtow her Heart.

Gat. Now, do you think 'tis a Bargain already?

Court. Faith, wou'd there were ſome luſty Earneſt Given, for fear we ſhould unluckily break off again.

Free. Are you ſo wild, that you muſt be hooded thus?

Court. Fie, fie, put off theſe Scandals to all good Faces.

Gat. For your Reputation's ſake we ſhall keep 'em on: Elſe we ſhould be taken for your Relations, if we durſt ſhow our Faces with you thus publickly.

Aria.

Aria. And what a Shame that wou'd be to a couple of Young Gallants! Methinks you ſhou'd bluſh to think on't.

Court. Theſe were pretty Toys, invented, firſt, meerly For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive the Jealous, And to blind the Malicious; but the proper uſe is ſo Wickedly perverted, that it makes all honeſt Men hate The Faſhion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as ſeldom cover'd with a Vizard-Mask, as a good Hat with an oil'd Caſe: A On my Conſcience, you are both Handſom

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to ſatisfie a fooliſh Scruple.

Aria. This is a juſt Puniſhment you have b Upon your ſelves, by that unpardonable Sin of

Gat. You can only brag now of your Acquaintance With a Farendon-Gown, and a piece of Black Velvet.

Court. The Truth is, there are ſome vain Fellows, Whoſe looſe Behaviour of late has given great Diſcouragement to the Honourable Proceedings of all Virtuous Ladies.

Free. But I hope you have more Charity, than to Believe us of the number of the Wicked.

Aria. There's not a Man of you to be truſted.

Gat. What a Shame is it to your whole Sex, th a Woman is more fit to be a Privy-Counſellor, than a young Gallant a Lover?

Court. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for Men that are idle; but you muſt bid a little fairer, if You intend to keep us from our ſerious Bus'neſs.

Gat. Truly you ſeem to be Men of great Imployment, That are every Moment rattling from the Eating-houſes To the Play-houſes, from the Play-houſes to the Mulberry-Garden, that live in a perpetual Hurry, and Have little Leiſure for ſuch an idle Entertainment.

Court. Now would not I ſee thy Face for the W If it ſhou'd be but half ſo good as thy Humour, Thou wou'dſt dangerouſly tempt me to dote

upon

Upon thee, and forgetting all Shame, become Conſtant.

Free. I perceive, by your fooling here, that Wit and Good Humour may make a Man in Love with a Blackamoor. That the Devil ſhou'd contrive it ſo, that We ſhou'd have earneſt Buſineſs now.

Court. Wou'd they wou'd but be ſo kind to meet us here Again to morrow.

Gat. You are full of Buſineſs, and 'twou'd but take You off of your Employments.

Aria. And we are very unwilling to have the Sin to Anſwer for, of ruining a couple of ſuch hopeful young Men.

Free. Muſt we then deſpair?

Aria. The Ladies you are going to will not be ſo Hard-hearted.

Court. to *Free.* On my Conſcience they love us, and Begin to grow Jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier Adventure of the two?

Court. Come, come, we know you have a mind to Meet us: We cannot ſee you bluſh, ſpeak it out boldly.

Gat. Will you ſwear then, not to viſit any other Women before that time?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but becauſe we wou'd Not have you tir'd with the Impertinent Converſation Of our Sex, and come to us dull and out of humour.

Court. Invent an Oath, and let it be ſo horrid 'twou'd Make an Atheiſt ſtart to hear it.

Free. And I will ſwear it readily, that I will not ſo Much as ſpeak to a Woman, 'till I ſpeak to you again.

Gat. But are you troubl'd with that fooliſh ſcruple of keeping an Oath?

O moſt religiouſly!

Court. And may we not enlarge our Hopes upon a little better Acquaintance?

Aria. You ſee all the Freedom we allow.

Gat.

Gat. It may be we may be intreated to hear a Fiddle, Or mingle in Country Dance, or ſo.

Court. Well! we are in too deſperate a Condition To ſtand upon Articles, and are reſolve to yield on any Terms.

Free. Be ſure you be punctual now!

Aria. Will you be ſure?

Court. Or elſe may we become a couple of credulous Coxcombs, and be jilted ever after.

——Your Servants, Ladies. [*Ex. Men.*

Aria. I wonder what they think of us!

Gat. You may eaſily imagine; for they are [illegible] of a Humour ſo little in Faſhion, to believe the beſt [illegible]ure You the moſt favourable Opinion they can have, is, that We are ſtill a little wild, and ſtand in need of better Manning.

Aria. Prithee, dear Girl, what doſt think of 'em?

Gat. Faith ſo well, that I'm aſham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Wou'd I had never ſeen 'em!

Gat. Ha! Is it come to that already?

Aria. Prithee, let's walk a Turn or two more, and Talk of 'em.

Gat. Let us take care then we are not too particular In their Commendations, leſt we ſhou'd diſcover we Intrench upon one anothers Inclinations, and ſo grow Quarrelſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene, Sir *Oliver*'s Lodgings.

Enter Lady Cockwood *and* Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflict your ſelf thus Unreaſonably; I dare lay my Life, it is not want Of Devotion, but Opportunity that ſtays him.

La. *Cock.* Ingrateful Man! To be ſo inſenſible of Lady's Paſſion!

Sent.

Sent. If I thought he were ſo wicked, I ſhou'd hate Him ſtrangely—— But, Madam——

La. *Cock.* Do not ſpeak one Word in his Behalf, I am reſolv'd to forget him; perfidious Mortal, to abuſe So ſweet an Opportunity!

Sent. Hark, here is ſome Body coming up Stairs.

La. *Cock.* Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtal.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. *Cock. ſtarting.* Mr. *Courtal,* for Heav'n ſake how Came you hither?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam—— Your Servant, Miſtreſs *Sentry.*

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir; I proteſt you made Me ſtart too, to ſee you come in thus unexpectedly.

La. *Cock.* I did not imagine it could be known I was in Town yet.

Court. Sir *Oliver* did me the Favour to make me a Viſit, and Dine with me to Day, which brought me to The Knowledge of this Happineſs, Madam; and as Soon as I could poſſibly, I got the freedom to come Hither and enjoy it.

La. *Cock.* You have ever been extream obliging, Sir.

Sent. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual he is To my Directions! [*Aſide.*

La. *Cock.* Will you be pleas'd to Repoſe, Sir? *Sentry,* Set ſome Chairs. [*Exit* Sentry.

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke out of My Company, and was forc'd by the Importunity of One Sir *Joſlin Jolley,* I think they call him, to engage My Honour I would return again immediately.

La. *Cock.* You muſt not ſo ſoon rob me of ſo ſweet a Satisfaction.

Court. No Conſideration, Madam, could take me from you, but that I know my Stay at this time muſt needs endanger your Honour; and how often I have

Deny'd

Deny'd my ſelf the greateſt Satisfaction in the World,
To keep that unblemiſh'd, you your ſelf can witneſs.

La. *Cock.* Indeed I have often had great Trials of your Generoſity, in thoſe many Misfortunes that have attended Our innocent Affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive it, Was got near that pitch of Drunkenneſs, which makes Him come reeling home, and unmanfully inſult over Your Ladyſhip; and how ſubject he is then to ſwear You with an unjuſt Suſpicion, you have often told me; Which makes me careful not to be ſurpriz'd here.

La. *Cock.* Repoſe your ſelf a little, but a little, dear Sir: Theſe virtuous Principles make you worthy to be Truſted with a Lady's Honour: Indeed Sir *Oliver* has His Failings; yet I proteſt, Mr. *Courtal*, I love him Dearly, but cannot be altogether unſenſible of your Generous Paſſion.

Court. Ay, ay, I am a very paſſionate Lover! [*Aſide.* Indeed this Eſcape has only given me leiſure to look upon My Happineſs.

La. *Cock.* Is my Woman retir'd?

Court. Moſt dutifully, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Then let me tell you, Sir——yet we may Make very good uſe of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in again. [*Aſide.*

La. *Cock.* If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent Condition You ſpeak of, to Morrow he will be very ſubmiſſive, As it is meet for ſo great a Miſdemeanor; then can I Feigning a deſperate Diſcontent, take my own Freedom Without the leaſt ſuſpicion.

Court. This is very luckily and obligingly thought o Madam.

La. *Cock.* Now if you will be pleas'd to make an Aſſignation, Sir.

Court. To Morrow about Ten a Clock in the Lower-walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which we can Quickly pop into my Coach.

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* But I am ſtill ſo pelter'd with my Woman, I dare not go without her; on my Conſcience ſhe's very Sincere, but it is not good to truſt our Reputations too Much to the Frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam, that will Hold but two.

La. *Cock.* O moſt ingeniouſly imagin'd, dear Sir! for By that means I ſhall have a juſt Excuſe to give her Leave to viſit a Relation, and bid her ſtay there 'till I Call her.

Court. It grieves me much to leave you ſo ſoon, Madam, but I ſhall comfort my ſelf with the Thoughts Of the Happineſs you have made me hope for.

La. *Cock.* I wiſh it were in my Power eternally to Oblige you, dear Sir.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Your humble Servant, ſweet Sir. [*Ex.* Court. *Sentry*—— why *Sentry*——Where are you?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here, Madam.

La. *Cock.* What a ſtrange thing is this! Will you never Take warning, but ſtill be leaving me alone in theſe Suſpicious Occaſions?

Sent. I was but in the next Room, Madam.

La. *Cock.* What may Mr. *Courtal* think of my innocent Intentions? I proteſt if you ſerve me ſo again, I ſhall be Strangely angry: You ſhou'd have more regard to your Lady's Honour.

Sent. If I ſtay in the Room, ſhe will not ſpeak kindly To me in a Week after; and if I go out, ſhe always Chides me thus: This is a ſtrange Infirmity ſhe has, but I muſt bear with it; for on my Conſcience, Cuſtom has Made it ſo natural, ſhe cannot help it.

La. *Cock.* Are my Couſins come home yet?

Sent. Not yet, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Do'ſt thou know whither they went this Evening?

Sent. I heard them ſay they would go take the Air Madam.

La. *Cock.* Well, I ſee it is impoſſible with virtuous Counſel to reclaim them; truly they are ſo careleſs of Their own, I could wiſh Sir *Joſlin* would remove 'em For fear they ſhould bring an unjuſt Imputation on my Honour.

Sent. Heav'ns forbid, Madam!

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty

La. *Cock.* Your Servant, Couſins.

Amb. Your Servant, Madam.

La. *Cock.* How have you ſpent the Cool of the Evening?

Gat. As the Cuſtom is, Madam, breathing the freſh Air in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

La. *Cock.* Without the Company of a Relation, or Some diſcreet Body to juſtifie your Reputations to the World——You are young, and may be yet inſenſible of It; but this is a ſtrange cenſorious Age, I aſſure you.

[*Noiſe of Muſick without.*

Aria. Hark! what Muſick's this?

Gat. I'll lay my Life my Uncle's Drunk, and hath Pick'd us up a couple of worthy Servants, and brought Them home with him in Triumph.

Enter the Muſick playing, Sir Oliver *ſtrutting and ſwaggering, Sir* Joſlin *ſinging and dancing with Mr.* Courtal *and Mr.* Freeman *in each Hand:* Gatty *and* Ariana, *ſeeing* Courtal *and* Freeman, *ſhriek and—— Exeunt.*

Sir *Joſ.* Hey-day! I told you they were a couple Of skittiſh Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle at a Man before: I'll fetch 'em again I warrant you, Boys.

[*Exit after them.*

Free. to *Court.* Theſe are the very ſelf-ſame Gowns and Petticoats.

Court. Their Surpriſe confirms us it muſt be the

Free. 'Slife, we have betray'd our ſelves very pleaſantly.

Court.

Court. Now am I undone to all Intents and Purpoſes, For they will innocently diſcover all to my Lady, and She will have no Mercy.

Sir *Oliv.* Dan, Dan, Da ra, Dan, &c. [*Strutting.*
Avoid my Preſence, the very ſight of that Face makes Me more impotent than an Eunuch.

La. *Cock.* Dear Sir *Oliver!* [*Offering to Embrace him.*

Sir *Oliv.* Forbear your conjugal Clippings, I will have A Woman. Thou ſhalt fetch me a Wench, *Sentry!*

Sent. Can you be ſo inhuman to my dear Lady?

Sir *Oliv.* Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed For petty Treaſon; thy Skin flay'd off, ſtuff'd, and hung Up in my Hall in the Country, as a Terror to my Whole Family.

Court. What Crime can deſerve this horrid Puniſhment?

Sir *Oliv.* I'll tell thee, *Ned:* 'Twas my Fortune T'other Day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's Wife In the Country, and this malicious Slut betray'd the Very Ditch where we us'd to make our Aſſignations, To my Lady.

Free. She deſerves your Anger indeed, Sir *Oliver:* But be not ſo unkind to your virtuous Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* Thou doſt not know her, *Franck;* I have Had a Deſign to break her Heart ever ſince the firſt Month that I had her, and 'tis ſo tough, that I have no Yet crack'd one String on't.

Court. You are too unmerciful, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* Hang her, *Ned,* by wicked Policy ſhe Would uſurp my Empire, and in her Heart is a very *Pharaoh*; for every Night ſhe's a putting me upon Making Brick without Straw.

Court. I cannot ſee a virtuous Lady ſo afflicted, Without offering her ſome Conſolation: Dear Madam, is it not as I told you? [*Aſide to her.*

La. *Cock.* The Fates could not have been more propitious, and I ſhall not be wanting to the furthering Of our mutual Happineſs. [*To* Courtal, *aſide.*

Enter

Enter Sir Joſlin, *with* Ariana *and* Gatty *in each Hand, dancing and ſinging.*

CATCH.

THIS is ſhe and pretty,
And this is wild and witty,
If either ſtay'd
'Till ſhe dy'd a Maid,
I'faith 'twou'd be great pity.

Sir *Joſ.* Here they are, Boys, i'faith, and now little *Joſlin*'s a Man of his Word. Heuk! Slie-girl and Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em; Boys, alou!

[*Flings 'em to* Courtal *and* Freeman, *who kiſs their Hands.* What's yonder, your Lady in Tears, Brother *Cockwood*? Come, come, I'll make up all Breaches.

[*He ſings*——*And we'll all be merry and frolick.* Fie, fie, though Man and Wife are ſeldom in good Humour alone, there are few want the Diſcretion to Diſſemble it in Company.

[*Sir* Joſlin, *Sir* Oliver, *and Lady, ſtand talking together.*

Free. I knew we ſhould ſurprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith I thought this Conjuring to be but a Meer Jeſt 'till now, and could not believe the Aſtrological Raſcal had been ſo skilful.

Free. How exactly he deſcrib'd 'em, and how punctual He was in his Directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjurer, Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies, the loſs of our Hearts was ſo conſiderable, that it may well excuſe the Indirect means we took to find out the pretty Thieves That ſtole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what Men of Buſineſs theſe Were, Siſter?

Gat. I vow I innocently believ'd they had ſome Pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon, and

Wiſh'd

Wiſh'd 'em ſo well, that I am ſorry to find 'em ſo Perfidious.

Free. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholding to Providence.

Gat. But we are more, Siſter; for had we once been Deluded into an Opinion they had been faithful, who Knows into what Inconveniences that Error might have Drawn us?

Court. Why ſhould you be ſo unreaſonable, Ladies, To expect that from us, we ſhould ſcarce have hop'd for From you? Fie, fie, the keeping of ones Word is a thing Below the Honour of a Gentleman.

Free. A poor ſhift! Fit only to uphold the Reputation Of a paultry Citizen.

Sir *Joſ.* Come, come, all will be well again, I warrant You, Lady.

La. *Cock.* Theſe are inſupportable Injuries, but I will Bear 'em with an invincible Patience, and to Morrow Make him dearly ſenſible how unworthy he has been.

Sir *Joſ.* To Morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will be Another Man.——So, Boys, and how do you like the Fleſh and Blood of the *Jollies?*——Heuk, Slie-Girl——And Mad-cap, Hey——come, come, you have heard Them exerciſe their Tongues a while; now you ſhall ſee Them ply their Feet a little: This is a clean Limb'd Wench, and has neither Spavin, Splinter, nor Wind-gall; Tune her a Jig, and play't roundly, you ſhall ſee her Bounce it away like a nimble Frigot before a freſh Gale——Hey, methinks I ſee her under Sail already.

[Gatty *dances a Jig.*

Sir *Joſ.* Hey my little Mad-cap——Here's a Girl of The true Breed of the *Jollies*, i'faith——But hark you, Hark you, a Conſultation, Gentlemen——Bear up, Brother *Cockwood*, a little: What think you, if we pack Theſe idle Huſwives to Bed now, and retire into a Room by our ſelves, and have a merry Catch, and A Bottle or two of the beſt, and perfect the good

Work we have ſo unanimouſly carry'd on to Day.

Sir *Oliver*. A moſt admirable Intrigue —— Tan, dan, Da, ra, dan, come, come, march to your ſeveral Quarters: Go, we have ſent for a civil Perſon or two, and are Reſolv'd to Fornicate in private.

La. *Cock*. This is a barbarous return of all my Kindneſs.

Free. and *Court*. Your humble Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Lady* Cockwood *and Sentry*.

Court. Hark you! Hark you! Ladies do not harbour Too ill an Opinion of us, for Faith, when you have Had a little more Experience of the World, you'll find We are no ſuch abominable Raſcals.

Gat. We ſhall be ſo charitable to think no worſe of You, than we do of all Mankind for your ſakes, only That you are Perjur'd, Perfidious, Inconſtant, Ingrateful.

Free. Nay, nay, that's enough in all Conſcience, Ladies; and now you are ſenſible what a ſhameful thing It is to break ones Word, I hope you'll be more careful To keep yours to morrow.

Gat. Invent an Oath, and let it be ſo horrid——

Court. Nay, nay, it is too late for Raillery, i'faith, Ladies.

Gat. and *Aria*. Well, your Servant then.

Free. and *Court*. Your Servant, Ladies.

Sir *Oliv*. Now the Enemy's march'd out.——

Sir *Joſ*. Then the Caſtle's our own, Boys——Hey.

And here and there I had her,
And every where I had her,
Her Toy was ſuch, that every Touch
Wou'd make a Lover madder.

Free. and *Court*. Hey brave Sir *Joſlin!*

Sir *Oliv*. Ah my dear little witty *Joſlin*, let me hug Thee.

Sir *Joſ*. Strike up you Obſtreperous Raſcals, and March along before us. [*Exeunt ſinging and dancing*.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, The New-Exchange.

Miſtreſs Trincket *ſitting in a Shop, People paſſing by as in the Exchange.*

Mrs. *Trinc.* WHAT d'ye buy? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen? Gloves, Ribbons, and Eſſences; Ribbons, Gloves, and Eſſences?

Enter Mr. Courtal.

Mr. *Courtal!* I thought you had a Quarrel to the *Change*, and were reſolv'd we ſhou'd never ſee you here Again.

Court. Your Unkindneſs indeed, Mrs. *Trincket*, had Been enough to make a Man baniſh himſelf for ever.

Enter Mrs. Gazet.

Trinc. Look you, yonder comes fine Mrs. *Gazet*, Thither you intend your Viſit, I am ſure.

Gaz. Mr. *Courtal!* Your Servant.

Court. Your Servant, Miſtreſs *Gazet.*

Gaz. This Happineſs was only meant to Miſtreſs *Trincket*, Had it not been my good Fortune to paſs by, by Chance, I ſhou'd have loſt my ſhare on't.

Court. This is too cruel, Miſtreſs *Gazet*, when all the Unkindneſs is on your ſide, to rally your Servant thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious Abſence of yours, made me Believe you intended to try an Experiment on my poor Heart, to diſcover that hidden Secret, how long a Deſpairing Lover may languiſh without the ſight of the Party.

Court. You are always very pleaſant on this Subject, Miſtreſs *Gazet.*

Gaz. And have not you reaſon to be ſo?

Court. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good News.

Court. What good News?

Gaz. How well this Diſſembling becomes you! But Now I think better on't, it cannot concern you, you Are more a Gentleman, than to have an Amour laſt Longer than an *Eaſter* Term with a Country Lady; And yet there are ſome, I ſee, as well in the Country, as In the City, that have a pretty way of Huſwifing a Lover, and can ſpin an Intrigue out a great deal farther Than others are willing to do.

Court. What pretty Art have they, good Miſtreſs *Gazet?*

Gaz. When Tradeſmen ſee themſelves in an ill Conditon, And are afraid of Breaking, can they do better than to Take in a good ſubſtantial Partner, to help carry on their Trading?

Court. Sure you have been at Riddle me, riddle me, Lately, you are ſo wond'rous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my Lady *Cockwood* is ſo Haughty, ſhe had rather give over the Vanity of an Intrigue, than take in a couple of young handſome Kinſwomen to help to maintain it.

Court. I knew it wou'd out at laſt; indeed it is the Principle of moſt good Women that love Gaming, when They begin to grow a little out of play themſelves, to Make an Intereſt in ſome young Gameſter or other, in Hopes to rook a Favour now and then: But you are Quite out in your Policy, my Lady *Cockwood* is none of Theſe, I aſſure you.——Hark you, Miſtreſs *Gazet,* You muſt needs beſtir your ſelf a little for me this Morning, or elſe Heav'n have Mercy on a poor Sinner.

Gaz. I hope this wicked Woman has no Deſign Upon your Body already: Alas! I pity your tender Conſcience.

Court. I have always made thee my Confident, and Now I come to thee as to a faithful Counſellor.

Gaz. State your Caſe.

Court. Why, this Ravenous Kite is upon Wing Already, is fetching a little compaſs, and will be

Here

Here within this half Hour to ſwoop me Away.

Gaz. And you wou'd have me your Scar-Crow?

Court. Something of that there is in't; ſhe is ſtill your Cuſtomer.

Gaz. I have furniſh'd her, and the young Ladies, with A few fashionable Toys ſince they came to Town, to Keep 'em in Countenance at a Play, or in the Park.

Court. I wou'd have thee go immediately to the young Ladies, and by ſome Device or other intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came juſt now from taking meaſure of 'em for A couple of Handkerchiefs.

Court. How unlucky's this!

Gaz. They are calling for their Hoods and Scarfs, And are coming hither to lay out a little Mony in Ribbons and Eſſences: I have recommended them to Miſtreſs *Trincket*'s Shop here.

Court. This falls out more luckily than what I had Contriv'd my ſelf, or cou'd have done; for here will they Be buſie juſt before the Door, where we have made our Appointment: But if this long-wing'd Devil ſhou'd Chance to truſs me before they come.

Gaz. I will only ſtep up and give ſome Directions to My Maid, about a little Bus'neſs that is in haſte, and Come down again and watch her; if you are ſnap'd, I'll be with you preſently, and reſcue you I warrant you, Or at leaſt ſtay you 'till more Company come: She dares Not force you away in my ſight; ſhe knows I am great With Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the beſt Of 'em —— Your Servant, Sir. [*Ex.* Gazet.

Enter Freeman.

Court. Freeman! 'Tis well you are come.

Free. Well! what Counter-plot? what hopes of Diſappointing the old, and of ſeeing the young Ladies? I Am ready to receive your Orders.

Court. Faith, things are not ſo well contriv'd as I cou'd

Have wiſh'd 'em, and yet I hope by the help of Miſtreſs *Gazet* to keep my Word, *Franck.*

Free. Nay, now I know what Tool thou haſt made Choice of, I make no queſtion but the Buſineſs will go Well forward; but I am afraid this laſt unlucky Buſineſs Has ſo diſtaſted theſe young Trouts, they will not be ſo Eaſily Tickl'd as they might have been.

Court. Never fear it; whatſoever Women ſay, I am Sure they ſeldom think the worſe of a Man for running At all, 'tis a ſign of Youth and high Mettal, and makes Them rather pique, who ſhall tame him: That which Troubles me moſt, is, we loſt the hopes of Variety, And a ſingle Intrigue in Love, is as dull as a ſingle Plot In a Play, and will tire a Lover worſe, than t'other does An Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without ſome Under-plots in This Town, let this be our main Deſign, and if we are Any thing fortunate in our Contrivance, we ſhall make It a pleaſant Comedy.

Court. Leave all things to me, and hope the beſt: Be Gone, for I expect their coming immediately; walk a Turn or two above, or fool a while with pretty Miſtreſs *Anvil*, and ſcent your Eye-brows and Perriwig with a Little Eſſence of Oranges, or Jeſſimine; and when you See us altogether at Miſtreſs *Gazet*'s Shop, put in as it Were by chance: I proteſt yonder comes the old Haggard, to your Poſt quickly! 'Sdeath, where's *Gazet* And theſe young Ladies now? [*Ex.* Freeman.

Enter Lady Cockwood *and* Sentry.

O Madam, I have waited here at leaſt an Hour, and time Seems very tedious, when it delays ſo great a Happineſs as You bring with you.

La. *Cock.* I vow, Sir, I did not ſtay to give Sir *Oliver* His due Correction for thoſe unſeemly Injuries he did me Laſt Night. Is your Coach ready?

Court. Yes, Madam; But how will you diſpoſe of Your Maid?

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* My Maid! For Heav'ns ſake, what do you Mean, Sir? Do I ever uſe to go abroad without her?

Court. 'Tis upon no Deſign, Madam, I ſpeak in; I Aſſure you; but my Glaſs-Coach broke laſt Night, And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold But two.

La. *Cock.* O Heav'n! you muſt excuſe me, dear Sir; For I ſhall deny my ſelf the ſweeteſt Recreations in the World, rather than yield to any thing that may bring a Blemiſh upon my ſpotleſs Honour.

Enter Gazet.

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam. Your Servant, Mr. *Courtal.*

Lady and *Court.* Your Servant, Miſtreſs *Gazet.*

Gaz. I am extream glad to ſee your Ladyſhip here, I intended to ſend my Maid to your Lodgings this Afternoon, Madam, to tell you I have a Parcel of new Lace come in, the prettieſt Patterns that ever were ſeen; For I am very deſirous ſo good a Cuſtomer as your Ladyſhip ſhou'd ſee 'em firſt, and have your Choice.

La. *Cock.* I am much beholding to you, Miſtreſs *Gazet,* I was newly come into the *Exchange,* and intended to Call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty, Gazet *goes to them.*

Court. 'Sdeath, here are your Couſins too! Now there Is no hope left for a poor unfortunate Lover to comfort Himſelf withal.

Aria. and *Gatty.* Your Servant, Madam.

La. *Cock.* I am newly come into the *Exchange,* and By chance met with Maſter *Courtal* here, who will needs Give himſelf the trouble to play the Gallant, and wait Upon me.

Gat. Does your Ladyſhip come to buy?

La. *Cock.* A few Trifles; Miſtreſs *Gazet* ſays ſhe Has a Parcel of very fine new Laces, ſhall we go look Upon 'em?

Aria.

Aria. We will only fancy a Suit of Knots or two at This Shop, and buy a little Eſſence, and wait upon Your Ladyſhip immediately.

Gat. Miſtreſs *Gazet*, you are skill'd in the Faſhion, pray Let our Choice have your Approbation.

Gaz. Moſt gladly, Madam.

[*All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but* Courtal *and Lady* Cockwood.

Court. 'Sdeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony, But ſtept into the Coach preſently, we had eſcap'd this Miſchief.

La. *Cock.* My over-tenderneſs of my Honour, has Blaſted all my Hopes of Happineſs.

Court. To be thus unluckily ſurpriz'd in the height Of all our Expectation, leaves me no Patience.

La. *Cock.* Moderate your Paſſion a little, Sir, I may Yet find out a way.

Court. Oh 'tis impoſſible, Madam, never think on't Now you have been ſeen with me; to leave 'em upon Any pretence will be ſo ſuſpicious, that my Concern for Your Honour will make me ſo feveriſh and diſordered, That I ſhall loſe the Taſte of all the Happineſs you Give me.

La. *Cock.* Methinks you are too ſcrupulous, Heroick Sir.

Court. Beſides the Concerns I have for you, Madam; You know the Obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*, and What Profeſſions of Friendſhip there are on both ſides; And to be thought Perfidious and Ingrateful, what an Affliction wou'd that be to a generous Spirit!

La. *Cock.* Muſt we then unfortunately part thus?

Court. Now I have better thought on't, that is not Abſolutely neceſſary neither.

La. *Cock.* Theſe Words revive my dying Joys, dear Sir, go on.

Court. I will by and by, when I ſee it moſt convenient, Beg the Favour of your Ladyſhip, and your young Kinſwomen, to accept of a Treat, and a Fiddle; you

Make

Make ſome little difficulty at firſt, but upon earneſt Perſuaſion comply, and uſe your Intereſt to make the Young Ladies do ſo too: Your Company will ſecure their Reputations, and their Company take off from you all Suſpicion.

La. *Cock.* The natural Inclination they have to be Jigging will make them very ready to comply: But What Advantage can this be to our Happineſs, dear Sir?

Court. Why, firſt, Madam, if the young Ladies, or Miſtreſs *Gazet* have any Doubts upon their ſurprizing us Together, our joining Company will clear 'em all; next, We ſhall have ſome Satisfaction in being an Afternoon Together, though we enjoy not that full Freedom we ſo Paſſionately deſire.

La. *Cock.* Very good, Sir.

Court. But then laſtly, Madam, we gain an Opportunity to contrive another Appointment to Morrow, Which may reſtore us unto all thoſe Joys we have been So unfortunately diſappointed of to Day.

La. *Cock.* This is a very prevailing Argument indeed; But ſince Sir *Oliver* believes I have conceiv'd ſo deſperate A Sorrow, 'tis fit we ſhou'd keep this from his Knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies ſecret?

La. *Cock.* They have the good Principles not to betray Themſelves, I aſſure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a Houſe that is not Haunted by the Company, and we are ſecure, and now I think on't, the Bear in *Drury-lane* is the fitteſt Place For our Purpoſe.

La. *Cock.* I know your Honour, dear Sir, and ſubmit To your Diſcretion.——Have you gratify'd your Fancies, Couſins? [*To them* Ariana, Gatty, *and* Gazet, *from the Shop.*

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gat. I never ſaw Colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they ſet off one another, and how They add to the Complexion!

La. *Cock.* Mr. *Courtal*, your moſt humble Servant.

Court.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour to wait Upon you and theſe young Ladies, 'till I ſee you in your Coach.

La. *Cock.* Your Friendſhip to Sir *Oliver* wou'd engage You in an unneceſſary Trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from your Serious Bus'neſs, good Sir.

Gat. I ſhou'd rather have expected to have ſeen you, Sir, walking in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, watching to make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to Dine with a Parliament Man, than to meet you in ſuch an idle Place as the Exchange is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well acquainted with Me upon the firſt Viſit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you know, Sir, in the Mulberry-Garden upon Oath.

Court. aſide. 'Sdeath, what ſhall I do? Now out comes All my Roguery.

Gat. Yet I am apt to believe, Siſter, that was ſome Malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd himſelf, on Purpoſe to make us have an ill Opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some raſh Men would be apt enough to enquire Him out, and cut his Throat, Ladies, but I heartily Forgive him whoſoever he was; for on my Conſcience 'Twas not ſo much out of Malice to me, as out of Love to You he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtal* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Miſtreſs *Gazet.*

La. *Cock.* Whoſoever he was, he was an unworthy Fellow I warrant him; Mr. *Courtal* is known to be a Perſon of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam, and Gave but very little Credit to what he ſaid.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe nothing To the Diſadvantage of a Stranger——What a couple Of young Devils are theſe?

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Since you are willing to give your ſelf this Trouble.

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but* Ariana *and* Gatty.

Aria. How he bluſh'd, and hung down his Head!

Gat. A little more had put him as much out of Countenance, as a Country-Clown is when he ventures To Compliment his Attorney's Daughter. [*They follow.*

SCENE II.

Scene, Sir *Oliver*'s Dining-Room.

Enter Sir Joſlin *and Servant ſeverally.*

Sir *Joſ.* How now old Boy! where's my Brother *Cockwood* to Day?

Serv. He deſires to be in private, Sir.

Sir *Joſ.* Why? what's the matter, Man?

Serv. This is a Day of Humiliation, Sir, with him, For laſt Night's Tranſgreſſion.

Sir *Joſ.* I have Buſ'neſs of Conſequence to impart to Him, and muſt and will ſpeak with him——So, ho! Brother *Cockwood?*

Sir *Oliv. without.* Who's that, my Brother *Jolley?*

Sir *Joſ.* The ſame, the ſame, come away, Boy.

Sir *Oliv. without.* For ſome ſecret Reaſons I deſire to Be in private, Brother.

Sir *Joſ.* I have ſuch a Deſign on Foot as would draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it; therefore I ſay, Come away, come away.

Sir Oliver *ent'ring in a Night-Gown and Slippers.*

Sir *Oliv.* There is ſuch a ſtrange Temptation in thy Voice, never ſtir.

Sir *Joſ.* What in thy Gown and Slippers yet! Why, Brother, I have beſpoke Dinner, and engag'd Maſter *Rake-hell*, the little ſmart Gentleman I have often Promis'd thee to make thee acquainted withal, to bring

A whole Levy of Damſels in Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's. Come, come, dreſs thee quickly; There's to be Madam *Rampant*, a Girl that ſhines, and Will drink at ſuch a rate, ſhe's a Miſtreſs for *Alexander*, Were he alive again.

Sir *Oliv.* How unluckily this falls out! *Thomas*, What Cloaths have I to put on?

Serv. None but your Penitential Suit, Sir, all the reſt Are ſecur'd.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh unſpeakable Misfortune! that I ſhou'd Be in Diſgrace with my Lady now!

Sir *Joſ.* Come, come, never talk of Cloaths, put on Any thing, thou haſt a Perſon and a Mien will bear it Out bravely.

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, I know my Behaviour will ſhow I am A Gentleman; but yet the Ladies will look ſcurvily upon Me, Brother.

Sir *Joſ.* That's a Jeſt i'faith! He that has *Terra firma* In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

For he that wou'd have a Wench kind,
Ne'er ſmugs up himſelf like a Ninny;
But plainly tells her his Mind,
And tickles her firſt with a Guinny.

Hay Boy.———

Sir *Oliv.* I vow thou haſt ſuch a bewitching way with thee!

Sir *Joſ.* How lovely will the Ladies look when they Have a Beer-Glaſs in their Hands!

Sir *Oliv.* I now have a huge Mind to venture; but if This ſhou'd come to my Lady's Knowledge.

Sir *Joſ.* I have beſpoke Dinner at the Bear, the Privat'ſt Place in Town: There will be no Spies to betray Us, if *Thomas* be but ſecret, I dare warrant thee, Brother *Cockwood.*

Sir *Oliv.* I have always found *Thomas* very faithful; but Faith 'tis too unkind, conſidering how tenderly my Lady Loves me.

Sir

Sir *Joſ.* Fie, fie, a Man, and kept ſo much under Correction by a Buſk and a Fan!

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, I am in my Nature as Valiant as any Man, when once I ſet out; but i'faith I cannot but think How my dear Lady will be concern'd when ſhe comes Home and miſſes me.

Sir *Joſ.* A Pox upon theſe Qualms.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, thou haſt ſeduc'd me; but I ſhall Look ſo unto wardly.

Sir *Joſ.* Again art thou at it? In, in, and make all the Haſte that may be, *Rake-hell* and the Ladies will be There before us elſe.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, thou art an errant Devil —— hey —— For the Ladies, Brother *Jolley*.

Sir *Joſ.* Hey for the Ladies, Brother *Cockwood*.

[*Exit ſinging* —— *For he that wou'd*, &c.

SCENE III.

Scene, The Bear.

Without. Ho *Francis, Humphrey,* ſhow a Room there.

Enter Courtal, Freeman, *Lady* Cockwood, Ariana, Gatty, *and* Sentry.

Court. Pray, Madam, be not ſo full of Apprehenſion; There is no fear that this ſhould come to Sir *Oliver*'s Knowledge.

La. *Cock.* I were ruin'd if it ſhou'd, Sir! Dear, how I Tremble! I never was in one of theſe Houſes before.

Sent. This is a Bait for the young Ladies to ſwallow; She has been in moſt of the Eating-Houſes about Town, To my Knowledge. [*Aſide.*

Court. Oh *Francis!*

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Your Worſhip's welcome, Sir; but I muſt needs Deſire you to walk into the next Room, for this is beſpoke.

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Mr. *Courtal*, did not you ſay this Place was Private?

Court. I warrant you, Madam. What Company Dines here, *Francis?*

Wait. A couple of Country Knights, Sir *Joſlin Jolley* And Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, very honeſt Gentlemen.

La. *Cock.* Combination to undo me!

Court. Peace, Madam, or you'll betray your ſelf to the Waiter.

La. *Cock.* I am diſtracted! *Sentry*, did not I Command Thee to ſecure all Sir *Oliver*'s Cloaths, and leave nothing For him to put on, but his Penitential Suit, that I Might be ſure he could not ſtir abroad to Day?

Sent. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but I have Often told you this Sir *Joſlin* is a wicked Seducer.

Aria. If my Uncle ſees us, Siſter, what will he think Of us?

Gat. We come but to wait upon her Ladyſhip.

Free. You need not fear, you Chickens are ſecure Under the Wings of that old Hen.

Court. Is there to be no Body, *Francis*, but Sir *Oliver* And Sir *Joſlin?*

Wait. Faith, Sir, I was enjoin'd Secrecy; but you Have an abſolute Power over me: Coming lately out of The Country, where there is but little Variety, they Have a Deſign to ſolace themſelves with a freſh Girl or Two, as I underſtand the Buſineſs. [*Exit Waiter.*

La. *Cock.* Oh *Sentry!* Sir *Oliver* diſloyal! My Misfortunes come too thick upon me.

Court. Aſide. Now is ſhe afraid of being diſappointed On all Hands.

La. *Cock.* I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtal*, I Would not be ſurpriz'd here my ſelf, and yet I would Prevent Sir *Oliver* from proſecuting his wicked and Perfidious Intentions.

Aria. Now ſhall we have admirable Sport, what with Her Fear and Jealouſie.

Gat. I lay my Life ſhe routs the Wenches. *Enter*

Enter Waiter.

Wait. I muſt needs deſire you to ſtep into the next Room; Sir *Joſlin* and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

La. *Cock.* I have not Power to move a Foot.

Free. We will conſider what is to be done within, Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come; I have a Deſign in my Head which ſhall ſecure you, ſurprize Sir *Oliver*, and free You from all your Fears.

La. *Cock.* It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it: *Francis*, you may own Mr. *Freeman* and I are in the Houſe, if they ask for us; But not a Word of theſe Ladies, as you tender the Wearing of your Ears. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Joſlin, *Sir* Oliver, *and Waiter.*

Sir *Joſ.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, prithee be brisk.

Sir *Oliv.* I ſhall diſgrace my ſelf for ever, Brother.

Sir *Joſ.* Pox upon Care, never droop like a Cock In Moulting-time; thou art Spark enough in all Conſcience.

Sir *Oliv.* But my Heart begins to fail me when I Think of my Lady.

Sir *Joſ.* What, more Qualms yet?

Sir *Oliv.* Well, I will be Couragious: But it is not Neceſſary theſe Strangers ſhould know this is my Penitential Suit, Brother.

Sir *Joſ.* They ſhall not, they ſhall not. Hark you Old Boy, is the Meat provided? Is the Wine and Ice come? And are the Melodious Raſcals at Hand I Spoke for?

Wait. Every thing will be in readineſs, Sir.

Sir *Joſ.* If Maſter *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full or two Of Vizard-Masks and Silk Petticoats, call at the Door, Usher 'em up to the place of Execution.

Wait. You ſhall be obey'd, Sir. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir *Joſ.* Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come! Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious Gentleman to Your Acquaintance; he is a Knight of the Induſtry, has Many admirable Qualities, I aſſure you.

Sir *Oliv.* I am very glad, Sir, of this Opportunity to Know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you eſteem me your Servant:— Hark you, Sir *Joſlin*, is this Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, in Earneſt?

Sir *Joſ.* In very good earneſt, I aſſure you; he is a Little fantaſtical now and then, and dreſſes himſelf up in An old Faſhion: But that's all one among Friends, my Little *Rake-hell.*

Sir *Oliv.* Where are the Damſels you talk'd of, Brother *Jolley?* I hope Maſter *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the Ran-counter.

Sir *Joſ.* What tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even ſo, and will be here immediately.

Sir *Oliv.* They need not make themſelves ſo full of Temptation; my Brother *Jolley* and I can be wicked Enough without it.

Sir *Joſ.* The Truth is, my little *Rake-hell*, we are Both mighty Men at Arms, and thou ſhalt ſee us charge Anon to the Terror of the Ladies.

Rake. Methinks that Dreſs, Sir *Oliver*, is a little too Ruſtical for a Man of your Capacity.

Sir *Oliv.* I have an odd Humour, Sir, now and then; But I have wherewithal at Home to be as ſpruce as Any Man.

Rake. Your Perriwig is too ſcandalous, Sir *Oliver*, Your Black Cap and Border is never wore but by a Fidler or a Waiter.

Sir *Joſ.* Prithee, my little *Rake-hell*, do not put my Brother *Cockwood* out of Conceit of himſelf; methinks Your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and makes a Man look Both Polite and Politick.

Rake. I will allow you, 'tis a grave Wear, and fit for Men of Buſineſs, that are every Moment bending of their Brows, and ſcratching of their Heads, every Project Would claw out another Perriwig; but a Lover had Better appear before his Miſtreſs with a bald Pate; 'twill Make the Ladies apprehend a Savor, ſtop their Noſes, And avoid you: 'Slife, Love in a Cap is more ridiculous Than Love in a Tub, or Love in a Pipkin.

Sir *Oliv.* I muſt confeſs your whole Head is now in Fashion; but there was a time when your Calot was not So deſpicable.

Rake. Here's a Perruque, Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* A very good one.

Rake. A very good one; 'tis the beſt in *England.* Pray, Sir *Joſlin*, take him in your Hand, and draw a Comb through him, there is not ſuch another Friz in *Europe.*

Sir *Joſ.* 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Rake. Pray, Sir *Oliver*, do me the Favour to grace it On your Head a little.

Sir *Oliv.* To oblige you, Sir.

Rake. You never wore any thing became you half ſo Well in all your Life before.

Sir *Joſ.* Why, you never ſaw him in your Life Before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impoſſible. Here's a Beaver, Sir *Oliver*, feel him; for Fineneſs, Subſtance, and for Faſhion, the Court of *France* never Saw a better; I have bred him but a Fortnight, and Have him at Command already. Clap him on boldly, Never Hat took the Fore-cock and the Hind-cock at one Motion ſo naturally.

Sir *Oliv.* I think you have a Mind to make a Spark of me before I ſee the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the Meen of a true Cavalier, And with one Look may make a Lady kind, and a Hector humble: And ſince I nam'd a Hector, here's a

Sword, Sir. Sa, ſa, ſa, try him, Sir *Joſlin*, put him to't, Cut through the Staple, run him through the Door, beat Him to the Hilts, if he breaks, you ſhall have liberty to Break my Pate, and pay me never a Groat of the ten for't.

Sir *Joſ.* 'Tis a very pretty Weapon indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true French-wrought, and dore'd by The beſt Workman in *France*. This Sword, and this Caſtor, with an Embroider'd Button and Loop, which I have to vary him upon occaſion, were ſent me out of *France* for a Token by my elder Brother, that went over With a handſome Equipage, to take the Pleaſure of this Champagn.

Sir *Oliv.* Have you a Mind to ſell theſe things, Sir?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman; yet if a Perſon of Honour, or a particular Friend, ſuch as I eſteem you, Sir *Oliver*, take at any time a fancy to a Band, a Cravat, A Velvet Coat, a Veſt, a Ring, a Flajolet, or any other Little Toy I have about me, I am Good-natur'd, and May be eaſily perſuaded to play the Fool upon good Terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir *Joſ.* Worthy Maſter *Freeman!*

Sir *Oliv.* Honeſt *Franck*, how cam'ſt thou to find us Out, Man?

Free. By meer chance, Sir; *Ned Courtal* is without Writing a Letter, and I came in to know whether you Had any particular Engagements, Gentlemen.

Sir *Oliv.* We reſolv'd to be in private; but you are Men without Exception.

Free. Methinks you intended to be in private indeed, Sir *Oliver*. 'Sdeath, what Diſguiſe have you got on? Are you grown Grave ſince laſt Night, and come to Sin *incognito?*

Sir *Oliv.* Hark you in your Ear, *Franck*, this is my Habit of Humiliation, which I always put on the next Day after I have tranſgreſſed, the better to make my Pacification with my incens'd Lady.——

Free.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.——

Rake. Maſter *Freeman*, your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Free. Oh my little Dapper Officer! are you here?

Sir *Joſ.* Ha, Maſter *Freeman*, we have beſpoke all the Jovial Entertainment that a merry Wag can wiſh for, Good Meat, good Wine, and a wholeſome Wench or Two for the Digeſtion; we ſhall have Madam *Rampant*, The Glory of the Town, the brighteſt ſhe that ſhines, Or elſe my little *Rake-hell* is not a Man of his Word, Sir.

Rake. I warrant you ſhe comes, Sir *Joſlin.*

Sir *Joſlin* ſings.

AND if ſhe comes, ſhe ſhall not ſcape,
If Twenty Pounds will win her;
Her very Eye commits a Rape,
'Tis ſuch a tempting Sinner.

Enter Courtal.

Court. Well ſaid, Sir *Joſlin*, I ſee you hold up ſtill, And bate not an Ace of your good Humour.

Sir *Joſ.* Noble Maſter *Courtal!*

Court. Bleſs me, Sir *Oliver*, what are you going to Act a Droll? How the People wou'd throng about you, If you were but mounted on a few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

Sir *Oliv.* Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my Lady's Indignation for my laſt Night's Offence; do not inſult over a poor ſober Man in Affliction.

Court. Come, come, ſend home for your Cloaths; I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not to learn at theſe Years, how abſolutely neceſſary a rich Veſt and a Perruque are to a Man that aims at their Favours.

Sir *Oliv.* A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Lady's gone abroad in a damn'd jealous melancholy Humour, and has commanded her Woman to ſecure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir *Oliv.* Ay, ay, Man, 'tis uſual in theſe Caſes, out Of pure Love in hopes to reclaim me, and to keep me From doing my ſelf an Injury by drinking two Days Together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir *Oliv.* There are Sots that would think themſelves Happy in ſuch a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true bred Gentleman all lawful Solace is Abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtal*, your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Induſtry, I am Glad to ſee you in ſuch good Company.

Free. Courtal, hark you, are the Maſking-habits which You ſent to borrow at the Play-houſe come?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almoſt dreſs'd: This Deſign will add much to our Mirth, and give us the Benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Muſick for our Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir *Oliv.* Hark, the Muſick comes. [*Muſick.*

Sir *Joſ.* Hey Boys——let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An't pleaſe your Worſhips, there is a Maſk of Ladies without, that deſire to have the freedom to come In and Dance.

Sir *Joſ.* Hey! Boys——

Sir *Oliv.* Did you bid 'em come in Maſquerade, Mr. *Rake-hell?*

Rake. No; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench, ſhe was Half a Dozen times a mumming in private Company Laſt *Shrove-tide*, and I lay my Life ſhe has put 'em all Upon this Frolick.

Court. They are mettled Girls, I warrant them, Sir *Joſlin*, let 'em be what they will.

Sir *Joſ.* Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys.——

Enter

Enter Muſick, and the Ladies in an Antick, and then they take out; my Lady Cockwood, *Sir* Oliver; *the young Ladies,* Courtal *and* Freeman; *and* Sentry, *Sir* Joſlin; *and dance a ſet Dance.*

Sir *Oliv.* Oh my little Rogue! have I got thee? How will turn, and wind, and ſegue thy Body!

Sir *Joſ.* Mettle on all ſides, Mettle on all ſides, i'faith; How ſwimmingly wou'd this pretty little ambling Filly Carry a Man of my Body!

SINGS.

SHE's ſo bonny and briſk,
How ſhe'd carvet and friſk,
If a Man were once mounted upon her!
Let me have but a Leap,
Where 'tis wholeſom and cheap,
And a Fig for your Perſon of Honour.

Sir *Oliv.* 'Tis true, little *Joſlin*, i'faith.

Court. They have warm'd us, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* Now am I as Rampant as a Lion, *Ned*, and Could love as vigorouſly as a Sea-man that is newly landed After an *Eaſt-India* Voyage.

Court. Take my Advice, Sir *Oliver*, do not in your Rage deprive your ſelf of your only hope of an Accommodation with your Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* I had rather have a perpetual Civil War, Than purchaſe Peace at ſuch a diſhonourable rate. A poor Fidler, after he has been three Days perſecuted at a Country Wedding, takes more Delight in ſcraping upon His old ſqueeking Fiddle, than I do in fumbling on that Domeſtick Inſtrument of mine.

Court. Be not ſo bitter, Sir *Oliver*, on your own Dear Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* I was married to her when I was young, *Ned*, with a Deſign to be baulk'd, as they tye Whelps To the Bell-weather; where I have been ſo butted, 'twere Enough to fright me, were I not pure Mettle, from ever Running at Sheep again.

Court. That's no ſure Rule, Sir *Oliver*; for a Wife's a Diſh, of which if a Man once ſurfeit, he ſhall have a Better Stomach to all others ever after.

Sir *Oliv.* What a Shape is here, *Ned*! ſo exact and Tempting, 'twou'd perſuade a Man to be an implicite Sinner, and take her Face upon Credit.

Sir *Joſ.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em to Lay aſide theſe Masking Fopperies, and then we'll ſegue 'em In earneſt: Give us a Bottle, Waiter.

Free. Not before Dinner, good Sir *Joſlin.*——

Sir *Oliv.* Lady, though I have out of Drollery put My ſelf into this contemptible Dreſs at preſent, I am a Gentleman, and a Man of Courage, as you ſhall find Anon by my brisk Behaviour.

Rake. Sir *Joſlin!* Sir *Oliver!* Theſe are none of our Ladies, they are juſt come to the Door in a Coach, and Have ſent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir *Joſ.* Hey —— Boys, more Game, more Game! Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir *Oliv.* Why, what a Day of Sport will here be, *Ned?* [*Exit* Rake-hell.

Sir *Joſ.* They ſhall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir *Oliv.* And we will match our ſelves, and make a Prize on't, *Ned Courtal* and I, againſt *Franck Freeman* And your Brother *Jolley*, and *Rake-hell* ſhall be Judge For Gloves and Silk-Stockings, to be beſtow'd as the Conqueror ſhall fancy.

Sir *Joſ.* Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. and *Free.* A match, a match.

Sir *Oliv.* Hey —— Boys!

[*Lady* Cockwood *counterfeits a Fit.*

Sent. pulling off her Mask. O Heav'ns! my dear Lady! Help, help!

Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady! 'Sdeath, what a Condition am I in now, Brother *Jolley*? You have brought me into this Premunire: For Heav'ns Sake run down quickly, and ſend the Rogue and Whores away. Help, help! Oh help! Dear Madam, ſweet Lady! [*Ex. Sir* Joſlin, *Sir* Oliver *kneels down by her.*

Sent. Oh ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone!

Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a Glaſs of cold Water, *Freeman.*

Sir *Oliv.* Dear Madam ſpeak, ſweet Madam ſpeak.

Sent. Curſe upon thee for a vile Hypocrite! thou art The wicked Author of all this; who but ſuch a Reprobate, Such an obdurate Sinner as thou art, could go about to abuſe ſo ſweet a Lady?

Sir *Oliv.* Dear *Sentry*, do not ſtab me with thy Words, but ſtab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I May here die a Sacrifice at her Feet, for all my diſloyal Actions.

Sent. No, live, live to be a Reproach and Shame to all Rebellious Husbands; ah, that ſhe had but my Heart! But thou haſt bewitch'd her Affections; thou ſhou'dſt then Dearly ſmart for this abominable Treaſon.

Gat. So, now ſhe begins to come to her ſelf.

Aria. Set her more upright, and bend her a little Forward.

La. *Cock.* Unfortunate Woman! let me go, why do You hold me? Wou'd I had a Dagger at my Heart, to Puniſh it for loving that ungrateful Man.

Sir *Oliv.* Dear Madam, were I but worthy of your Pity and Belief.

La. *Cock.* Peace, peace, perfidious Man, I am too Tame and fooliſh —— Were I every Day at the Plays, The Park, and Mulberry-Garden, with a kind Look Secretly to indulge the unlawful Paſſion of ſome young Gallant; or did I aſſociate my ſelf with the Gaming Madams,

Madams, and were every Afternoon at my Lady *Briefs*, And my Lady *Meanwel*'s at *Umbre* and *Quebo*, pretending Ill Luck to borrow Mony of a Friend, and then Pretending good Luck to excuſe the Plenty to a Huſ My ſuſpicious Demeanor had deſerv'd this; but I who Out of a ſcrupulous Tenderneſs to my Honour, and to Comply with thy baſe Jealouſie, have deny'd my ſelf All thoſe blameleſs Recreations, which a Virtuous Lady Might enjoy, to be thus inhumanly revil'd in my own Perſon, and thus unreaſonably robb'd and abus'd in thine Too!

Court. Sure ſhe will take up anon, or crack her Mind, Or elſe the Devil's in't.

La. *Cock.* Do not ſtay and torment me with thy Sight; go, graceleſs Wretch, follow thy treacherous Reſolutions, do, and waſte that poor Stock of Comfort, Which I ſhou'd have at home, upon thoſe your ravenous Cormorants below: I feel my Paſſion begin to ſwell again.

[*She has a little Fit again.*

Court. Now will ſhe get an abſolute Dominion over Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

Sir *Oliv. running up and down. Ned Courtal, Franck Freeman,* Couſin *Ariana,* and dear Couſin *Gatty,* for Heav'ns ſake join all, and moderate her Paſſion —— Ah *Sentry!* forbear thy unjuſt Reproaches, take Pity On thy Maſter! thou haſt a great Influence over her, And I have always been mindful of thy Favours.

Sent. You do not deſerve the leaſt Compaſſion, nor Wou'd I ſpeak a good Word for you, but that I know for a This, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady. Dear Madam, do but look up a little, Sir *Oliver* lyes at your Feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how ſadly he ſighs!

Gat. I dare ſay he counterfeited his Sin, and is real In his Repentance.

Court. Compoſe your ſelf a little, pray Madam; all This was meer Raillery, a way of Talk, which Sir *Oliver*, Bei

Being well bred, has learned among the Gay People of The Town.

Lo. If you did but know, Madam, what an odious thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good Company, you wou'd eaſily forgive him.

La. *Cock.* No, no, 'twas the mild Correction which I gave him for his inſolent Behaviour laſt Night, that has encourag'd him again thus to inſult over my Affections.

Court. Come, come, Sir *Oliver*, out with your boſom-ſecret, and clear all things to your Lady; is it Not as we have ſaid?

Sir *Oliv.* Else may I never have the Happineſs to be In her good Grace again; and as for the Harlots, dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtal*, and *Franck Freeman*, that Have often ſeen me in Company of the wicked; let 'em Speak, if they ever knew me tempted to a diſloyal Action in their Lives.

Court. On my Conſcience, Madam, I may more Safely ſwear, that Sir *Oliver* has been conſtant to your Ladyſhip, than that a Girl of Twelve Years old has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

Enter Sir Joſlin.

Sir *Oliv.* Here's my Brother *Jolley* too can witneſs The Loyalty of my Heart, and that I did not intend Any Treaſonable practice againſt your Ladyſhip in The leaſt.

Sir *Joſ.* Unleſs feguing 'em with a Beer-Glaſs, be Included in the Statute. Come, Maſter *Courtal*, to Satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little good Humour, Let us ſing the Catch I taught you yeſterday, that was Made by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cockwood* And me.

They

They Sing.

LOVE and Wenching are Toys,
Fit to pleaſe Beardleſs Boys,
Th'are Sports we hate worſe than a Leaguer;
When we Viſit a Miſs,
We ſtill brag how we Kiſs,
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.

Sir *Joſ.* Come, come, Madam, let all things be forgot.—Dinner is ready, the Cloath is laid in the next Room, Let us in and be merry; there was no harm meant as I Am true little *Joſlin.*

La. *Cock.* Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with him, Though he plays the naughty Man thus: But why, my Dear, wou'd y'expoſe your ſelf in this ridiculous Habit, To the Cenſure of both our Honours?

Sir *Oliv.* Indeed I was to blame to be over perſuaded; I intended dutifully to retire into the Pantry, and there Civilly to divert my ſelf at Back-Gammon with the Butler.

Sir *Joſ.* Faith, I muſt ev'n own, the Fault was mine, I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* How the Devil, *Ned,* came they to find us Out here?

Court. No Blood-hound draws ſo ſure as a jealous Woman.

Sir *Oliv.* I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful: Prithee, *Ned,* ſpeak to my Lady, that there may be a Perfect Underſtanding between us, and that *Sentry* may Be ſent home for my Cloaths, that I may no longer wear The Marks of her Diſpleaſure.

Court. Let me alone, Sir *Oliver.*

[*He goes to my Lady* Cockwood.

How do you find your ſelf, Madam, after this violent Paſſion?

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* This has been a lucky Adventure, Mr. *Courtal*; Now am I abſolute Miſtreſs of my own Conduct for a [illegible].

Court. Then ſhall I be a happy Man, Madam: I know this Would be the Conſequence of all, and yet cou'd not I Forbear the Project.

Sir *Oliv.* How didſt thou ſhuffle away *Rake-hell* and The Ladies, Brother? [*To Sir* Joſlin.

Sir *Joſ.* I have appointed 'em to meet us at ſix a Clock at the new *Spring-Garden.*

Sir *Oliv.* Then will we yet, in ſpight of the Stars That have croſs'd us, be in Conjunction with Madam *Bampant*, [illegible]her.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir *Joſ.* Ha! Slie-Girl and Mad-cap, I'll enter You, i'faith; ſince you have found the way to the *Bear*, I'll fegue you.

SINGS.

When we viſit a Miſs,
We ſtill brag how we Kiſs;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her

[Exeunt ſinging.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene, A Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. *Cock.* A Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servant's Love, this faithleſs and inconſtant Age; His amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to Day, Though he pretends it was to blind Sir *Oliver*, I fear Will prove a certain ſign of his revolted Heart; the Letters

Letters I have counterfeited in theſe Girls Names will clear All; if he accept of that Appointment, and refuſes Mine, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters and Meſſage been deliver'd, as I Directed?

Sent. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be Found at the latter end of a Play, I ſent a Porter firſt with The Letter to Mr. *Courtal*, who was at the King's-houſe. He ſent for him out by the Door-keeper, and deliver'd It into his own Hands.

La. *Cock.* Did you keep on your Vizard, that the Fellow might not know how to deſcribe you?

Sent. I did, Madam.

La. *Cock.* And how did he receive it?

Sent. Like a Traitor to all Goodneſs, with all the ſigns Of Joy imaginable.

La. *Cock.* Be not angry, *Sentry*, 'tis as my Heart Wiſh'd it: What did you do with the Letter to Mr. *Freeman?* For I thought fit to deceive 'em both, To make my Policy leſs ſuſpicious to *Courtal.*

Sent. The Porter found him at the Duke's Houſe, Madam, and deliver'd it with like Care.

La. *Cock.* Very well.

Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam, I Went my ſelf to the Play-houſe, and ſent in for Mr. *Courtal*, who came out to me immediately; I told Him your Ladyſhip preſented your humble Service to Him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going into the City with Sir *Joſlin*, to viſit his Brother *Cockwood*, and that it Wou'd add much more to your Ladyſhip's Happineſs, If he wou'd be pleas'd to meet you in *Grays-Inn* Walks This lovely Evening.

La. *Cock.* And how did he entertain the Motion?

Sent. Bleſs me! I tremble ſtill to think upon it! I Cou'd not have imagin'd he had been ſo wicked; he Counterfeited the greateſt Paſſion, railed at his Fate,

And

And ſwore a thouſand horrid Oaths, that ſince he came Into the Play-houſe, he had notice of a Buſineſs that C[illegible]rn'd both his Honour and Fortune; and that he [illegible]an undone Man, if he did not go about it preſently; Pray'd me to deſire your Ladyſhip to excuſe him this Evening, and that to Morrow he would be wholly at your Devotion.

La. *Cock.* Ha, ha, ha! he little thinks how much he Has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding him with His Ingratitude to your Ladyſhip.

La. *Cock.* Poor *Sentry!* be not concern'd for me, I have [illegible]d my Affection, and thou ſhalt find it is Not Jealouſie has been my Counſellor in this. Go, let Our Hoods and Masks be ready, that I may ſurprize *Courtal*, and make the beſt Advantage of this lucky Opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam. [*Exit* Sentry.

La. *Cock.* How am I fill'd with Indignation? To find My Perſon and my Paſſion both deſpis'd, and what is More, ſo much precious Time fool'd away in fruitleſs Expectation: I wou'd poiſon my Face, ſo I might be Reveng'd on this ingrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Oliv.* My Deareſt!

La. *Cock.* My deareſt Dear! prithee do not go into The City to Night.

Sir *Oliv.* My Brother *Jolley* is gone before, and I Am to call him at Counſellor *Trot*'s Chamber in the *Temple*.

La. *Cock.* Well, if you did but know the Fear I have Upon me, when you are abſent, you would not ſeek Occaſions to be from me thus.

Sir *Oliv.* Let me comfort thee with a Kiſs; what Shou'dſt thou be afraid of?

La. *Cock.* I cannot but believe that every Woman that Sees thee muſt be in Love with thee, as I am: Do not Blame my Jealouſie.

Sir

Sir *Oliv.* I proteſt I wou'd refuſe a Counteſs rather Than abuſe thee, poor Heart.

La. *Cock.* And then you are ſo deſperate upon the leaſt Occaſion, I ſhou'd have acquainted you elſe with Something that concerns your Honour.

Sir *Oliv.* My Honour! you ought in Duty to do it.

La. *Cock.* Nay, I knew how paſſionate you wou'd be Preſently; therefore you ſhall never know it.

Sir *Oliv.* Do not leave me in doubt, I ſhall ſuſpect Every one I look upon; I will kill a Common Council-Man or two before I come back, if you do not Tell me.

La. *Cock.* Dear, how I tremble! Will you promiſe Me you will not Quarrel then? If you tender my Life And Happineſs, I am ſure you will not.

Sir *Oliv.* I will bear any thing rather than be an Enemy to thy Quiet, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* I cou'd wiſh Mr. *Courtal* a Man of better Principles, becauſe I know you love him, my Dear.

Sir *Oliv.* Why, what has he done?

La. *Cock.* I always treated him with great Reſpect Out of my regard to your Friendſhip; but he, like An impudent Man as he is, to Day miſconſtruing my Civility, in moſt unſeemly Language, made a foul Attempt upon my Honour.

Sir *Oliv.* Death, and Hell, and Furies, I will have my Pumps, and long Sword!

La. *Cock.* Oh, I ſhall faint! Did not you promiſe me You wou'd not be ſo raſh?

Sir *Oliv.* Well, I will not kill him, for fear of Murdering thee, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* You may decline your Friendſhip, and by Your Coldneſs give him no Encouragement to viſit our Family.

Sir *Oliv.* I think thy Advice the beſt for this once Indeed; for it is not fit to publiſh ſuch a Buſ'neſs: But if he Shou'd be ever tempting or attempting, le me know it, Prithee my Dear.

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* If you moderate your ſelf according to my Directions now, I ſhall never conceal any thing from You that may increaſe your juſt Opinion of my Conjugal Fidelity.

Sir *Oliv.* Was ever Man bleſs'd with ſuch a Virtuous Lady! Yet cannot I forbear going a [*Aſide.* ranging again. Now muſt I to the *Spring-Garden* to meet my Brother *Jolley*, and Madam *Rampant*.

La. *Cock.* Prithee be ſo good to think how melancholy I ſpend my time here; for I have Joy in no Company But thine, and let that bring thee home a little ſooner.

Sir *Oliv.* Thou haſt been ſo kind in this Diſcovery, That I am loth to leave thee.

La. *Cock.* I wiſh you had not been engag'd ſo far.

Sir *Oliv.* Ay, that's it: Farewel, my virtuous Dear. [*Exit Sir* Oliver.

La. *Cock.* Farewel, my deareſt Dear. I know he has Not Courage enough to queſtion *Courtal*; but this will Make him hate him, encreaſe his Confidence of me, and Juſtifie my Baniſhing that falſe Fellow our Houſe; it is Not fit a Man that has abus'd my Love, ſhou'd come Hither and pry into my Actions; beſides, this will Make his Acceſs more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty *with their Hoods and Masks.* Whither are you going, Couſins?

Gat. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for Variety, to walk a Turn or two in The new *Spring-Garden*.

La. *Cock.* I heard you were gone abroad with Mr. *Courtal*, and Mr. *Freeman*.

Gat. For Heav'ns ſake, why ſhou'd your Ladyſhip have Such an ill Opinion of us?

La. *Cock.* The Truth is, before I ſaw you, I believ'd It meerly the Vanity of that prating Man; Mr. *Courtal* Told Miſtreſs *Gazet* this Morning, that you were ſo Well acquainted already, that you wou'd meet him And Mr. *Freeman* any where, and that you had

Promis'd 'em to receive and make Appointment by Letters.

Gat. Oh impudent Man!

Aria. Now you ſee the Conſequence, Siſter, of our Rambling; they have rais'd this falſe Story from our Innocent fooling with 'em in the *Mulberry-Garden* laſt Night.

Gat. I cou'd almoſt forſwear ever ſpeaking to a Man Again.

La. *Cock.* Was Mr. *Courtal* in the *Mulberry-Garden* Laſt Night?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. *Cock.* And did he ſpeak to you?

Gat. There paſs'd a little harmleſs Raillery betwixt us; But you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any Man cou'd be thus Unworthy.

La. *Cock.* He has quite loſt my good Opinion too: In Duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto ſhow'd him ſome Countenance; but I ſhall hate him hereafter for your Sakes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Couſins.

Gat. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for This timely notice.

Aria. and *Gat.* Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex.* Ariana *and* Gatty.

La. *Cock.* Your Servant, Couſins.——In the *Mulberry-Garden* laſt Night! when I ſat languiſhing, And vainly expecting him at home: This has incens'd Me ſo, that I could kill him. I am glad theſe Girls are Gone to the *Spring-Garden*, it helps my Deſign; the Letters I have counterfeited, have appointed *Courtal* and *Freeman* to meet them there, they will produce 'em, and Confirm all I have ſaid: I will daily poiſon theſe Girls With ſuch Lies as ſhall make their Quarrel to *Courtal* Irreconcileable, and render *Freeman* only ſuſpected; for I wou'd not have him thought equally guilty: He ſecretly

Began

Began to make an Addreſs to me at the *Bear*, and this Breach ſhall give him an Opportunity to purſue it.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here are your things, Madam.

La. *Cock.* That's well: Oh *Sentry!* I ſhall once more Be happy: for now Mr. *Courtal* has given me an Occaſion, That I may without Ingratitude check his unlawful Paſſion, and free my ſelf from the trouble of an Intrigue, That gives me every Day ſuch fearful Apprehenſions of My Honour. [*Exit Lady* Cockwood *and* Sentry.

SCENE II.

Scene, New Spring-Garden.

Enter Sir Joſlin, Rake-hell, *and Waiter.*

Wait. Will you be pleas'd to walk into an Arbour, Gentlemen?

Sir *Joſ.* By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, he will not fail I warrant thee, Boy; But what's the matter with thy Noſe, my little *Rake-hell.*

Rake. A fooliſh Accident; jeſting at the *Fleece* this Afternoon, I miſtook my Man a little, a dull Rogue That could not underſtand Raillery, made a ſudden Repartee with a Quart-pot, Sir *Joſlin.*

Sir *Joſ.* Why didſt not thou ſtick him to the Wall, My little *Rake-hell?*

Rake. The Truth is, Sir *Joſlin,* he deſerv'd it; but Look you, in Caſe of a doubtful Wound, I am unwilling To give my Friends too often the trouble to Bail me; And if it ſhou'd be Mortal, you know a younger Brother Has not wherewithal to rebate the Edge of a Witneſs, And mollifie the Hearts of a Jury.

Sir *Joſ.* This is very prudently conſider'd indeed.

Rake. 'Tis time to be wiſe, Sir; my Courage has Almoſt run me out of a conſiderable Annuity. When I

Liv'd firſt about this Town, I agreed with a Surgeon for Twenty Pounds a Quarter to cure me of all the Knocks, Bruiſes, and green Wounds I ſhou'd receive, and in one Half Year the poor Fellow begg'd me to be releas'd of his Bargain, and ſwore I wou'd undo him elſe in Lint and Balſom.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Joſ.* Ho! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come.

Sir *Oliv.* I, Brother *Jolley*, I have kept my Word, You ſee; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuſe my Lady, I have had ſuch a Proof of her Virtue, I will tell thee All anon. But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the reſt of The Ladies, Mr. *Rake-hell?*

Rake. Faith, Sir, being diſappointed at Noon, they Were unwilling any more to ſet a certainty at hazard: 'Tis Term-time, and they have ſeverally betook themſelves Some to their Chamber-practice, and others to the Places Of publick Pleading.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, Brother *Jolley*, let us ev'n go into an Arbour, and then fegue Mr. *Rake-hell.*

Sir *Joſ.* With all my Heart, wou'd we had Madam *Rampant.*

SINGS.

SHE's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a fooliſh Punctilio;
She'll not ſtart from her place,
Though thou nam'ſt a black Ace,
And will drink a Beer-Glaſs to Spudilio.

Hey, Boys! Come, come, come! let's in, and delay Our Sport no longer.

[*Exit ſinging, She'll not ſtart from her,* &c.

Enter Courtal *and* Freeman *ſeverally.*

Court. Freeman!

Free. Courtal, what the Devil's the matter with thee?

I have obſerv'd thee prying up and down the Walks like a Citizen's Wife that has dropp'd her Holiday Pocket-Handkerchief.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither?

Free. I believe a better natur'd Devil than yours, *Courtal*, if a Leveret be better Meat than an old Puſs, that has been courſ'd by moſt of the young Fellows of her Country: I am not working my Brain for a Counter-plot, a Diſappointment is not my Bus'neſs.

Court. You are miſtaken, *Freeman*: Prithee be gone, And leave me the Garden to my ſelf, or I ſhall grow as Teſty as an old Fowler that is put by his ſhoot, after he Has crept half a Mile upon his Belly.

Free. Prithee be thou gone, or I ſhall take it as Unkindly as a Chymiſt wou'd, if thou ſhou'dſt kick down His Limbeck in the very Minute that he look'd for Projection.

Court. Come, come, you muſt yield, *Freeman*, your Bus'neſs cannot be of ſuch Conſequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadſt a Bus'neſs of ſuch Conſequence in thy Life as mine is, I will condeſcend to Be made incapable of Affairs preſently.

Court. Why, I have an Appointment made me, Man, Without my ſeeking, by a Woman for whom I wou'd Have mortgag'd my whole Eſtate to have had her abroad But to break a Cheeſe-cake.

Free. And I have an Appointment made me without My ſeeking too, by ſuch a ſhe, that I will break the Whole Ten Commandments, rather than diſappoint her of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jeſt, *Freeman*; a forſaken Miſtreſs cou'd not be more malicious than thou art: Prithee be gone.

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

Court. 'Sdeath! the ſight of thee will ſcare my Woman For ever.

Free. 'Sdeath! the ſight of thee will make my Woman Believe me the falſeſt Villain breathing.

Court. We ſhall ſtand fooling, 'till we are both undone And I know not how to help it.

Free. Let us proceed honeſtly like Friends, diſcover The Truth of things to one another, and if we cannot Reconcile our Buſineſs, we will draw Cuts, and part Fairly.

Court. I do not like that way; for Talk is only Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and ſhou'd Never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour, for fear of Frighting a young Lady from her good Intentions.—— Yet I care not, though I read the Letter, but I will Conceal the Name.

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content to do the Same.

Court. reads. Sir, in ſending you this Letter, I proceed Againſt the Modeſty of our Sex.——

Free. 'Sdeath, this begins juſt like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then.——

Free. reads. But let not the good Opinion I have Conceiv'd of you, make you too ſevere in your Cenſuring of me.——

Court. Word for Word.

Free. Now do you read again.

Court. reads. If you give your ſelf the Trouble to be Walking in the new *Spring-Garden* this Evening, I will Meet you there, and tell you a Secret, which I have Reaſon to fear, becauſe it comes to your Knowledge by My means, will make you hate your humble Servant.

Free. Verbatim my Letter, Hey-day!

Court. Prithee let's compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'em*

Free. 'Sdeath, the Hand's the ſame.

Court. I hope the Name is not the ſame too.——

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, Faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd; prithee do thou ſhow. Firſt, *Freeman.*

Free. No——but both together, if you will.

Court. Agreed.

Free. Ariana.

Court. Gatty——Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are maſculine in their Proceedings, and have made one another Confidents in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether ſo well, *Frank*; I wiſh they had appointed us ſeveral Places: For though 'tis evident they have truſted one another With the Bargain, no Woman ever Seals before Witneſs.

Free. Prithee how didſt thou eſcape the Snares of the Old Devil this Afternoon?

Court. With much ado: *Sentry* had ſet me; if her Ladyſhip had got me into her Clutches, there had been No getting off without a Reſcue, or paying down the Money; for ſhe always Arreſts upon Execution.

Free. You made a handſom Lie to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know ſhe's angry; for ſhe thinks Nothing a juſt Excuſe in theſe Caſes, though it were to Save the Forfeit of a Man's Eſtate, or reprieve the Life Of her own natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou haſt not done altogether like a Gentleman with her, thou ſhou'dſt Faſt thy ſelf up to a Stomach now and then, to oblige her; if there were Nothing in it, but the hearty Welcome, methinks 'twere Enough to make thee bear ſometimes with the Homelineſs Of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp, where There was no other Woman; but I ſhall hardly in this Town, where there is ſuch plenty, forbear good Meat, To get my ſelf an Appetite to Horſe-fleſh.

Free. This is rather an Averſion in thee, than any Real Fault in the Woman; if this lucky Bus'neſs Had not fallen out, I intended with your good

Have to have out-bid you for her Ladyſhip's Favour.

Court. I ſhould never have conſented to that, *Franck*. Though I am a little reſty at preſent, I am not ſuch a Jade, but I ſhou'd ſtrain if another rid againſt me; I Have e'er now lik'd nothing in a Woman that I have Lov'd at laſt in ſpight only, becauſe another had a Mind To her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping towards Us.

Court. 'Tis they, i'faith.

Free. We need not divide, ſince they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd Letters, They had put a Trick upon us; but now I am confirm'd They are mighty honeſt.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gat. Let us diſſemble our Knowledge of their Bus'neſs A little, and then take 'em down in the height of their Aſſurance.

Court. and *Free.* Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impoſſible, Gentlemen, to Walk without you, as without our Shadows; never were Poor Women ſo haunted by the Ghoſts of their Self-murder'd Lovers.

Gat. If it ſhou'd be our good Fortunes to have you in Love with us, we will take Care you ſhall not grow Deſperate, and leave the World in an ill Humour.

Aria. If you ſhou'd, certainly your Ghoſts wou'd be Very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you ſhou'd have your Curtains Drawn in the dead of the Night, and your pleaſing Slumbers interrupted by any thing but Fleſh and Blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a Turn?

Aria. By your ſelves, if you pleaſe,

Gat

Gat. Our Company may put a Conſtraint upon you: For I find you daily hover about theſe Gardens, as a Kite does about a Backside, watching an opportunity to Catch up the Poultry

Aria. Woe be to the Daughter or Wife of ſome Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now; for you Seldom know to *Fox-hall* without ſome ſuch Plot againſt the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies, our Buſ'neſs has happily ſucceeded, ſince we have the Honour to wait upon you.

Gat. You could not expect to ſee us here.

Court. Your true Lover, Madam, when he miſſes His Miſtreſs, is as reſtleſs as a Spaniel that has loſt his Maſter; he ranges up and down the Plays, the Park, and All the Gardens, and never ſtays long, but where he has The happineſs to ſee her.

Gat. I ſuppoſe your Miſtreſs, Mr. *Courtal,* is always The laſt Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that falſe Meaſure of my Acquaintance, which Poets have of their Verſes, always to think the laſt beſt, though I eſteem it ſo, in Juſtice to your Merit.

Gat. Or if you do not love her beſt, you always love to talk of her moſt; as a barren Coxcomb that wants Diſcourſe, is ever entertaining Company out of the laſt Book He read in.

Court. Now you accuſe me moſt unjuſtly, Madam; Who the Devil, that has common Senſe, will go a Birding with a Clack in his Cap?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame you, Gentlemen, every One in their way; a Huntſman talks of his Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jocky of his Horſe, and a Gallant of his Miſtreſs.

Gat. Without the allowance of this Vanity, an Amour Would ſoon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatſoever you ſay, Ladies, I cannot believe You think us Men of ſuch abominable Principles.

Free.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful to Boaſt of the Favours of a Miſtreſs, as to deny the Courteſies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his Life in the Field to ſerve me, deſerves but equally with a Miſtreſs That kindly expoſes her Honour to oblige me, eſpecially When ſhe does it as generouſly too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I wou'd no more betray the Honour of Such a Woman, than I wou'd the Life of a Man that ſhou'd Rob on purpoſe to ſupply me.

Gat. We believe you Men of Honour, and know it is Below you to talk of any Woman that deſerves it.

Aria. You are ſo generous, you ſeldom inſult after a Victory.

Gat. And ſo vain, that you always triumph before it.

Court. 'Sdeath! what's the meaning of all this?

Gat. Though you find us ſo kind, Mr. *Courtal*, pray Do not tell Miſtreſs *Gazet* to Morrow, that we came Hither on purpoſe this Evening to meet you.

Court. I wou'd as ſoon Print it, and Fee a Fellow to Poſt it up with the Play-bills.

Gat. You have repos'd a great deal of Confidence in Her, for all you pretend this ill Opinion of her Secrecy now.

Court. I never truſted her with the Name of a Miſtreſs That I ſhou'd be jealous of, if I ſaw her receive Fruit, And go out of the Play-houſe with a Stranger.

Gat. For ought as I ſee, we are infinitely oblig'd to You, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impoſſible to be inſenſible of ſo much Goodneſs, Madam.

Gat. What goodneſs, pray Sir?

Court. Come, come, give over this Raillery.

Gat. You are ſo ridiculouſly unworthy, that 'twere Folly to reprove you with a ſerious Look.

Court. On my Conſcience, your Heart begins to fail You, now we are coming to the point, as a young Fellow's that was never in the Field before.

Gat.

Gat. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your ſelf ſent the Challenge, you Muſt not in Honour flie off now.

Gat. Challenge! Oh Heav'ns! this confirms all: Were I a Man, I wou'd kill thee for the Injuries thou Haſt already done me.

Free. to Aria. Let not your Suſpicion of my Unkindneſs make you thus ſcrupulous; was ever City ill treated, That ſurrendred without Aſſault or Summons?

Aria. Dear Siſter, what ill Spirit brought us hither? I never met with ſo much Impudence in my Life.

Court. aſide. Hey Jilts! they are as good at it already, As the old one, i'faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your Wit Enough; you wou'd not venture Letters of ſuch Conſequence for a Jeſt only.

Gat. Letters! Bleſs me, what will this come to?

Court. To that none of us ſhall have cauſe to repent, I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flie 'em, Siſter, they are Devils, and not Men, they could never be ſo malicious elſe.

Enter Lady Cockwood *and* Sentry.

La. *Cock.* Your Servant, Couſins.

Court. ſtarting. Ho my Lady *Cockwood!* My Ears are grown an Inch already.

Aria. My Lady! She'll think this an Appointment, Siſter.

Free. This is Madam *Matchiavil*, I ſuſpect, *Courtal.*

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtleſs: Now am I as Much out of Countenance, as I ſhou'd be if Sir *Oliver* Shou'd take me making bold with her Ladyſhip.

La. *Cock.* Do not let me diſcompoſe you, I can walk Alone, Couſins.

Gat. Are you ſo uncharitable, Madam, to think we Have any Buſineſs with 'em?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet 'em here, and Nothing could be ſo lucky as your coming, Madam, to Free us from 'em.

Gat.

Gat. They have abus'd us in the groſſeſt manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. *Cock.* Never trouble your ſelves, Couſins, I have Heard this is a common Practice with ſuch unworthy Men: Did they not threaten to divulge them, and Defame you to the World?

Gat. We cannot believe they intend any thing leſs, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Doubtleſs, they had ſuch a mean Opinion of Your Wit and Honour, that they thought to fright you To a baſe Compliance with their wicked Purpoſes.

Aria. I hate the very ſight of 'em.

Gat. I cou'd almoſt wiſh my ſelf a Diſeaſe, to breathe Infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty! we have carried on our Deſigns Very luckily againſt theſe young Ladies.

Free. We have loſt their good Opinion for ever.

La. *Cock.* I know not whether their Folly or their Impudence be greater, they are not worth your Anger. They are only fit to be laugh'd at, and deſpis'd.

Court. A very fine old Devil this!

La. *Cock.* Mr. *Freeman,* this is not like a Gentleman, to Affront a couple of young Ladies thus; but I cannot Blame you ſo much, you are in a maner a Stranger to Our Family: But I wonder how that baſe Man can look Me in the Face, conſidering how civilly he has been Treated at our Houſe.

Court. The Truth is, Madam, I am a Raſcal; but I Fear you have contributed to the making me ſo: Be not As unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor Sinner.

Sent. Did you ever ſee the like? Never truſt me, if he Has not the Confidence to make my Virtuous Lady Acceſſary to his Wickedneſs.

La. *Cock.* Ay *Sentry!* 'tis a miracle, if my Honour Eſcapes, conſidering the Acceſs which his Greatneſs With Sir *Oliver* has given him daily to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not Counterfeit theſe Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the King's Play-houſe, and I will ſhow it you, that you may ſee if you know the Hand.

La. *Cock.* *Sentry*, are you ſure they never ſaw any of Your Writing?

Court. 'Sdeath! I am ſo diſcompos'd, I know not where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam! now I remember my ſelf, Miſtreſs *Gatty* help'd me once to Indite a Letter to my Sweet-heart.

La. *Cock.* Forgetful Wench! then I am undone.

Court. Oh here it is —— Hey, who's here?

[*As he has the Letter in his Hand, enter Sir* Joſlin, *Sir* Oliver, *and* Rake-hell, *all Drunk, with Muſick.*

They Sing.

SHE's no Miſtreſs of mine
That drinks not her Wine,
Or Frowns at my Friend's drinking Motions;
If my Heart thou wou'dſt gain,
Drink thy Bottle of Champaign.
'Twill ſerve thee for Paint and Love-potions.

Sir *Oliv.* Who's here? *Courtal*, in my Lady's Company! I'll diſpatch him preſently; help me, Brother *Jolley.* [*He draws.*

La. *Cock.* For Heav'ns ſake, Sir *Oliver!*

Court. drawing. What do you mean, Sir?

Sir *Oliv.* I'll teach you more Manners, than to make Your Attempts on my Lady, Sir.

La. *Cock.* and *Sent.* Oh! Murder, Murder!

[*They ſhriek.*

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Save my dear Sir *Oliver*, Oh my dear Sir *Oliver!*

[*The young Ladies ſhriek and run out, they all draw to part 'em, they fight off the Stage, ſhe ſhrieks and runs out.*

ACT V. SCENE.

Scene, Sir *Oliver*'s Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood, *Table and Carpet.*

La. *Cock.* I Did not think he had been ſo deſperate in
His Drink; if they had kill'd one another,
I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my
Fears.——*Sentry*, your Careleſsneſs. [*Enter* Sentry.
And Forgetfulneſs ſometime or other will undo me;
Had not Sir *Oliver*, and Sir *Joſlin*, came ſo luckily into
The Garden, the Letters had been diſcover'd, and my
Honour left to the Mercy of a falſe Man, and two young
Fleering Girls: Did you ſpeak to Mr. *Freeman* unperceiv'd
In the hurry?

Sent. I did, Madam, and he promis'd me to diſengage
Himſelf as ſoon as poſſibly he could, and wait upon your
Ladyſhip with all Secrecy.

La. *Cock.* I have ſome reaſon to believe him a Man
Of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very Look, Madam, ſpeaks
Him to be much more a Gentleman than Mr. *Courtal*;
But I was unwilling before now to let your Ladyſhip
Know my Opinion, for fear of offending your Inclinations.

La. *Cock.* I hope by his means to get theſe Letters
Into my own Hands, and ſo prevent the Inconveniences
They may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what ſhou'd be Sir *Oliver*'s
Quarrel to Mr. *Courtal.*

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* You know how apt he is to be ſuſpicious in His Drink; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. *Courtal* Betray'd him at the *Bear* to Day.

Sent. Pray Heav'n he be not jealous of your Ladyſhip, Finding you abroad ſo unexpectedly; if he be, we ſhall Have a ſad Hand of him when he comes home, Madam.

La. *Cock.* I ſhould have apprehended it much my ſelf, *Sentry*, if his Drunkenneſs had not unadviſedly ingag'd Him in his Quarrel; as ſoon as he grows a little ſober, I am ſure his Fear will bring him home, and make him Apply himſelf to me, with all Humility and Kindneſs; For he is ever under-hand fain to uſe my Intereſt and Diſcretion to make Friends to Compound theſe Buſineſſes, Or to get an Order for the ſecuring his Perſon and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily Mr. *Courtal* wou'd have been ſo Rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. *Freeman* and the reſt Had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. *Cock.* Heav'ns forbid! though he be a wicked Man, I am oblig'd in Duty to love him: Whither did My Couſins go after we came home, *Sentry?*

Sent. They are at the next Door, Madam, laughing And playing at Lantrelou, with my old Lady *Love-youth* And her Daughters.

La. *Cock.* I hope they will not come home then to Interrupt my Affairs with Mr. *Freeman.* [*Knocking without.* Hark! ſome Body knocks, it may be him, run down Quickly.

Sent. I flie, Madam. [*Exit* Sentry.

La. *Cock.* Now if he has a real Inclination for my Perſon, I'll give him a handſom Opportunity to reveal it.

Enter Sentry *and* Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Oh Mr. *Freeman!* this unlucky Accident Has robb'd me of all my Quiet; I am almoſt diſtracted With thinking of the Danger Sir *Oliver*'s dear Life is in.

Free.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will be Reconcil'd again to Morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's Apprehenſions Did you but know the Tenderneſs of her Affection.

La. *Cock.* Mr. *Courtal* is a falſe and mercileſs Man

Free. He has always own'd a great Reſpect for your Ladyſhip, and I never heard him mention you with the Leaſt Diſhonour.

La. *Cock.* He cannot without injuring the Truth, Heav'n knows my Innocence: I hope you did not let Him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I ſhou'd never merit the Happineſs to wait Upon you again, had I ſo abus'd this extraordinary Favour, Madam.

La. *Cock.* If I have done any thing unbeſeeming my Honour, I hope you will be juſt, Sir, and impute it to My Fear; I know no Man ſo proper to compoſe this Unfortunate Difference as your ſelf, and if a Lady's Tears and Prayers have Power to move you to Compaſſion, I know you will imploy your utmoſt Endeavour to preſerve me, my dear Sir *Oliver.*

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your ſelf ſo much, I Dare engage my Life, his Life and Honour ſhall be Both ſecure.

La. *Cock.* You are truly noble, Sir; I was ſo diſtracted With my Fears, that I cannot well remember how we Parted at the *Spring-Garden.*

Free. We all divided, Madam; after your Ladyſhip And the young Ladies were gone together, Sir *Oliver,* Sir *Joſlin,* and the Company with them, took one Boat, And Mr. *Courtal* and I another.

La. *Cock.* Then I need not apprehend their meeting Again to Night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtal* in His Chamber, wond'ring what ſhou'd make Sir *Oliver* Draw upon him, and fretting and fuming about the Trick That was put upon us with the Letters to Day.

La. *Cock.* Oh! I had almoſt forgot my ſelf; I aſſure You, Sir, thoſe Letters were ſent by one that has no Inclination to be any Enemy of yours. [*Knocking below.* Some Body knocks. [*Exit* Sentry.

If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me Mortally, if he does but ſuſpect I uſe any ſecret means To hinder him from juſtifying his Reputation honourably To the World.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! Here is Mr. *Courtal* below in the Entry, diſcharging a Coach-man; I told him your Ladyſhip was buſie, but he wou'd not hear me, and I Find, do what I can, he will come up.

La. *Cock.* I wou'd not willingly ſuſpect you, Sir.

Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming Hither, and am as unwilling he ſhou'd find me here, as you Can be.

La. *Cock.* He will not believe my innocent Buſineſs With you, but will raiſe a new Scandal on my Honour, And publiſh it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him ſtep into the Cloſet, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Quick, Sir, quick, I beſeech you; I will ſend him away again immediately.

Enter Courtal.

La. *Cock.* Mr. *Courtal!* Have you no Senſe of Honour Nor Modeſty left? After ſo many Injuries, to come into Our Houſe, and without my Approbation rudely preſs Upon my Retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my Buſineſs.

La. *Cock.* Thy Buſineſs is maliciouſly to purſue my Ruin; thou com'ſt with a baſe Deſign to have Sir *Oliver* Catch thee here, and deſtroy the only Happineſs I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your Pardon for the Fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know of you the Reaſon of Sir *Oliver*'s Quarrel to me.

La. *Cock.* Thy guilty Conſcience is able to tell thee That, vain and ungrateful Man

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all things that may Offend him; and I am ſure, if you wou'd but hear me, I ſhou'd remove the Juſtice of your Quarrel too.

La. *Cock.* You are miſtaken, Sir, if you think I am concern'd for your going to the *Spring-Garden* this Evening; my Quarrel is the ſame with Sir *Oliver*, and is ſo juſt, that thou deſerv'ſt to be poiſon'd for what Thou haſt done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my Fault.

La. *Cock.* I bluſh to think upon't: Sir *Oliver*, ſince We came from the *Bear*, has heard ſome thing thou haſt Said concerning me; but what it is, I cou'd not get him To diſcover: He told me 'twas enough for me to know He was ſatisfy'd of my Innocence.

Court. This is meer Paſſion, Madam.

La. *Cock.* This is the uſual Revenge of ſuch baſe Men As thou art, when they cannot compaſs their Ends, with Their venomous Tongues to blaſt the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a ſudden Alteration, Madam; within Theſe few Hours you had a kinder Opinion of me.

La. *Cock.* 'Tis no wonder you brag of Favours behind My Back, that have the Impudence to upbraid me With Kindneſs to my Face: Doſt thou think I cou'd Ever have a good Thought of thee, whom I have Always found ſo treacherous in thy Friendſhip to Sir *Oliver?* [*Knock at the Door.*

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Sir *Oliver* come home.

La. *Cock.* O Heav'ns! I ſhall be believ'd guilty now, And he will kill us both. [*He Draws.*

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend your Life.

La. *Cock.* Oh! there will be Murder, Murder; for Heav'ns ſake, Sir, hide your ſelf in ſome Corner or other.

Court. I'll ſtep into that Cloſet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir, by no means: his Pipes and his Tobacco-Box lye there, and he always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Your Malice will ſoon be at an end: Heav'n Knows what will be the fatal Conſequence of your being Found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table, the Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. *Cock.* Have you good Nature enough to ſave the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

[*He goes under the Table.*

La. *Cock. running to the Cloſet.* Be ſure you do not ſtir, Sir, whatſoever happens.

Court. Not unleſs he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady ſpeaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. *Cock.* My dear Sir *Oliver.*——

Sir *Oliv.* I am unworthy of this Kindneſs, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Nay, I intend to chide you for your Naughtineſs anon; but I cannot chuſe but hug thee, and Kiſs thee a little firſt; I was afraid I ſhou'd never have Had thee alive within theſe Arms again.

Sir *Oliv.* Your Goodneſs does ſo increaſe my Shame, I know not what to ſay, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Well, I am glad I have thee ſafe at home, I Will lock thee up above in my Chamber, and will not So much as truſt thee down Stairs, 'till there be an end Of this Quarrel.

Sir *Oliv.* I was ſo little my ſelf, I knew not what I Did, elſe I had not expos'd my Perſon to ſo much Danger before thy Face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing Concerns my Lady has for you.

La. *Cock.* If Mr. *Courtal* had kill'd thee, I was reſolv'd Not to ſurvive thee; but before I had dy'd, I wou'd Have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir *Oliv.* As ſoon as I had recollected my ſelf a little, I cou'd not reſt 'till I came home to give thee this Satisfaction, that I will do nothing without thy Advice

And Approbation, my Dear: I know thy Love makes
Thy Life depend upon mine, and it is unreasonable
I shou'd upon my own rash Head hazard that, though
It be for the Justification of thy Honour. Uds me! I
Have let fall a *China*-Orange that was recommended to
Me for one of the best that came over this Year. Slife
Light the Candle, *Sentry*, 'tis run under the Table. [*Knock.*

La. *Cock.* Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry *takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the Door, she runs away with the Candle.*

Sent. Oh Heav'n! who's that that knocks so hastily?

Sir *Oliv.* Why, *Sentry!* bring back the Candle; are You mad to leave us in the Dark, and your Lady not Well? How is it, my Dear?

La. *Cock.* For Heav'ns sake run after her, Sir *Oliver*, Snatch the Candle out of her Hand, and teach her more Manners.

Sir *Oliv.* I will, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* What shall I do? Was ever Woman so Unfortunate in the Management of Affairs!

Court. What will become of me now?

La. *Cock.* It must be so, I had better trust my Honour To the Mercy of them two, than be betray'd to my Husband: Mr. *Courtal*, give me your Hand quickly, I Beseech you.

Court. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now?

La. *Cock.* I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Court. He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-Box and Pipes.

La. *Cock.* Never fear that, Sir.

Free. out of the Closet-door. Now shall I be discover'd. Pox on your Honourable Intrigue, wou'd I were safe at *Gifford's*.

La. *Cock.* Here, here, Sir, this is the Door; whatsoever You feel, be not frighted; for shou'd you make the least Disturbance, you will destroy the Life, and what is more, The Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Court.

Court. So, ſo, if you have Occaſion to remove again, Make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir *Oliv.* Here is the Candle; how doſt thou, my Dear?

La. *Cock.* I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had been ſo ill bred, to run away, and leave your Maſter and me In the Dark.

Sent. I thought there had been another Candle upon The Table, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Good! you thought! you are always Excuſing of your Careleſsneſs; ſuch another Miſdemeanor——

Sir *Oliv.* Prithee, my Dear, forgive her.

La. *Cock.* The Truth is, I ought not to be very angry With her at preſent, 'tis a good natur'd Creature: She Was ſo frighted, for fear of thy being miſchief'd in the *Spring-Garden*, that I verily believe ſhe ſcarce knows what She does yet.

Sir *Oliv.* Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I may look For my Orange.

La. *Cock.* You have been at my Lady *Love-youths*, Couſins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gat. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir *Oliv.* So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it home On Purpoſe for thee.

La. *Cock.* 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed! Thank you, My Dear; I am ſo diſcompos'd with the Fright I have Had, that I you'd fain be at reſt.

Sir *Oliv.* Get a Candle, *Sentry*: Will you go to Bed, My Dear?

La. *Cock.* With all my Heart, Sir *Oliver*: 'Tis late, Couſins, you had beſt retire to your Chamber too.

Gat. We ſhall not ſtay long here, Madam.

Sir *Oliv.* Come, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* Good Night, Couſins.

Gat. and *Aria.* Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir* Oliver, *Lady* Cockwood, *and* Sentry.

Aria. I cannot but think of thoſe Letters, Siſter.

Gat. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Freeman*, Siſter; I perceive he runs in thy Head as much as a new Gown uſes to do in the Country, the Night before 'tis Expected from *London.*

Aria. You need not talk, for I am ſure the Loſſes of An unlucky Gameſter are not more his Meditation, than Mr. *Courtal* is yours.

Gat. He has made ſome ſlight Impreſſion on my Memory, I confeſs; but I hope a Night will wear him out again, As it does the noiſe of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like ſome Stains, will wear out of it ſelf, I know, but not in ſuch a little time as you talk of, Siſter.

Gat. It cannot laſt longer than the Stain of a Mulberry At moſt; the next Seaſon out that goes, and my Heart Cannot be long unfruitful, ſure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd theſe Letters; What ſhou'd be their End?

Gat. That you may eaſily gueſs at; but methinks they Took a very improper way to compaſs it.

Aria. It looks more like the Malice or Jealouſie of a Woman, than the Deſign of two witty Men.

Gat. If this ſhou'd prove a Fetch of her Ladyſhip's Now, that is a playing the loving Hypocrite above with Her dear Sir *Oliver.*

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted, when they Were going to ſhow us the Hand!

Gat. That might have diſcover'd all: I have a ſmall Suſpicion, that there has been a little Familiarity betwee Her Ladyſhip and Mr. *Courtal.*

Aria. Our finding of 'em together in the *Exchange*, and Several Paſſages I obſerv'd at the *Bear*, have almoſt made Me of the ſame Opinion.

Gat.

Gat. Yet I wou'd fain believe the continuance of it is More her Desire than his Inclination: That which makes Me mistrust him most, is her knowing we made 'em an Appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. *Courtal*, she wou'd Not be jealous of Mr. *Freeman* too; they both pretend To have receiv'd Letters.

Gat. There is something in it more than we are able To imagine; time will make it out, I hope, to the Advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I wou'd gladly have it so; for I believe, shou'd They give us a just Cause, we shou'd find it a hard Task to hate them.

Gat. How I love the Song I learnt t'other Day, since I saw them in the *Mulberry-Garden!*

She Sings.

TO little or no purpose I spent many Days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the Plays;
For ne'er in my Rambles, 'till now, did I prove
So lucky to meet with the Man I cou'd love.
Oh! how I am pleas'd, when I think on this Man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

2.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well.
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I wou'd give all the World he did know it:
But oh how I sigh, when I think shou'd he Woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

Aria. Fie, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Gat. I hate to dissemble when I need not; 'twou'd Look as affected in us to be reserv'd now w'are alone, as

For a Player to maintain the Character ſhe acts in the Tyring-room.

Aria. Prithee ſing a good Song.

Gat. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal, Compos'd by ſome amorous Coxcomb, who ſwears in All Companies he loves his Miſtreſs ſo well, that he Wou'd not do her the Injury, were ſhe willing to grant him the Favour, and it may be is Sot enough to believe He wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar out of the Cloſet, to take thee off of this Subject.

Gat. I'd rather be a Nun, than a Lover at thy rate; Devotion is not able to make me half ſo ſerious as Love Has made thee already.

[Ariana *opens the Cloſet,* Courtal *and* Freeman *come out*

Court. Ha, *Freeman!* Is this your Buſineſs with a Lawyer? Here's a new Diſcovery, i'faith!

[*They ſhriek and run out.*

Free. Peace, Man, I will ſatisfie your Jealouſie Hereafter; ſince we have made this lucky Diſcovery, Let us mind the preſent Buſineſſes.

[Courtal *and* Freeman *catch the Ladies, and bring them back.*

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you, there Is no eſcaping 'till w'are come to a right Underſtanding.

Enter Lady Cockwood, *and Sir* Oliver, *and* Sentry.

Free. Come, never bluſh, we are as loving as you can Be for your Hearts, I aſſure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to have Been conceal'd here, you wou'd have had ill Nature Enough to diſſemble with us at leaſt a Fortnight longer.

La. *Cock.* What's the matter with you here? Are you Mad, Couſins? Bleſs me, Mr. *Courtal* and Mr. *Freeman* In our Houſe at theſe unſeaſonable Hours!

Sir *Oliv.* Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry,* I lay My Life *Courtal* has been tempting the Honour of the Young Ladies.

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Oh my Dear! [*She holds him.*

Gat. We are almoſt ſcared out of our Wits, my Siſter Went to fetch my Guitar out of the Cloſet, and found 'Em both ſhut up there.

La. *Cock.* Come, come, this will not ſerve your turn; I am afraid ye had a Deſign ſecretly to convey 'em into your Chamber: Well, I will have no more of theſe Doings in my Family, my Dear; Sir *Joſlin* ſhall remove Theſe Girls to Morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam; their Surprize ſhews their Innocence.

Court. If any Body be to blame, it is Miſtreſs *Sentry.*

Sent. What mean you, Sir? Heaven knows I know no More of their being here—

Court. Nay, nay, Miſtreſs *Sentry*, you need not be Aſham'd to own the doing of a couple of young Gentlemen ſuch a good Office.

Sent. Do not think to put your Tricks upon me, Sir.

Court. Underſtanding by Miſtreſs *Sentry*, Madam, that Theſe young Ladies wou'd very likely ſit and talk in the Dining-room an Hour before they went to Bed, of the Accidents of the Day, and being impatient to know Whether that unlucky Bus'neſs which happen'd in the *Spring-Garden*, about the Letters, had quite deſtroy'd our Hopes of gaining their Eſteem; for a ſmall ſum of Mony Mr. *Freeman* and I obtain'd the Favour of her to ſhut us Up where we might over-hear 'em.

La. *Cock.* Is this the Truth, *Sentry?*

Sent. I humbly beg your Pardon, Madam.

La. *Cock.* A Lady's Honour is not ſafe, that keeps a Servant ſo ſubject to Corruption; I will turn her out of My Service for this.

Sir *Oliv.* Good! I was ſuſpicious their Buſineſſes had Been with my Lady at firſt.

La. *Cock.* Now will I be in Charity with him again, For putting this off ſo handſomly. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Oliv.* Hark you, my Dear, ſhall I forbid Mr. *Courtal* My Houſe?

La. *Cock.*

La. *Cock.* Oh! by no means, my Dear; I had forgot
To tell thee, ſince I acquainted thee with that Buſ'neſs,
I have been diſcourſing with my Lady *Love-youth*, and
She blam'd me infinitely for letting thee know it, and
Laugh'd exceedingly at me, believing Mr. *Courtal* intended
Thee no Injury, and told me 'twas only a harmleſs
Gallantry, which his French Breeding has us'd him to.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, I am apt enough to believe it; for on
My Conſcience, he is a very honeſt Fellow. Well *Courtal!*
How the Devil came it about that thee and I fell to Sa, ſa,
In the *Spring-Garden?*

Court. You are beſt able to reſolve your ſelf that,
Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* Well, the Devil take me, if I had the leaſt
Unkindneſs for thee.——Prithee let us embrace and kiſs,
And be as good Friends as ever we were, dear Rogue.

Court. I am ſo reaſonable, Sir *Oliver*, that I will aſk
No other Satisfaction for the Injury you have done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Siſter, look here, do you know this Hand?

Gat. 'Tis *Sentry*'s.

La. *Cock.* Oh Heav'ns! I ſhall be ruin'd yet.

Gat. She has been the Contriver of all this Miſchief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her Charge in
This; ſhe was but my Lady's Secretary, I aſſure you,
She has diſcover'd the whole Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean?

La. *Cock.* Will he betray me at laſt?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature ſeverely virtuous,
Is, it ſeems, offended at the innocent Freedom you take
In rambling up and down by your ſelves; which made
Her, out of a tenderneſs to your Reputations, counterfeit
Theſe Letters, in hopes to fright you to that Reſervedneſs
Which ſhe approves of.

La. *Cock.* This has almoſt redeem'd my Opinion of
His Honour. [*Aſide.*
Couſins, the little regard you had to the good
Counſel

Counſel I gave you, puts me upon this Buſineſs.

Gat. Pray, Madam, what was it Miſtreſs *Gazet* told You concerning us?

La. Lock. Nothing, nothing, Couſins: What I told You of Mr. *Courtal* was meer Invention, the better to carry on my Deſign for your good.

Courtl. Freelan. Pray what brought you hither?

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladyſhip.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me?

Free. I was afraid thy peeviſh Jealouſie might have Deſtroy'd the Deſign I had of getting an Opportunity To clear our ſelves to the young Ladies.

Court. Fortune has been our Friend in that beyond Expectation.

To the Ladies.] I hope, Ladies, you are ſatisfy'd of our Innocence now.

Gat. Well, had you been found guilty of the Letters, We were reſolv'd to have counterfeited two Contracts Under your Hands, and have ſuborn'd Witneſſes to Swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full Revenge; for I know You wou'd think it as great a Scandal to be thought to Have an Inclination for Marriage, as we ſhou'd to be Believ'd willing to take our Freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had been Only to pretend a Promiſe; we have now and then Courage enough to venture ſo far for a valuable Conſideration.

Gat. The Truth is, ſuch experienc'd Gentlemen as You are, ſeldom Mortgage your Perſons without it be to Redeem your Eſtates.

Court. 'Tis a Mercy we have 'ſcap'd the Miſchief So long, and are like to do Penance only for our own Sins; moſt Families are a Wedding behind-hand in the World, which makes ſo many young Men fool'd into Wives, to pay their Father's Debts: All the Happineſs

A Gentleman can deſire, is to live at liberty, 'till he be Forc'd that way to pay his own.

Free. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant of the Good Intentions you have towards us; pray let us treat a little.

Gat. I hope you are not in ſo deſperate a Condition, As to have a good Opinion of Marriage, are you?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpoſe to Treat with us of any Thing under that, as it is for thoſe kind Ladies, that Have oblig'd you with a valuable Conſideration, to Challenge the Performance of your Promiſe.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, and how, and how, my dear *Ned*, Goes the Buſineſs between you and theſe Ladies? Are You like to drive a Bargain?

Court. Faith, Sir *Oliver*, we are about it.

Sir *Oliv.* And cannot agree, I warrant you; they are For having you take a Leaſe for Life, and you are for Being Tenants at Will, *Ned*, is it not ſo?

Gat. Theſe Gentlemen have found it ſo convenient Lying in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the Of taking a Houſe of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-ſeat, Madam, with a Handſom parcel of Land, and other Neceſſaries belonging To't, may tempt us; but for a Town-Tenement that Has but one poor Conveniency, we are reſolv'd we'll Never deal. [*A noiſe of Muſick without.*

Sir *Oliv.* Hark! my Brother *Jolley*'s come home.

Aria. Now, Gentlemen, you had beſt look to your Selves, and come to an Agreement with us quickly; for I'll lay my life, my Uncle has brought home a couple Of freſh Chapmen, that will out-bid you.

Enter Sir Joſlin *with Muſick.*

Sir *Joſ.* Hey Boys! [*Dance.*

SINGS.

SINGS.

A *Cat, and a Glaſs,*
A Fiddle and a Laſs,
What more wou'd an honeſt Man have?
Hang your Temperate Sot,
Who wou'd ſeem what he's not;
For I am Wiſe, he's but Grave.

Sir *Joſ.* What's here? Mr. *Courtal* and Mr. *Freeman!*

Sir *Oliv.* Oh Man! here has been the prettieſt, the Luckieſt Diſcovery on all ſides! We are all good Friends Again.

Sir *Joſ.* Hark you, Brother *Cockwood*, I have got Madam *Rampant*; *Rake-hell* and ſhe are without.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh Heav'ns! Dear Brother *Jolley*, ſend her Away immediately; my Lady has ſuch an Averſion to a Naughty Woman, that ſhe will ſwoon if ſhe does but See her.

Sir *Joſ.* Faith, I was hard put to't, I wanted a Lover, And rather than I wou'd break my old Wont, I dreſs'd Up *Rampant* in a Suit I bought of *Rake-hell*; but ſince This good Company's here, [*Enter* Rake-hell. I'll ſend her away. My little *Rake-hell*, come hither; you See here are two powerful Rivals; therefore for fear of Kicking, or a worſe Diſaſter, take *Rampant* with you, And be going quickly.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Ex.* Rake-hell *and* Rampant.

Court. You may hereafter ſpare your ſelf this Labour, Sir *Joſlin*; Mr. *Freeman* and I have vow'd our ſelves Humble Servants to theſe Ladies.

Free. I hope we ſhall have your Approbation, Sir.

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, if you have a mind to commit Matrimony, I'll ſend for a Canonical Sir, ſhall diſpatch you preſently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the Humour? Conſideration may be your Foe, Ladies. *Aria.*

Aria. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make you a Fair Propoſition; Since you have made a Diſcovery of our Inclinations, my Siſter and I will be content to admit you in the quality of Servants.

Ga. And if after a Months Experience of your good Behaviour, upon ſerious Thoughts, you have Courage Enough to engage further, we will accept of the Challenge, And believe you Men of Honour.

Sir *Joſ.* Well ſpoke i'faith, Girls; and is't a match, Boys?

Court. If the Heart of Man be not very deceitful, 'tis Very likely it may be ſo.

Free. A Month is a tedious time, and will be a dangerous Trial of our Reſolutions; but I hope we ſhall not repent Before Marriage, what-e'er we do after.

Sir *Joſ.* How ſtand Matters between you and your Lady, Brother *Cockwood?* Is there Peace on all ſides?

Sir *Oliv.* Perfect Concord, Man: I will tell thee all That has happen'd ſince I parted from thee, when we are Alone, 'twill make thee Laugh heartily. Never Man was So happy in a virtuous and a loving Lady!

Sir *Joſ.* Though I have led Sir *Oliver* aſtray this Day or Two, I hope you will not exclude me the Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. *Cock.* The nigh Relation I have to you, and the Reſpect I know Sir *Oliver* has for you, makes me forget All that has paſs'd, Sir; but pray be not the occaſion of Any new Tranſgreſſions,

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Courtal,* ſince my Endeavours to Serve you, have ruin'd me in the Opinion of my Lady, You will interceed for a Reconciliation.

Court. Moſt willingly, Miſtreſs *Sentry*——Faith, Madam Since things have fallen out ſo luckily, you muſt needs Receive your Woman into Favour again.

La. *Cock.* Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon ſome ſolemn Proteſtations, Madam, that the Gentlemens Intentions were honourable; and having reaſon To believe the young Ladies had no Averſion to their

Inli-

Inclinations, I was of Opinion I ſhou'd have been ill Natur'd, if I had not aſſiſted 'em in the removing thoſe Difficulties that delay'd their Happineſs.

Sir *Oliv.* Come, come, Girl, confeſs how many Guineas Prevail upon your eaſie Nature.

Sent. Ten, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* 'Slife, a Sum able to corrupt an honeſt Man In Office! Faith you muſt forgive her, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* It is to be your Pleaſure, Sir *Oliver*, I cannot But be Obedient.

Sent. If Sir *Oliver*, Madam, ſhou'd ask me to ſee this Gold, all may be diſcover'd yet.

La. *Cock.* If he does, I will give thee ten Guineas out Of my Cabinet.

Sent. I ſhall take care to put him upon't; 'tis fit, that I Who have bore all the Blame, ſhou'd have ſome reaſonable Reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me the Happineſs I am to enjoy with your fair Relation.

La. *Cock.* Your Ingenuity and Goodneſs, Sir, have made A perfect Attonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your Buſineſs with Mr. *Freeman?*

La. *Cock.* Only to oblige him to endeavour a Reconciliation between you and Sir *Oliver*; for though I Was reſolv'd never to ſee your Face again, it was Death to Me to think your Life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous come off is this, Madam!

La. *Cock.* It has made me ſo truly ſenſible of thoſe Dangers to which an aſpiring Lady muſt daily expoſe her Honour, that I am reſolv'd to give over the great Bus'neſs Of this Town, and hereafter modeſtly confine my ſelf to The humble Affairs of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis a very pious Reſolution, Madam, and the Better to confirm you in it, pray entertain an able Chaplain.

La. *Cock.* Certainly Fortune was never before ſo unkind To the Ambition of a Lady.

Sir *Joſ.*

Sir *Joſ.* Come, Boys, Faith we will have a Dance before We go to Bed—— Slie-girl and Mad-cap, give me your Hands, that I may give 'em to theſe Gentlemen, 'a Parſon Shall join you e'er long, and then you will have Authority To Dance to ſome purpoſe: Brother *Cockwood*, take out Your Lady, I am for Miſtreſs *Sentry*.

We'll foot it, and ſide it, my pretty little Miſs,
And when we are weary, we'll lye down and reſt

Play away, Boys. [*They Dance.*

Court. to *Gat.* Now ſhall I ſleep as little without you, as I ſhou'd do with you: Madam, Expectation makes me Almoſt as reſtleſs as Jealouſie.

Free. Faith, let us diſpatch this Bus'neſs: Yet I never Cou'd find the Pleaſure of waiting for a Diſh of Meat, When a Man was heartily hungry.

Gat. Marrying in this Heat wou'd look as ill as fighting In your Drink.

Aria. And be no more a proof of Love, than t'other is Of Valour.

Sir *Jo.* Never trouble your Heads further; ſince I Perceive you are all agreed on the Matter, let me alone to Haſten the Ceremony: Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to Their Chambers; Brother *Cockwood*, do you ſhew the Way with your Lady.

Ha Miſtreſs *Sentry!*

SINGS.

I Gave my Love a Green-gown
I'th' merry Month of May,
And down ſhe fell as wantonly,
As a Tumbler does at Play.

Hey Boys, lead away Boys.

Sir *Oliv.* Give me thy Hand, my Virtuous, my Dear; Henceforwards may our mutual Loves increaſe, And when we are a-Bed, we'll ſign the Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes*

THE

THE

MAN of MODE

OR,

Sir *Fopling Flutter*

A

COMEDY

Acted at the *Duke's* Theater.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. H.* and Sold by *J. Tonson* and *T. Bennet*. 1703.

TO HER

Royal Highneſs

THE

DUTCHESS.

Madam,

POETS, however they may be modeſt otherwiſe, have always too good an Opinion of what they Write. The World, when it ſees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highneſs*, will conclude, I have more than my ſhare of that Vanity. But I hope the Honour I have of belonging to You, will excuſe my Preſumption. 'Tis the firſt thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my Choice durſt not elſe have aſpir'd.

I am very ſenſible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the Succeſs it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no leſs fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are ſo ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be ſevere to what You are pleas'd to favour.

This Univerſal Submiſſion and Reſpect is due to the Greatneſs of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illuſtrious Qualities, which are much more engaging. Thoſe wou'd but dazzle, did not theſe really charm the Eyes and Underſtandings of all who have the Happineſs to approach You.

Authors, on theſe Occaſions, are never wanting to publiſh a Particular of their Patron's Virtues and Perfections; but *Your Royal Highneſs*'s are ſo eminently known, that did I follow their Examples, I ſhou'd but Paint thoſe Wonders here, of which every one already has the Idea in his Mind. Beſides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Proſe, which is ſo glorious a Subject for Verſe; in which hereafter if I ſhow more Zeal than Skill, it will not grieve me much, ſince I leſs paſſionately deſire to be eſteem'd a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt humble, moſt obedient,

and moſt faithful Servant,

George Etherege.

PROLOGUE.

By Sir *Car Scroope*, Baronet.

LIKE Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Moſt periſh young, the reſt in Danger are;
This (one would think) ſhou'd make our Authors wary,
But, Gameſter like, the Giddy Fools miſcarry.
A lucky Hand or two ſo tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play 'till they're undone.
With modeſt Feats a Muſe does firſt begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with Praiſe, by her good Will,
The wanton Fool won'd never more lye ſtill.
'Tis an old Miſtreſs you'll meet here to Night,
Whoſe Charms you once have look'd on with Delight;
But now of late ſuch dirty Drabs have known ye,
A Muſe o'th' better ſort's aſham'd to own you.
Nature well drawn, and Wit, muſt now give place
To gawdy Nonſence, and to dull Grimace:
Nor is it ſtrange that you ſhou'd like ſo much
That kind of Wit, for moſt of yours is ſuch.
But I'm afraid, that while to France *we go,*
To bring you home Fine Dreſſes, Dance, and Show;
The Stage, like you, will but more Foppiſh grow.
Of Foreign Wares why ſhou'd we fetch the Scum,
When we can be ſo richly ſerv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not ſo wiſe an Age,
But your own Follies may ſupply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great fear the Soil
Shou'd barren grow by the too frequent Toil;
While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such Loads of Dunghil to manure the Ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Phyſicians by Diſeaſes live.

And as each Year ſome new Diſtemper Reigns,
Whoſe friendly Poiſon helps t'increaſe their Gains:
So among you, there ſtarts up every Day,
Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own ſakes be not too ſevere,
Nor what you all Admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why ſhou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glaſs?

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Dorimant,
Mr. Medley,
Old Bellair,
Young Bellair,
Sir Fopling Flutter, } *Gentlemen.*
Lady Townley,
Emilia,
Mrs. Loveit,
Bellinda,
Lady Woodvil, *and*
Harriet *her Daughter.* } *Gentlewomen*
Pert, *and* Buſy, *Waiting Women.*
A Shoomaker.
An Orange Woman.
Three Slovenly Bullies.
Two Chair-men.
Mr. Smirk, *a Parſon.*
Handy, *a Valet de Chambre.*
Pages, Foot-men, &c.

THE MAN of MODE;

OR,

Sir *Fopling Flutter.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, A Dreſſing-Room, a Table covered with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his Hand made up, repeating Verſes.*

Dor. NOW *for ſome Ages had the Pride of* Spain,
Made the Sun ſhine on half the World in vain.
[*Then looking on the Note.*
For Mrs. Loveit.
What a dull inſipid thing is a Billet-doux written in cold Blood, after the Heat of the Buſineſs is over? It is a Tax upon good Nature which I have here been labouring To pay, and have done it, but with as much Regret, As ever Fanatick paid the Royal Aid, or Church Duties; I will have the ſame Fate, I know, that all my Notes to her Have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right when they jealouſly examine our

Letters, for in them we always firſt diſcover our Decay Of Paſſion.——Hey!——Who waits!——

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir.——

Dor. Call a Foot-man.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! Will they ever lye ſnoring a-Bed 'till Noon.

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge 'Em ſo, they're ever poaching after Whores all the Morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his Duty, the next Clap he gets, he ſhall rot for an Example. What Vermin are thoſe Chattering without?

Handy. Foggy *Nan* the Orange Woman, and ſwearing *Tom* the Shoomaker.

Dor. Go; call in that over-grown Jade with the Flasket of Guts before her, Fruit is refreſhing in a Morning. [*Exit* Handy.

It is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your Feet I lay. [*Enter* Or. Wom.

How now Double-Tripe, what News do you bring?

Orange Woman. News! Here's the beſt Fruit has come To Town t'year; Gad I was up before Four a Clock This Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.

Dor. The naſty Refuſe of your Shop.

Or. Wom. You need not make Mouths at it, I aſſure You 'tis all cull'd Ware.

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their Walk to *Totnam.*

Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one, I never knew you Commend any thing; Lord, wou'd the Ladies had heard You talk of 'em as I have done: Here, bid your Man Give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*

Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my Conſcience, there never was The like of you. God's my life, I had almoſt forgot

To tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come To Town with her Mother, that is ſo taken with you.

Dor. Is ſhe Handſome?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, there are few finer Women, I tell You but ſo, and a hugeous Fortune, they ſay. Here, eat This Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis better than any *Newington* y'have taſted.

Dor. This fine Woman, I'll lay my Life, [*Taking the Peach.*
Is ſome awkward, ill-faſhion'd, Country Toad, who, not Having above four Dozen of black Hairs on her Head, Has adorn'd her Baldneſs with a large white Fruz, that She may look ſparkiſhly in the Fore-front of the King's Box, at an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad, you'd change your Note quickly, if You did but ſee her.

Dor. How came ſhe to know me?

Or. Wom. She ſaw you yeſterday at the *Change*; ſhe Told me you came and fool'd with the Woman at the Next Shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask obſerv'd me indeed. Fool'd, did ſhe ſay?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow, ſhe told me twenty things you Said too; and acted with her Head and with her Body ſo You.——

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, my Life, my Joy, my darling Sin; How doſt thou?

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick theſe Men have Got of kiſſing one another! [*She ſpits.*

Med. Why do you ſuffer this Cart-load of Scandal to Come near you, and make your Neighbours think you So Improvident to need a Baw'd?

Or. Wom. Good, now we ſhall have it, you did but want him to help you; come, pay me for my Fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it, Huſwife, Bawds are As much out of Faſhion as Gentlemen-Uſhers; none

But

But old Formal Ladies uſe the one, and none but Foppiſh Old Strangers employ the other; go, you are an Inſignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary is her Buſineſs.

Or. Wom. What you pleaſe, Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there is not ſuch another Heathen In the Town again, except it be the Shoomaker without.

Med. I ſhall ſee you hold up your Hand at the Bar Next Seſſions for M rder, Huſwife; that Shoomaker can Take his Oath you are in Fee with the Doctors to ſell Green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may Breed Diſeaſes.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my Mony.

Dor. Not a Penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you ſpoke of, you ſhall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may Be as honeſt as your Siſter, for ought as I know. Pray Pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not abuſe me ſo; I have An honeſter way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever ſuch a reſty Bawd?

Dor. Some Jade's Tricks ſhe has, but ſhe makes amends When ſhe's in good Humour: Come, tell me the Lady's Name, and *Handy* ſhall pay you.

Or. Wom. I muſt not, ſhe forbid me.

Dor. That's a ſure ſign ſhe wou'd have you.

Med. Where does ſhe live?

Or. Wom. They Lodge at my Houſe.

Med. Nay, then ſhe's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medley*, ſay your Pleaſure of me, but Take heed how you affront my Houſe; God's my life, In a hopeful way!

Dor. Prithee peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman. Lord bleſs! She talks againſt the wild young Men o'the Town, as For your part ſhe thinks you an Arrant Devil; ſhould

She ſee you, on my Conſcience ſhe wou'd look if you Had not a Cloven-foot.

Dor. Does ſhe know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearſay; a thouſand horrid Stories Have been told her of you, and ſhe believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this ſhould be the Famous Lady *Woodvil*, and her Daughter *Harriet*.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for gueſſing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em.

Med. Both very well; the Mother's a great Admirer Of the Forms and Civility of the laſt Age.

Dor. An antiquated Beauty may be allow'd to be out Of Humour at the Freedoms of the preſent. This is A good Account of the Mother; pray what is the Daughter?

Med. Why, firſt ſhe's an Heireſs vaſtly Rich.

Dor. And Handſome?

Med. What Alteration a Twelve-month may have Bred in her I know not, but a Year ago ſhe was the Beautifulleſt Creature I ever ſaw; a fine, eaſie, clean Shape, light brown Hair in abundance; her Features Regular, her Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes; but above all, a Mouth that has made me Kiſs it a Thouſand times in Imagination, Teeth white and even, And pretty pouting Lips, with a little Moiſture ever Hanging on them, that look like the Province Roſe freſh On the Buſh, e'er the Morning Sun has quite drawn Up the Dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, he tells you true, ſhe's a Delicate Creature.

Dor. Has ſhe Wit?

Med. More than is uſual in her Sex, and as much Malice. Then ſhe's as wild as you wou'd wiſh her, and has a Demureneſs in her Looks that makes it ſo ſurpriſing.

Dor. Fleſh and Blood cannot hear this, and not long To know her.

Med.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her up to Town; an old doating Keeper cannot be more jealous of His Miſtreſs.

Or. Wom. She made me Laugh yeſterday; there was A Judge came to viſit 'em, and the old Man, ſhe told Me, did ſo ſtare upon her, and when he ſaluted her Smack'd ſo heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God-a-mercy, Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe Have not been wanting by their good Examples to Countenance the crying Sin o' the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than You imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoomaker, *Handy*.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Dorimant* pay me; Gad, I had Rather give you my Fruit, than ſtay to be abus'd by That foul-mouth'd Rogue; what you Gentlemen ſay it Matters not much, but ſuch a dirty Fellow does one More Diſgrace.

Dor. Give her ten Shillings, and be ſure you tell the Young Gentlewoman I muſt be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heav'ns mend you.

Med. Farewel, Bogg.—— [*Exit* Or. Wom. *and* Handy. *Dorimant*, when did you ſee your *Pis aller*, as you call Her, Mrs. *Loveit?*

Dor. Not theſe two Days.

Med. And how ſtand Affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ado We make a ſhift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conſcience, I never knew ſo Violent a Creature.

Med. She's the moſt paſſionate in her Love, and the Moſt extravagant in her Jealouſie of any Woman ever Heard of. What Note is that?

Dor.

Dor. An Excuſe I am going to ſend her for the Neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dor. No, but if you will take the Pains you may.

Medley *Reads.*

I never was a Lover of Buſineſs, but now I have a juſt Reaſon to hate it, ſince it has kept me theſe two Days from ſeeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the Afternoon, and in the Pleaſure of your Converſation, forget all I have ſuffer'd during this tedious Abſence.

This Buſineſs of yours, *Dorimant*, has been with a Vizard at the Play-houſe, I have had an Eye on you. If ſome malicious Body ſhou'd betray you, this kind Note wou'd hardly make your Peace with her.

Dor. I deſire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her Knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Moſt infinitely; next to the coming to a good Underſtanding with a new Miſtreſs, I love a Quarrel with An old one; but the Devil's in't, there has been ſuch a Calm in my Affairs of late, I have not had the Pleaſure Of making a Woman ſo much as break her Fan, to be Sullen, or forſwear her ſelf theſe three Days.

Med. A very great Misfortune; let me ſee, I love Miſchief well enough, to forward this Buſineſs my ſelf; I'll about it preſently, and though I know the Truth of What y'ave done will ſet her a raving, I'll heighten it A little with Invention, leave her in a Fit o'the Mother, And be here again before y'are ready.

Dor. Pray ſtay, you may ſpare your ſelf the Labour, The Buſineſs is undertaken already by one who will Manage it with as much Addreſs, and I think with a Little more Malice than you can.

Med. Who i'the Devil's Name can this be!

Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you ſaw me With.

Med. Does ſhe love Miſchief ſo well, as to betray her Self to ſpight another

Dor.

Dor. Not ſo neither, *Medley*, I will make you Comprehend the Myſtery; this Mask, for a farther Confirmation of what I have been theſe two Days Swearing to her, made me yeſterday at the Play-houſe Make her a Promiſe before her Face, utterly to break off With *Loveit*; and becauſe ſhe tenders my Reputation, And wou'd not have me do a barbarous thing, has Contriv'd a way to give me a handſom Occaſion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends, about an Hour before me, this Afternoon to make *Loveit* a Viſit, and (having the Privilledge, by reaſon of a profeſs'd Friendſhip between 'em) To talk of her Concerns.

Med. Is ſhe a Friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend!

Med. Better and better, pray proceed.

Dor. She means inſenſibly to inſinuate a Diſcourſe of Me, and artificially raiſe her Jealouſie to ſuch a height, That tranſported with the firſt Motions of her Paſſion, ſhe Shall fly upon me with all the Fury imaginable, as ſoon As ever I enter; the Quarrel being thus happily begun, I am to play my Part, confeſs and juſtifie all my Roguery, ſwear her Impertinence and ill Humour makes Her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop that comes Into my Head, and in a Huff march away; ſlight her, And leave her to be taken by whoſoever thinks it worth His Time to lye down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a Spark, and has a Genius that Makes her worthy of your ſelf, *Dorimant.*

Enter Handy, Shoomaker, *and* Foot-man.

Dor. You Rogue there, who ſneak like a Dog that Has flung down a Diſh, if you do not mend your Waiting I'll uncaſe you, and turn you looſe to the Wheel Of Fortune. *Handy*, ſeal this, and let him run with it Preſently. [*Exit* Handy *and* Foot-man.

Med. Since y'are reſolv'd on a Quarrel, why do you Send her this kind Note?

Dor.

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the Buſineſs. How now, you drunken Sot? [*To the* Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reaſon to talk, I have not ſtaid a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly this Fortnight.

Med. The Orange Woman ſays, your Neighbours Take notice what a Heathen you are, and deſign to Inform the Biſhop, and have you burn'd for an Atheiſt.

Shoom. Damn her, Dunghil, if her Husband does not Remove his Nuſs ſo, the Pariſh intend to Indict Him for a Nuſance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your Life, You have brought the Envy of the World upon you, By living above your ſelf. Whoring and ſwearing are Vices too gentile for a Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you Men of Quality will grow As unreaſonable as the Women; you wou'd ingroſs the Sins o'the Nation; poor Folks can no ſooner be wicked, But they're rail'd at by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you ſtand i'the Pillory for this Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deſerve it, I'm ſure; there are ſo many of 'em, that our Journeymen, now a-days, Inſtead of harmleſs Ballads, ſing nothing but your damn'd Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue?

Shoom. Nay, good Maſter, why ſhou'd not you Write your own Commentaries, as well as *Cæſar?*

Med. The Raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, Ale and Hiſtory.

Dor. Draw on my Shoos, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shoo!

Dor. Sits with more Wrinkles than there are in an Angry Bully's Forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as ſmooth as your Miſtreſs's Skin does Upon her; ſo, ſtrike your Foot in home. 'Zbud, if e'er A Monſieur of 'em all make more faſhionable Ware, I'll Be content to have my Ears whipp'd off with my own Paring-Knife.

Med.

Med. And ſerv'd up in a Ragouſt, inſtead of Coxcombs, to a Company of French Shoomakers, for a Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em, Catterpillars, let 'em Feed upon Cabbidge; come, Maſter, your Health this Morning next my Heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family Better; do not let your Wife follow you to the Ale-houſe, beat your Whore, and lead you home in Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a Man i'the Town lives More like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I Never mind her Motions, ſhe never inquires into mine; We ſpeak to one another civilly, hate one another Heartily, and becauſe 'tis vulgar to lye and ſoak together, We have each of us our ſeveral Settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.

Med. Not without he will promiſe to be bloody Drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the Word i'the Eye of the World, For my Maſter's Honour, *Robin.*

Dor. Do not Debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the Wink; he knows an Ale-houſe from a Hovil. [*Exit* Shoomaker.

Dor. My Cloaths, quickly.

Med. Where ſhall we Dine to Day? [*Enter* Bellair.

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good third Man.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir, how will you anſwer this Viſit to Your honourable Miſtreſs? 'Tis not her Intereſt you Shou'd keep Company with Men of Senſe, who will be Talking Reaſon.

Bell. I do not fear her Pardon, do you but grant me yours For my Neglect of late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miſerable by the want of Your good Company; to ſhow you I am free from all Reſentment, may the beautiful Cauſe of our Misfortune,

Give

Give you all the Joys happy Lovers have ſhar'd ever Since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe me on My Journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good ſtrong Faith, and that may Contribute much towards your Salvation. I confeſs I Am but of an ungoward Conſtitution, apt to have Doubts And Scruples, and in Love they are no leſs diſtracting Than in Religion; were I ſo near Marriage, I ſhou'd Cry out by Fits As I Rid in my Coach Cuckold, Cuckold, with no leſs Fury than the mad Fanatick does Glory in *Bethlem*.

Bell. Becauſe Religion makes ſome run mad, muſt I Live an Atheiſt?

Med. Is it not great Indiſcretion for a Man of Credit, Who may have Mony enough on his Word, to go and Deal with *Jews*, who for little Sums make Men enter Into Bonds, and give Judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am determin'd, And there is no hope of my Converſion.

Dor. Leave your unneceſſary Fiddling; a Waſp that's buzzing about a Man's Noſe at Dinner, is not more Troubleſome than thou art.

[*To* Handy, *who is fiddling about him.*

Handy. You love to have you Cloaths hang juſt, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dreſs'd, Sir; and think it no Scandal to my Underſtanding.

Handy. Will you uſe the Eſſence, or Orange-flower Water?

Dor. I will ſmell as I do to Day, no Offence to the Lady's Noſes.

Handy. Your Pleaſure, Sir.

Dor. That a Man's Excellency ſhou'd lye in neatly Tying of a Ribbond, or a Cravat! How careful's Nature in furniſhing the World with neceſſary Coxcombs?

Bell. That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours, *Dorimant.*

Dor. I am glad 't has your Approbation.

Bell. No Man in Town has a better Fancy in his Cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an Opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick, I hear, in theſe Matters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, you mean.

Med. The ſame.

Bell. He thinks himſelf the Pattern of Modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the Pattern of Modern Foppery.

Med. He was yeſterday at the Play, with a Pair of Gloves up to his Elbows, and a Perriwig more exactly Curl'd than a Lady's Head newly dreſs'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty Liſp he has!

Dor. Ho! that he affects in Imitation of the People of Quality in *France*.

Med. His Head ſtands for the moſt part on one ſide, And his Looks are more languiſhing than a Lady's when She lolls at ſtretch in her Coach, or leans her Head Careleſly againſt the ſide of a Box i' the Play-houſe.

Dor. He is a Perſon indeed of great acquir'd Folly.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his Education for making him ſo eminent a Coxcomb; many A Fool had been loſt to the World, had their indulgent Parents wiſely beſtow'd neither Learning nor good Breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the ſparkiſh Word is, brisk upon The Ladies already; he was yeſterday at my Aunt *Townley*'s, and gave Mrs. *Loveit* a Catalogue of his good Qualities, under the Character of a compleat Gentleman, Who according to Sir *Fopling*, ought to Dreſs well, Dance Well, Fence well, have a Genius for Love-Letters, an Agreeable Voice for a Chamber, be very Amorous, Something Diſcreet, but not over Conſtant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accompliſh'd Perſon.

Dor. I am glad he pitch'd upon *Loveit*.

Bell.

Bell. How ſo?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this is As pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident ſhe loves no Man but you.

Dor. The Good Fortune were enough to make me vain, But that in my Nature I doubt it.

Bell. Harkye, *Dorimant*, with your leave, Mr. *Medley*, 'Tis ill manners to whiſper before a Third.

Dor. Your Good Breeding, Sir, gives you too much Trouble; you might have whiſper'd without all this Ceremony.

Bell. How ſtand your Affairs with *Bellinda* of late? [*To* Dorimant.

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her falſe enough, but ſhe's ne'er The worſe for your purpoſe; ſhe was with you yeſterday In a Diſguiſe at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and reſolv'd never to ſpeak To one another more.

Bell. The Occaſion?

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at the Place Appointed. Theſe young Women apprehend Loving, as Much as the young Men do Fighting at firſt; but once Enter'd, like them too, they all turn Bullies ſtraight.

[*Enter* Handy *to* Bellair.

Handy. Sir, your Man without deſires to ſpeak with You.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. [*Ex.* Bellair.

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handſom, well Bred, and by much the moſt Tolerable of all the young Men that do not abound in Wit.

Med. Ever well Dreſs'd, always Complaiſant, and Seldom Impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I ſee.

Dor. It is our mutual Intereſt to be ſo; it makes the Women think the better of his Underſtanding, and judge

More favourably of my Reputation; it makes him paſs Upon ſome for a Man of very good Senſe, and I upon Others for a very civil Perſon.

Med. What was that Whiſper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I Did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frighted Him from his honourable Intentions of Marrying.

Med. Emilia, Give her her due, has the beſt Reputation of any young Woman about the Town, who Has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction; her Carriage Is unaffected, her Diſcourſe modeſt, not at all Cenſorious, Nor pretending, like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Dor. She's a diſcreet Maid, and I believe nothing can Corrupt her but a Husband.

Med. A Husband?

Dor. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women Make a difficulty of loſing a Maiden-head, who have Afterwards made none of a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent Conſideration, I am apt to think, Has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the deſperate Reſolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was o..... In the State ſhe was in, has made him by my Advice, Contribute ſomething towards the changing of her Condition. [*Enter* Bellair.

Dear *Bellair*, by Heav'ns I thought we had loſt thee; Men in Love are never to be reckon'd on when we wou' Form a Company.

Bell. Dorimant, I am undone, my Man has brought The moſt ſurpriſing News i'the World.

Dor. Some ſtrange Misfortune is befaln your Love.

Bell. My Father came to Town laſt Night, and Lodges i'the very Houſe where *Emilia* lyes.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in Love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without Some officious Sot has betray'd me.

Dor.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townley* is your Confident, and Favours the Buſineſs.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill Office from her; I have received a Letter, in which I am commanded by My Father to meet him at my Aunts this Afternoon; He tells me farther, he has made a Match for me, and Bids me reſolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to Be diſinherited.

Med. Now's your Time, *Bellair*, never had Lover Such an Opportunity of giving a generous Proof of his Paſſion.

Bell. As how, I pray?

Med. Why, hang an Eſtate, marry *Emilia* out of Hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens; 'Tis but deſpiſing a Coach, humbling your ſelf to a Pair Of Goloſhooes, being out of Countenance when you Meet your Friends, pointed at and pitied where-ever you Go by all the Amorous Fops that know you, and your Fame will be Immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my Heart to reſolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would ſpoil a good Jeſt, and Diſappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occaſion of Laughing at you.

Bell. The Storm I have ſo long expected hangs o'er My Head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on The Rack, and can have no Reſt 'till I'm ſatisfied in what I fear; where do you Dine?

Dor. At *Long*'s, or *Locket*'s.

Med. At *Long*'s let it be.

Bell. I'll run and ſee *Emilia*, and inform my ſelf how Matters ſtand; if my Misfortunes are not ſo great as to Make me unfit for Company, I'll be with you. [*Ex.* Bellair.

Enter a Foot-man *with a Letter.*

Foo-m. Here's a Letter, Sir. [*To* Dorimant.

Dor. The Superſcription's right: For Mr. *Dorimant.*

Med. Let's ſee, the very Scrawl and Spelling of a True bred Whore.

Dor. I know the Hand; the Stile is admirable, I aſſure You.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dorimant Reads.

I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud, you wou'd have ſeen me again e'er now; I have no Mony, and am very Mallicolly; pray ſend me a Guinie to ſee the Operies.

Your Servant to Command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable Anſwer, That ſhe may Spark it in a Box, and do Honour to her Profeſſion.

Dor. She ſhall, and perk up i'the Face of Quality. Is the Coach at Door?

Hand. You did not bid me ſend for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy *offers to go out.* Hay Sot.——

Handy. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no juſt Exception to the Name, Sir?

Handy. I have Senſe, Sir.

Dor. Not ſo much as a Flie in Winter:——How Did you come, *Medley?*

Med. In a Chair.

Foot-m. You may have a Hackney-Coach, if you Pleaſe, Sir.

Dor. I may ride the Elephant, if I pleaſe, Sir; call Another Chair, and let my Coach follow to *Long*'s.

Be calm ye great Parents, &c. *Ex. ſinging.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady Townley *and* Emilia.

Town. I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been diſcover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the Apprehenſion ſtill.

Town. Had my Brother ſhou'd take Lodgings i'the Very Houſe where you lye!

Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the People to be ſecret, he ſeems to be a mighty good Humour'd old Man.

Town. He ever had a notable ſmerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me; And does ſo be-pat me.

Town. On my Word you are much in his Favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquiſitive, I am told, about My Family, my Reputation, and my Fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the leaſt ſuſpect You are the Woman his Son's in Love with.

Emil. What ſhou'd make him then inform himſelf ſo Particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very loving Temper himſelf; It may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.

Emil. It cannot be. [*Enter young* Bellair.

Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did you Leave your Father?

Y. *Bell.* Writing a Note within. *Emilia*, this early Viſit looks as if ſome kind Jealouſie wou'd not let you Reſt at home.

Emil. The Knowledge I have of my Rival, gives me A little Cauſe to fear your Conſtancy.

Y. *Bell.* My Conſtancy! I vow——

Emil. Do not vow —— Our Love is frail as is our Life, and full as little in our Power; and are you ſure You ſhall out-live this Day?

Y. *Bell.* I am not, but when we are in perfect Health,
'Twere an idle thing to fright our ſelves with the Thoughts
Of ſudden Death.

Town. Pray what has paſs'd between you and your
Father i' the Garden.

Y. *Bell.* He's firm in his Reſolution, tells me I muſt
Marry Mrs. *Harriet*, or ſwears he'll marry himſelf, and
Diſinherit me; when I ſaw I could not prevail with him
To be more indulgent, I diſſembled an Obedience to
His Will, which has compos'd his Paſſion, and will give
Us Time, and I hope Opportunity to deceive him.

Enter Old Bellair, *with a Note in his Hand.*

Town. Peace, here he comes.

O. *Bell. Harry,* take this, and let your Man carry it
For me to Mr. *Fourbes*'s Chamber, my Lawyer, i' the
Temple. Neighbour, a-dod I am glad to ſee
Thee here, [*To* Emilia.
Make much of her, Siſter, ſhe's one of the beſt of your
Acquaintance; I like her Countenance and her Behaviour
Well, ſhe has a Modeſty that is not common i' this Age,
A-dod, ſhe has.

Town. I know her Value, Brother, and eſteem her
Accordingly.

O. *Bell.* Adviſe her to wear a little more Mirth in her
Face, a-dod ſhe's too ſerious.

Town. The Fault is very excuſable in a young Woman.

O. *Bell.* Nay, a-dod, I like her ne'er the worſe, a
Melancholy Beauty has her Charms; I love a pretty
Sadneſs in a Face which varies now and then, like
Changeable Colours, into a Smile.

Town. Methinks you ſpeak very feelingly, Brother.

O. *Bell.* I am but Five and Fifty, Siſter, you know,
An Age not altogether unſenſible! Chear up,
Sweet Heart, [*To* Emilia.
I have a Secret to tell thee may chance to make thee
Merry; we three will make Collation together anon, i' the
Mean time mum, I can't abide you; go, I can't abide
You.——

You. — *Hurry*, come, you [*Enter Young* Bellair.
Muſt along with me to my Lady *Woodvill's*. I am
Going to ſlip the Boy at a Miſtreſs.

Y. *Bell.* At a Wife, Sir, you would ſay.

O. *Bell.* You need not look ſo grum, Sir, a Wife is no
Curſe when ſhe brings the Bleſſing of a good Eſtate with
Her; but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a
Rotten Reputation, and a craſie Fortune, a-dod, is the
Devil and all, and ſuch a one I hear you are in League,
With.

Y. *Bell.* I cannot help Detraction, Sir.

O. *Bell.* Out, a piſe 'o their Breeches, how are keeping
Fools enough for ſuch flaunting Baggages, and they are
E'en too good for 'em. Remember Night, [*To* Emilia.
Go, y'are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; fare you well, fare
You well; come, come, come along, Sir.
[*Ex. Old and Young* Bellair.

Town. On my Word the Old Man comes on apace;
I'll lay my Life he's ſmitten.

Emil. This is nothing but the Pleaſantneſs of his Humour.

Town. I know him better than you, let it work, it
May prove lucky. [*Enter a* Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Medley* has ſent to know whether
A Viſit will not be troubleſome this Afternoon?

Town. Send him Word his Viſits never are ſo.

Emil. He's a very pleaſant Man.

Town. He's a very neceſſary Man among us Women;
He's not ſcandalous i'the leaſt, perpetually contriving to
Bring good Company together, and always ready to ſtop
Up a Gap at *Ombre*, then he knows all the little
News o'the Town.

Emil. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues; let 'em
Be never ſo dull in themſelves, he'll make 'em pleaſant i'the
Relation.

Town. But he improves things ſo much one can take no
Meaſure of the Truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* ſwears
A Flea or a Maggot is not made more monſt'rous by a
Magnifying Glaſs, than a Story is by his telling it. *Emil.*

Emil. Hold, here he comes. [*Enter* Medley.

Town. Mr. *Medley.*

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your ſelf a Stranger of late.

Emil. I believe you took a Surfeit of *Ombre* laſt time You were here.

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that *Tarmagant* Lady Dealer; there never was ſo unſociable a Carder, an Old Gleeker never lov'd to ſit to't like her: I have plaid With her now at leaſt a Dozen times, till ſhe'as worn Out all her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd keep In Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not, poor Woman, ſhe loves nothing So well as a black Ace.

Med. The Pleaſure I have ſeen her in, when ſhe has had Hope in drawing for a *Matadore.*

Emil. 'Tis as pretty Sport to her, as perſuading Masks Off is to you to make Diſcoveries.

Town. Pray, where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant?*

Med. Soliciting his Affairs; he's a Man of great Imployment, has more Miſtreſſes now depending, than the Moſt Eminent Lawyer in *England* has Cauſes.

Emil. Here has been Mrs. *Loveit,* ſo uneaſie and out Of Humour theſe two Days.

Town. How ſtrangely Love and Jealouſie rage in that Poor Woman!

Med. She could not have pick'd out a Devil upon Earth ſo proper to torment her, he has made her break a Dozen or two of Fans already, tear half a Score Points in Pieces, and deſtroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleaſant Serenade he gave her T'other Night.

Med. A *Daniſh* Serenade, with Kettle-Drums and Trumpets.

Emil. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, Whoſe Ears are grown ſo delicate ſince our Opera's,

You

You can be charm'd with nothing but Flute Doux, and French Hoboy.

Emil. Leave your Raillery, and tell us, is there any New Work come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty Piece of Gallantry, by an Eminent Author, call'd, *The Diverſions of* Bruxells, very neceſſary To be read by all Ladies who are deſirous to Improve the Intervals of Quelſtions and Commands, Blindman's Buff, and the like faſhionable Recreations.

Emil. Oh ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of Affectation, written By a late Beauty of Quality, teaching you how to draw Up your Breaſts, ſtretch up your Neck, to thruſt out Your Breech, to play with your Head, to toſs up your Noſe, to bite your Lips, to turn up your Eyes, to ſpeak In a ſilly ſoft Tone of a Voice, and uſe all the fooliſh French Words that will infallibly make your Perſon and Converſation Charming, with a ſhort Apology at the Latter end, in the Behalf of young Ladies, who notoriouſly Waſh and Paint, though they have naturally good Complexions.

Emil. What a deal of Stuff you tell us?

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The *Ruſſians* hearing the great Reſpect we have for Foreign Dancing, have lately ſent over ſome of their beſt *Balladins*, Who are now practiſing a Famous Ballat, which will be Suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-Garden.*

Town. Pray forbear your idle Stories, and give us an Account of the State of Love, as it now ſtands.

Med. Truly there has been ſome Revolutions in thoſe Affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and Some new Lovers, whom Malice, Indiſcretion and Misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next Room, and ſitting down before you engage in this Buſineſs?

Med.

Med. I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women Are commonly unreaſonable) by the plenty of Scandal I ſhall diſcover, to give you very good Content, Ladies.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit *and* Pert.

[Mrs. Loveit *putting up a Letter, then pulling out her Pocket-Glaſs, and looking in it.*

Lov. Pert.

Pert. Madam?

Lov. I hate my ſelf, I look ſo ill to Day.

Pert. Hate the wicked Cauſe on't, that baſe Man, Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and vex your Self continually.

Lov. He is to blame, indeed.

Pert. To blame to be two Days without ſending, Writing, or coming near you, contrary to his Oath and Covenant; 'twas to much purpoſe to make him ſwear; I'll lay my Life there's not an Article but he has broken, Talk'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the Ladies From the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind the Scenes, and fawn'd upon thoſe little inſignificant Creatures, The Players; 'tis impoſſible for a Man of his inconſtant Temper to forbear, I'm ſure.

Lov. I know he is a Devil, but he has ſomething of The Angel yet undefac'd in him, which makes him ſo Charming and agreeable, that I muſt love him be he Never ſo wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to ſee your Spirit Tamed to this degree, who baniſh'd poor Mr. *Lackwit* But for taking up another Lady's Fan in your Preſence.

Lov. My knowing of ſuch odious Fools, contributes To the making of me love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my Mind, Sould rather make you hate all Mankind.

Lov.

Lov. So it does, beſides himſelf.

Pert. Pray what Excuſe does he make in his Letter?

Lov. He has had Buſineſs.

Pert. Buſineſs in general Forms would not have been A current Excuſe for another; a modiſh Man is always Very buſie when he is in purſuit of a new Miſtreſs.

Lov. Some Fool has brib'd you to rail at him; he had Buſineſs, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I ſhall Never forgive him his turning me into ridicule, as I hear He does.

Lov. I perceive you are of the number of thoſe Fools His Wit has made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of thoſe he's pleas'd to rally, Madam; and if we may believe Mr. *Wagfan* and Mr. *Caperwell*, he ſometimes makes merry with your ſelf Too, among his laughing Companions.

Lov. Blockheads are as malicious to witty Men, as Ugly Women are to the handſom; 'tis their Intereſt, and They make it their Buſineſs to Defame 'em.

Pert. I wiſh Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his Buſineſs to Defame you.

Lov. Should he, I had rather be made Infamous by Him, than owe my Reputation to the dull Diſcretion of Thoſe Fops you talk off. *Bellinda!* [*Running to her.*

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.

Lov. You have been unkind of late.

Bell. Do not ſay unkind, ſay unhappy!

Lov. I could chide you, where have you been theſe Two Days?

Bell. Pity me rather, my Dear, where I have been ſo Tir'd with two or three Country Gentlewomen, whoſe Converſation has been more unſufferable than a Country Fiddle.

Lov. Are they Relations?

Bell.

Bell. No, Welch Acquaintance I made when I was Laſt Year at St. *Winefred*'s, they have ask'd me a thouſand Queſtions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almoſt as many things for News, that Hardly were ſo when the Downs were in Faſhion.

Lov. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?

Bell. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but Love Could make me capable of ſo much Faſhhood; [*Aſide.*
'Tis time to begin, leſt *Dorimant* ſhould come before her Jealouſie has ſtung her; [*Laughs, and then ſpeaks on.*
I was yeſterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to Shew 'em the living, as the Man at *Weſtminſter* does the Dead; that is Mrs. ſuch a one admired for her Beauty, This is Mr. ſuch a one cry'd up for a Wit; that is ſparkiſh Mr. ſuch a one, who keeps reverend Mrs. ſuch a one, And there ſits fine Mrs. ſuch a one, who was lately caſt Off by my Lord ſuch a one.

Lov. Did you ſee *Dorimant* there?

Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him, And have no Mind to own it.

Lov. What ſhould make you think ſo?

Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty Diſhabillié, whom *Dorimant* entertained with more Reſpect, than the Gallants do a common Vizard.

Lov. Dorimant at the Play entertaining a Mask, Oh Heavens! [*Aſide.*

Bell. Good! [*Aſide.*

Lov. Did he ſtay all the while?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out, Which confirms me it was you!

Lov. Traitor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had Buſineſs, and you May forgive him too.

Lov. Ingrateful perjur'd Man!

Bell. You ſeem ſo much concern'd, my Dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd For your Quiet.

Lov.

Lov. What manner of Shape had ſhe?

Bell. Tall and ſlender, her Motions very gentile; Certainly ſhe muſt be ſome Perſon of Condition.

Lov. Shame and Confuſion be ever in her Face when She ſhows it.

Bell. I ſhould blame your Diſcretion for loving that Wild Man, my Dear; but they ſay he has a way ſo Bewitching, that few can defend their Hearts who know Him.

Lov. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the Attempt.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poiſon'd Arrows In my Breaſt, ſo I could but remove the Thoughts of Him from thence.

Bell. Fie, fie, your Tranſports are too violent, my Dear. This may be but an Accidental Gallantry, and 'tis likely Ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your Comfort be, The Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will quickly make You know your Rival, ten to one let you ſee her ruin'd, Her Reputation expos'd to the Town, a Happineſs none Will envy her, but your ſelf, Madam.

Lov. Who e'er ſhe be, all the harm I wiſh her, is, May ſhe love him as well as I do, and may he give her As much Cauſe to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curſe, Madam!

Lov. May all the Paſſions that are rais'd by neglected Love, Jealouſie, Indignation, Spight, and Thirſt of Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do now in Mine. [*Walks up and down with a diſtracted Air.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Dorimant*.——

Lov. I will not ſee him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Lov. Say you ly'd, ſay I'm buſie, ſhut the Door; Say any thing.

Page.

Page. He's here, Madam. [*Enter* Dorimant.

Dor. They taſte of Death who do at Heav'n arrive,
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.
What, dancing the Gallopiard Nag without a Fiddle?
[*To* Loveit.

[*Offers to catch her by the Hand, ſhe flings away and walks off.*

I fear this reſtleſsneſs of the Body, Madam, [*purſuing her.*
Proceeds from an Unquietneſs of the Mind. What
Unlucky Accident puts you out of Humour; a Point
Ill waſh'd, Knots ſpoil'd i'the making up, Hair ſhaded awry,
Or ſome other little Miſtake in ſetting you in Order?

Pert. A Trifle in my Opinion, Sir, more inconſiderable
Than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you ſullen enough
To be ſilent; come, let me know the Buſineſs.

Pert. The Buſineſs, Sir, is the Buſineſs that has taken
You up theſe two Days; how have I ſeen you Laugh at
Men of Buſineſs, and now to become a Man of Buſineſs
Your ſelf!

Dor. We are not Maſters of our own Affections, our
Inclinations daily alter; now we love Pleaſure, and anon
We ſhall doat on Buſineſs; Human Frailty will have it ſo.
And who can help it.

Lov. Faithleſs, Inhuman, Barbarous Man.——

Dor. Good, now the Alarm ſtrikes.——

Lov. Without Senſe of Love, of Honour, or of
Gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil Mask'd ſhe
Was you were with at the Play yeſterday?

Dor. Faith I reſolv'd as much as you, but the Devil
Was obſtinate, and would not tell me.

Lov. Falſe in this as in your Vows to me! you do
Know.

Dor. The Truth is, I did all I could to know.

Lov. And dare you own it to my Face? Hell and
Furies! [*Tears her Fan in pieces.*

Dor.

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot, And will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horror and Diſtraction ſeize you, Sorrow and Remorſe gnaw your Soul, and puniſh all your Perjuries To me.—— [*Weeps.*

Dor. *So Thunder breaks the Cloud in Twain,*
And makes a Paſſage for the Rain. [*Turning to* Bellinda.
Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this Storm; You were at the Play yeſterday, [*To* Bellinda.
And have been making Diſcoveries to your Dear.

Bell. Y'are the moſt miſtaken Man in the World.

Dor. I muſt be ſo, and here I vow Revenge; reſolve To purſue and perſecute you more impertinently than Ever any loving Fop did his Miſtreſs, Hunt you i'the Park, Trace you i'the Mail, Dog you in every Viſit You make, Haunt you at the Plays, and i'the Drawing-Room, hang my Noſe in your Neck, and talk To you whether you will or no, and ever look upon you With ſuch dying Eyes, 'till your Friends grow jealous Of me, ſend you out of Town, and make the World ſuſpect Your Reputation. At my Lady [*In a lower Voice.*
Townley's when we go from hence.
[*He looks kindly on* Bellinda.

Bell. I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Lov. Stand off, you ſha'not ſtare upon her ſo.
[*Puſhing* Dorimant *away*

Dor. Good! There's one made Jealous already.

Lov. Is this the Conſtancy you vow'd?

Dor. Conſtancy at my Years! 'tis not a Virtue in Seaſon, you might as well expect the Fruit the Autumn Ripens i'the Spring.

Lov. Monſtrous Principle!

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, ſhould have ſet up my Reſt at the firſt Inn I lodg'd at, I ſhould never have arriv'd at the Happineſs I now enjoy.

Lov. Diſſembler, damn'd Diſſembler!

Dor. I am ſo, I confeſs; good Nature and good Manners corrupt me. I am honeſt in my Inclinations, And would not, wer't not to avoid Offence, make a Lady a little in Years believe I think her young, wilfully Miſtake Art for Nature, and ſeem as fond of a thing I am weary off, as when I doated on't in earneſt.

Lov. Falſe Man.

Dor. True Woman.

Lov. Now you begin to ſhow your ſelf.

Dor. Love Gilds us over, and makes us ſhow fine Things to one another for a time, but ſoon the Gold Wears off, and then again the Native Braſs appears.

Lov. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Proteſtations, perjur'd Man.

Dor. I made 'em when I was in Love.

Lov. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh Impious!

Dor. What we ſwear at ſuch a time may be a certain Proof of a preſent Paſſion; but to ſay Truth, in Love There is no Security to be given for the future.

Lov. Horrid and ingrateful, be gone, and never ſee me More.

Dor. I am not one of thoſe troubleſome Coxcombs, Who becauſe they were once well receiv'd, take the Privilege to plague a Woman with their Love ever after; I ſhall obey you, Madam, though I do my ſelf ſome Violence. [*He offers to go, and* Loveit *pulls him back.*

Lov. Come back, you ſha'not go. Cou'd you have The ill Nature to offer it?

Dor. When Love grows diſeas'd, the beſt thing we Can do is to put it to a violent Death; I cannot endure The Torture of a Lingring and Conſumptive Paſſion.

Lov. Can you think mine ſickly?

Dor. Oh, 'tis deſperately Ill! What worſe Symptoms Are there than your being always uneaſie when I Viſit You, your picking Quarrels with me on ſlight Occaſions, and in my Abſence kindly liſt'ning to

The

The Impertinencies of every fashionable Fool that talks To you?

Lov. What fashionable Fool can you lay to my Charge?

Dor. Why, the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir *Fopling Flutter*.

Lov. I never saw him in my Life but once.

Dor. The worse Woman you, at first sight to put on All your Charms, to entertain him with that Softness In your Voice, and all that wanton Kindness in your Eyes, you so notoriously affect when you design a Conquest.

Lov. So damn'd a Lie did never Malice yet invent; Who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I should love a Woman That can doat on a Senseless Caper, a Tawdry French Riband, and a Formal Cravat!

Lov. You make me Mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much; go on, be The Game-Mistress o'the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from Travel.

Lov. Base and Scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying Reputation 'twill be for a Woman of your Pride, Wit and Quality!

Lov. This Jealousie's a meer Pretence, a cursed Trick Of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it, and all the Ill of me you can. I Would not have a Woman have the least good Thought Of me, that can think well of *Fopling*; farewell; fall to, And much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Lov. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [*Ex.* Dorimant.

Lov. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Lov. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it My Concern. [*Ex.* Pert.

Bell. H'as frighted me from the very Thought of Loving Men; for Heavens ſake, my Dear do not Diſcover what I told you; I dread his Tongue as much As you ought to have done his Friendſhip.

Pert. He's gone, Madam. [*Enter* Pert.

Lov. Lightning blaſt him.

Pert. When I told him you deſired him to come back, He ſmil'd, made a Mouth at me, flung into his Coach, And ſaid——

Lov. What did he ſay?

Pert. Drive away; and then repeated Verſes.

Lov. Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch, When firſt I entertain'd this great Devil, Monſter, Barbarian; I could tear my ſelf in pieces. Revenge, Nothing but Revenge can eaſe me: Plague, War, Famine Fire, all that can bring Univerſal Ruin and Miſery on Mankind; with Joy I'd periſh to have you in my Power But this Moment. [*Ex.* Loveit.

Pert. Follow, Madam, leave her not in this outragious Paſſion. [Pert *gathers up the things.*

Bell. H'as given me the Proof which I deſired of his Love, But 'tis a Proof of his ill Nature too; I wiſh I had not ſeen him uſe her ſo. I ſigh to think that *Dorimant* may be, One Day as faithleſs and unkind to me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, Lady *Woodvill*'s Lodgings.

Enter Harriet *and* Buſy *her Woman.*

Buſy. DEAR Madam! Let me ſet that Curl in Order.

Har. Let me alone, I will ſhake 'em all out Of Order.

Buſy. Will you never leave this Wildneſs?

Har.

Har. Torment me not.

Buſy. Look, there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Buſy. But one Pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily ſuffer under thy Officious Fingers?

Buſy. Ah, the difference that is between you and my Lady *Dapper!* How uneaſie ſhe is if the leaſt thing be Amiſs about her?

Har. She is indeed moſt exact! nothing is ever wanting To make her Uglineſs remarkable!

Buſy. Jeering People ſay ſo!

Har. Her Powdering, Painting, and her Patching Never fail in Publick to draw the Tongues and Eyes of All the Men upon her.

Buſy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women ſhould ſet up for Beauty as much In ſpite of Nature, as ſome Men have done for Wit.

Buſy. I hope, without Offence, one may endeavour To make ones ſelf agreeable.

Har. Not when 'tis impoſſible. Women then ought To be no more fond of dreſſing than Fools ſhould be Talking: Hoods and Modeſty, Masks and Silence, things That ſhadow and conceal; they ſhould think of nothing Elſe.

Buſy. Jeſu! Madam, what will your Mother think is Become of you? For Heav'ns ſake go in again.

Har. I won't.

Buſy. This is the extravagant'ſt thing that ever you Did in your Life, to leave her and a Gentleman who is To be your Husband.

Har. My Husband! Haſt thou ſo little Wit to think I ſpoke what I meant, when I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtſie, and what you pleaſe, Madam, I ſhall ever be obedient?

Buſy. Nay, I know not, you have ſo many Fetches.

Har,

Har. And this was one, to get her up to *London*;
Nothing elſe, I aſſure thee.

Buſy. Well, the Man, in my Mind, is a fine Man.

Har. The Man indeed wears his Cloaths faſhionably,
And has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly,
And much affected; he bows, and talks, and ſmiles ſo
Agreeably as he thinks.

Buſy. I never ſaw any thing ſo gentle!

Har. Varniſh'd over with good Breeding, many a
Blockhead makes a tolerable ſhow.

Buſy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and
That is all a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in a
Husband, but there is Duty i'the Caſe——and like the
Haughty *Merab*,

I find much Averſion in my ſtubborn Mind,
Which is bred by being promis'd and deſign'd.

Buſy. I wiſh you do not deſign your own Ruin! I
Partly gueſs your Inclinations, Madam,——that
Mr. *Dorimant*——

Har. Leave your prating, and ſing ſome fooliſh Song
Or other.

Buſy. I will, the Song you love ſo well ever ſince you
Saw Mr. *Dorimant*.

SONG.

WHEN firſt Amintas *charm'd my Heart,*
My heedleſs Sheep began to ſtray;
The Wolves ſoon ſtole the greateſt part,
And all will now be made a Prey.

Ah, let not Love your Thoughts poſſeſs:
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdeſs;
The dang'rous Paſſion you muſt ſhun,
Or elſe, like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a Purchase? I need no Land; no, I'll lay my ſelf out all in Love. It is decreed——

Enter Young Bellair.

Y. *Bell.* What generous Reſolution are you making, Madam?

Har. Only to be diſobedient, Sir.

Y. *Bell.* Let me join Hands with you in that.——

Har. With all my Heart, I never thought I ſhould have Given you mine ſo willingly. Here I *Harriet*——

Y. *Bell.* And I *Harry*——

Har. Do ſolemnly proteſt——

Y. *Bell.* And vow——

Har. That I with you——

Y. *Bell.* And I with you——

Both. Will never marry.——

Har. A Match!

Y. *Bell.* And no Match! How do you like this Indifference now?

Har. You expect I ſhould take it ill, I ſee!

Y. *Bell.* 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a Little angry, you miſs a Conqueſt, though you would ſlight the poor Man were he in your Power.

Har. There are ſome, it may be, have an Eye like *Bart'lomew*, big enough for the whole Fair, but I am Not of the number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread. 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady, whoſe dear Image it wears, Sir.

Y. *Bell.* I muſt confeſs, Madam, you came a Day After the Fair.

Har. You own then you are in Love.——

Y. *Bell.* I do.

Har. The Confidence is generous, and in return I Could almoſt find in my Heart to let you know my Inclinations.

Y. *Bell.* Are you in Love?

Har.

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I
Can ſcarce indure the Country in Landskips and in
Hangings.

Y. *Bell.* What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be
Hurry'd back to *Hampſhire?*

Har. Ah——name it not!

Y. *Bell.* As for us, I find we ſhall agree well enough!
Wou'd we could do ſomething to deceive the grave
People!

Har. Could we delay their Proceeding, 'twere well;
A Reprieve is a good Step towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. *Bell.* If we give over the Game we are undone;
What think you of playing it on Booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. *Bell.* Pretend to be in Love with one another; 'twill
Make ſome dilatory Excuſes we may feign paſs the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleaſure—
Of diſſembling.

Y. *Bell.* Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what 'tis to love, but I have made
Pretty Remarks by being now and then where Lovers
Meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

Y. *Bell.* I'th' next Room! your Mother was cenſuring
Our Modern Gallant.

Enter Old Bellair, *and Lady* Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come, I will lean againſt this
Wall, and look baſhfully down upon my Fan, while you,
Like an Amorous Spark, modiſhly entertain me.

Wood. Never go about to excuſe 'em; come, come,
It was not ſo when I was a young Woman.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, they're ſomething diſreſpectful.——

Wood. Quality was then conſider'd, and not rally'd
By every fleering Fellow.

O. *Bell.* Youth will have its Jeſt, a-dod it will.

Wood. 'Tis good Breeding now to civil to none but
Players and Exchange Women, they are treated by 'em
As much above their Condition, as others are below theirs.——

O. *Bell.*

O. *Bell.* Out apiſe on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues Ha' got an ill Habit of preferring Beauty, no matter where they find it.

Il'dea. See your Son and my Daughter, they have improved their Acquaintance ſince they were within.

O. *Bell.* A-God methinks they have! let's keep Back and obſerve.

Y. *Bell.* Now for a Look and Geſtures that may Perſuade 'em I am ſaying all the paſſionate things Imaginable.——

Har. Your Head a little more on one ſide, eaſe your Self on your Left Leg, and play with your Right Hand.

Y. *Bell.* Thus, is it not?

Har. Now ſet your Right Leg firm on the Ground, Adjuſt your Belt, then look about you.

Y. *Bell.* A little Exerciſing will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very ſparkiſh!

Y. *Bell.* Will you take your Turn, and be inſtructed?

Har. With all my Heart.

Y. *Bell.* At one Motion play your Fan, roll your Eyes, And then ſettle a kind Look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. *Bell.* Now ſpread your Fan, look down upon it, And tell the Sticks with a Finger.

Har. Very Modiſh.

Y. *Bell.* Clap your Hand up to your Boſom, hold Down your Gown. Shrug a little, draw up your Breaſts, And let 'em fall again gently, with a Sigh or two, *&c.*

Har. By the good Inſtructions you give, I ſuſpect You for one of thoſe malicious Obſervers who watch People's Eyes, and from innocent Looks make ſcandalous Concluſions.

Y. *Bell.* I know ſome, indeed, who out of meer Love To Miſchief are as vigilant as Jealouſie it ſelf, and will Give you an Account of every Glance that paſſes at a Play, And i'th' Circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiſs now to ſeem a little pleaſant.

Y. *Bell.*

Y. *Bell.* Clap your Fan then in both your Hands, hatch it To your Mouth, Smile, and with a lively Motion fling Your Body a little forwards. So, ——— now ſpread— Fall back on the ſudden, cover your Face with it, and Break out into a loud Laughter ——— take up! look Grave, And fall a Fanning of your ſelf ——— admirably well acted.

Har. I think I am pretty apt at theſe Matters!

O. *Bell.* A-dod, I like this well.

Wood. This promiſes ſomething.

O. *Bell.* Come! there is Love i'th' Caſe, a-dod there Is, or will be; what ſay you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir, you expect we ſhould Fall to, and Love as Game-Cocks Fight, as ſoon as we are Set together, a-dod y'are unreaſonable!

O. *Bell.* A-dod, Sirrah, I like thy Wit well.

[*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. The Coach is at the Door, Madam.

O. *Bell.* Go, get you and take the Air together.

Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. *Bell.* Out a pize: A-dod I ha' Buſineſs and cannot. We ſhall meet at Night at my Siſter *Townley*'s.

Y. *Bell.* He's going to *Emilia.* [*Aſide.*

I overheard him talk of a Collation. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Townley, Emilia, *and Mr.* Medley.

Town. I pity the young Lovers we laſt talk'd of, Though, to ſay Truth, their Conduct has been ſo Indiſcreet, they deſerve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y'have had an exact Account, from the great Lady i'th' Box down to the little Orange Wench.

Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of ſetting up an Office of Intelligence for theſe Matters? The Project may get Mony.

Town.

Town. You would have great Dealings with Country Ladies.

Med. More than *Muddiman* has with their Husbands.

Enter Bellinda.

Town. *Bellinda*, what has been become of you? we have not ſeen you here of late with your Friend Mrs. *Loveit*.

Bell. Dear Creature, I left but now ſo ſadly afflicted.

Town. With her old Diſtemper, Jealouſie!

Med. *Dorimant* has play'd her ſome new Prank.

Bell. Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worſt Man Breathing.

Emil. I once thought ſo.

Bell. And do you not think ſo ſtill?

Emil. No indeed!

Bell. Oh Jeſu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and I will never believe what it ſays of a Man I do not know Again for his ſake.

Bell. You make me wonder!

Town. He's a very well-bred Man.

Bell. But ſtrangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty Man.

Bell. But a Man of no Principles.

Med. Your Man of Principles is a very fine thing Indeed.

Bell. To be preferr'd to Men of Parts by Women who Have regard to their Reputation and Quiet. Well, were I minded to play the Fool, he ſhould be the laſt Man I'd Think of.

Med. He has been the Firſt in many Lady's Favours, Though you are ſo ſevere, Madam.

Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but He's a very pleaſant Acquaintance I am ſure.

Bell. Had you ſeen him uſe Mrs. *Loveit* as I have done, You would never endure him more.——

Emil. What he has quarrell'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the ſlighteſt Occaſion, he's jealous of Sir *Fopling*.

Town.

Town. She never ſaw him in her Life but yeſterday; And that was here.

Emil. On my Conſcience, he's the only Man in Town That's her Averſion; how horribly out of Humour ſhe Was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And ſome Body has wickedly told him——

Emil. Here he comes. [*Enter* Dorimant.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to juſtifie your Self——here's a Lady——

Bell. Has a Word or two to ſay to you from a Diſconſolate Perſon.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know, Madam, to whiſper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To ſerve Mrs. *Loveit*, I'll make a bold Venture.

Dor. Here's *Medley*, the very Spirit of Scandal.

Bell. No Matter!

Emil. 'Tis ſomething you are unwilling to hear Mr. *Dorimant.*

Town. Tell him, *Bellinda*, whether he will or no.

Bell. Mrs. *Loveit.* [*Aloud.*

Dor. Softly, theſe are Laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a Word, you have made me hate you, [*To* Dor. *Apart.* Which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how could you Act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a Man who could kill himſelf To pleaſe you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be ſure you come.

Bell. I ſha' not.

Dor. Swear you will.

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear, I ſay.

Bell. By my Life! by all the Happineſs I hope for.——

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've ſworn, I vow I think I ſhould ſail'd you elſe!

Dor. Surpriſingly kind! In what Temper did you leave *Loveit?*

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and ſhe began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your Works. Where have you been ſince you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd, and muſt return to her again.

Dor. Perſuade her to walk in the Mall this Evening.

Bell. She hates the Place, and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpoſe?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to Set upon her there before me.

Bell. You Perſecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll Have me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown ſo dull a [*Aloud.* Buſineſs I can drudge on no longer.

Emil. There are Afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant.*

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as Unreaſonable in that as you are at Play; without the Advantage be on your ſide, a Man can never quietly give Over when he's weary.

Med. If you would play without being obliged to Complaiſance, *Dorimant*, you ſhould play in publick Places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep Play is Now in private Houſes. [Bellinda *offering to ſteal away.*

Town. Bellinda, are you leaving us ſo ſoon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam.—— [*Exit* Bellinda.

Town. This Confidence will go nigh to ſpoil this Young Creature.

Med. I will do her good, Madam. Young Men who Are brought up under practiſing Lawyers prove the Abler

Abler Council when they come to be call'd to the Bar Themſelves.

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this Afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you uſe to have an *Ambaſſ*'s of Chairs and Coaches at your Door, an Uproar of Foot-men in your Hall, and a Noiſe of Fools Above here.

Town. Indeed my Houſe is the general Rendevous, and, Next to the Play-houſe, is the common Refuge of all the Young idle People.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I Wonder you do not love it a little more choſen.

Town. 'Tis good to have an univerſal Taſte, we ſhould Love Wit, but for Variety be able to divert our ſelves With the Extravagancies of thoſe who want it.

Med. Fools will make you Laugh.

Emil. For once or twice; but the Repetition of their Folly, after a Viſit or two, grows tedious and unſufferable.

Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, deſires to know if You are to be ſeen.

Town. Here's the freſheſt Fool in Town, and one who Has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Page. Madam!

Town. Deſire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and ſnub him, Sooth him up in his Extravagance! he will ſhew the Better.

Med. You know I have a natural Indulgence for Fools, And need not this Caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, *with his Page after him.*

Sir *Fop.* Page, wait without. Madam, [*To La.* Townley. I kiſs your Hands, I ſee yeſterday was nothing of Chance, the Belles Aſſembles form themſelves here every Day. Lady, your Servant; [*To* Emilia. *Dorimant*, let me embrace thee; without lying, I have

Not

No met with any of my Acquaintance, who retain ſo Much of *Paris* as thou doſt, the very Air thou hadſt When the Marquiſs miſtook thee i'th' *Tuileries*, and Cry'd, Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Faſhion as long as I can, Sir, 'Tis a thing to be valu'd in Men as well as Bawbles.

Sir *Fop.* Thou art a Man of Wit, and underſtand'ſt the Town; prithee let thee and I be intimate, there is no Living without making ſome good Man the Confident Of our Pleaſures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no Man ſo improper for Such a Buſineſs as I am.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee! why haſt thou ſo modeſt an Opinion Of thy ſelf?

Dor. Why firſt, I could never keep a Secret in my Life, and then there is no Charm ſo infallibly makes me Fall in Love with a Woman, as my knowing a Friend Loves her. I deal honeſtly with you.

Sir *Fop.* Thy Humour's very gallant, or let me periſh, I knew a French Count ſo like thee.

Town. Wit I perceive has more Power over you Than Beauty, Sir *Fopling*, elſe you would not have Let this Lady ſtand ſo long neglected.

Sir *Fop.* A thouſand Pardons, Madam, [*To* Emilia. Some Civilities due of Courſe upon the meeting a long Abſent Friend. The Eclat of ſo much Beauty, I Confeſs ought to have charm'd me ſooner.

Emil. The Brillian of ſo much good Language, Sir, Has much more power than the little Beauty I can boaſt.

Sir *Fop.* I never ſaw any thing prettier than this high Work on your Point *D'eſpaigne*.——

Emil. 'Tis not ſo rich as Point *de Venice*——

Sir *Fop.* Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more Proper for the Seaſon. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley*?

Dor. The ſame, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Forgive me, Sir, in this *Ambara's* of Civilities, I could not come to have you in my Arms ſooner. You Under-

Underſtand an Equipage the beſt of any Man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir *Fop.* There are Critticks who do not Write, Sir.

Med. Our peeviſh Poets will ſcarce allow it.

Sir *Fop.* Damn 'em, they'll allow no Man Wit, who Does not play the Fool like themſelves, and ſhow it! Have you taken notice of the Galleſh I brought over?

Med. O yes! It has quite another Air than th' Engliſh Makes.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis as eaſily known from an Engliſh Tumbril, As an Inns of Court Man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a Bell-air in Galleſhes, as well As Men.

Med. But there are few ſo delicate to obſerve it.

Sir *Fop.* The World is generally very groſſier here Indeed.

Town. He's very Fine.

Emil. Extream Proper.

Sir *Fop.* A ſlight Suit I made to appear in at my firſt Arrival, not worthy your Conſideration, Ladies.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir *Fop.* The Taſſels are new and pretty.

Med. I never ſaw a Coat better cut.

Sir *Fop.* It makes me ſhow long-waſted, and I think Slender.

Dor. That's the Shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your Breech though is a handful too high in my Eye, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* Peace, *Medley,* I have wiſh'd it lower a Thouſand times, but a Pox on't 'twill not be.

Town. His Gloves are well Fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir *Fop.* I was always Eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the Moſt Famous Hands in *Paris.*

Sir *Fop.* You are in the right. Madam.

Town. The Suit.

Sir

Sir *Fop.* Parroy?

Dor. The Garniture?

Sir *Fop.* Le Grace.——

Med. The Shoos.

Sir *Fop.* Piccar.

Dor. The Perriwig?

Sir *Fop.* C'cdreux.

Town and *Dor.* The Gloves?

Sir *Fop.* Ormentille: You like the ſmell, Ladies.

Dorimant, I could find in my Heart for an Amuſement. To have a Gallantry with ſome of our Engliſh Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no leſs neceſſary to confirm the Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be to ſatisfie The Town of your Courage.

Sir *Fop.* Here was a Woman yeſterday.——

Dor. Miſtreſs *Loveit.*

Sir *Fop.* You have nam'd her.

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpoſe.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee! what is ſhe?

Dor. A Perſon of Quality, and one who has a reſt of Reputation enough to make the Conqueſt conſiderable: Beſides I hear ſhe likes you too!

Sir *Fop.* Methoughts ſhe ſeem'd though very reſerv'd And uneaſie, all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and Affection: You will ſee Her i'th' Mall to Night.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee, let thee and I take the Air together.

Dor. I am engaged to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at Saint *James's*, and give you ſome Information, upon the Which you may regulate your Proceedings.

Sir *Fop.* All the World will be in the Park to Night: Ladies, 'twere pity to keep ſo much Beauty longer within Doors, and rob the Ring of all thoſe Charms that ſhould Adorn it.——Hey Page! [*Enter Page, and goes out again.* See that all my People be ready. *Dorimant*, a Revoir.

Med. A fine mettl'd Coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and inſipi——

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you deſpiſe him, Gentlemen, I'll lay My Life he paſſes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature has her Cheats, Stums a Brain, and puts ſophiſticate Dulneſs often on The taſtleſs Multitude for true Wit and good Humour. *Medley*, come.

Med. I muſt go a little way, I will meet you i'the Mall.

Dor. I'll walk through the Garden thither: we ſhall Meet anon and bow. [*To the Women.*

Town. Not to Night: we are engaged about a Buſineſs, The Knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your Servant, Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as Sir *Fopling* ſays.——

[*Ex.* Medley *and* Dorimant.

Town. The old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him i'th' Garden.——

Town. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene, The Mall.

Enter Harriet *and Young* Bellair, *ſhe pulling him.*

Har. Come along.

Y. *Bell.* And leave your Mother.

Har. *Buſy* will be ſent with a Hue and Cry after us; But that's no matter.

Y. *Bell.* 'Twill look ſtrangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a Freak of mine, and never Blame your Manners.

Y. *Bell.* What Reverend Acquaintance is that ſhe has?

Har. A Fellow-beauty of the laſt King's time, though By the Ruins you would hardly gueſs it. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Dorimant, *and croſſes the Stage.*

Enter

Enter Young Bellair *and* Harriet.

Y. *Bell.* By this time your Mother is in a fine Taking.

Har. If your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*, were but here now, That she might find me talking with him.

Y. *Bell.* She does not know him, but dreads him, I fear, of all Mankind.

Har. She concludes, if she does but speak to a Woman, She undone, is on her Knees every Day to pray Heaven Defend me from him.

Y. *Bell.* You do not apprehend him so much as she Does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. *Bell.* On the contrary, have you not observed Something extream delightful in his Wit and Person?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he Does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. *Bell.* Lord, Madam, all he does and says is so easie And so natural.

Har. Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, but Labour i'the one, and Affectation in the other, to the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. *Bell.* I never heard him accus'd of Affectation before.

Enter Dorimant, *and stares upon her.*

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably Pleas'd in him to call it Humour.

[*Exit Young* Bellair *and* Harriet.

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely Hair, that Easie Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll Follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend *Bellair*. [*Ex. Dor.* repeating

In Love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that Wound, and they pursue that Die.

Enter Young Bellair *and* Harriet, *and after them* Dorimant *standing at a distance.*

Y. *Bell.* Most People prefer *High-Park* to this Place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess; but I

Abominate the dull Diverſions there, the formal Bows,
The affected Smiles, the ſilly By-words, and Amorous
Tweers in paſſing; here one meets with a little
Converſation now and then.

Y. *Bell.* Theſe Converſations have been fatal to ſome
Of your ſex, Madam —

Har. It may be ſo; becauſe ſome who want Temper
Have been undone by Gaming, muſt others who have it
Wholly deny themſelves the Pleaſure of Play?

Dor. Truſt me, it were unreaſonable, Madam.
[*Coming up gently, and Bowing to her.*

Har. Lord! who's this? [*She Starts, and looks grave.*

Y. *Bell. Dorimant.*

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would have
You Marry?

Y. *Bell.* It is.

Dor. Her Name?

Y. *Bell. Harriet.*

Dor. I am not miſtaken, ſhe's handſom.

Y. *Bell.* Talk to her, her Wit is better than her Face;
We were wiſhing for you but now.

Dor. Overcaſt with Seriouſneſs o'the ſudden! [*To* Harriet
A thouſand Smiles were ſhining in that Face but now;
I never ſaw ſo quick a change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a Change within; [*Aſide.*
But he ſhall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, pray what
May be your Stint?

Har. A little harmleſs Diſcourſe in publick Walks, or
At moſt an Appointment in a Box bare Fac'd at the
Play-Houſe; you are for Masks and private Meetings,
Where Women engage for all they are worth, I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can n
One at ſmall Game, when I like my Gameſter wel

Har. And be ſo unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleaſure in it.

Dor. Where there is a conſiderable Sum to be won, the
Hope of drawing People in, makes every Trifle conſiderable.

Har.

Har. The Sordidneſs of Mens Natures, I know, makes 'Tis willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though They are ſure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their Power to do us good, and we deſpair not but at ſome time or other they may be willing.

Har. To Men who have far'd on this Town like you, 'Twould be a great Mortification to live on hope; could You keep a Lent for a Miſtreſs?

Dor. In Expectation of a happy Eaſter, and though Time be very precious, think Forty Days well loſt, to Gain your Favour.

Har. Mr. *Bellair!* let us walk, 'tis time to leave him, Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are miſtaken, Flattery will not enſue, though I Know y'are greedy of the Praiſes of the whole Mail.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not, as I follow'd you, I obſerv'd how you Were pleaſed when the *Fops* cry'd ſhe's handſom, very Handſom, by God ſhe is, and whiſper'd aloud your Name, the thouſand ſeveral Forms you put your Face Into; then, to make your ſelf more agreeable, how Wantonly you play'd with your Head, flung back your Locks, and look'd ſmilingly over your Shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging like Mens, as you do the Ladies good Liking, with a ſlie Softneſs in your Looks, And a gentle Slowneſs in your Bows as you paſs by 'em,—— As thus, Sir; —— [*Acts him.* Is not this like you!

Enter Lady Woodvil *and* Buſy.

Y. *Bell.* Your Mother, Madam.

[*Pulls* Harriet. *She compoſes her ſelf.*

Wood. Ah my dear Child *Harriet.*

Buſy. Now is ſhe ſo pleaſed with finding her again ſhe [illegible] chide her.

Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mail, Madam, the moſt Entertaining Time of all the Evening,

Har. I would fain ſee that *Dorimant*, Mother, you ſo Cry out of ſo a Monſter, he's in the Mail I hear.

Wood. Come away then, the Plague is here, and you Should dread the Infection.

Y. *Bell.* You may be miſinform'd of the Gentleman.

Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him? He is The Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in Nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him ſpeak, Madam!

Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue, they ſay, would tempt The Angels to a ſecond Fall.

Enter Sir Fopling *with his Equipage, ſix Footmen and a Page.*

Sir *Fop.* Hey, *Champaine*, *Norman*, *La Roſe*, *La Fleur*, *La Tour*, *La Verdue*. *Dorimant!* ——

Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he names Him; come away, *Harriet*, come away.

[*Ex. Lady* Woodvil, Harriet, Buſy *and young* Bellair.

Dor. This Fool's coming has ſpoil'd all, ſhe's gone, But ſhe has left a pleaſing Image of her ſelf behind, that Wanders in my Soul —— It muſt not ſettle there.

Sir *Fop.* What Reſverie is this! ſpeak Man.

Dor. *Snatch'd from my ſelf how far behind*
Already I behold the Shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, a Diſcovery! I met with *Bellair*.

Dor. You can tell me no News, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came ſo near Truth in your Life, as you did in her Deſcription.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. Whatever I think of her, ſhe thinks very well Of me, I find.

Med. Did ſhe know you?

Dor. She did not, whether ſhe does now or no I know not. Here was a pleaſant Scene towards, when in came

Sir

Sir *Fopling*, muſtering up his Equipage, and at the latter End nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. Loveit and *Bellinda* are not far off, I ſaw 'em Night at St. *James*'s.

Dor. Sir *Fopling*, hark you, a Word or two, [*Whiſpers.* Look you do not want Aſſurance.

Sir *Fop.* I never want on theſe occaſions.

Dor. Walk on, we muſt not be ſeen together, make Your Advantage of what I have told you, the next Turn you will meet the Lady.

Sir *Fop.* Hey——Follow me all.

[*Ex. Sir* Fopling *and his Equipage.*

Dor. Medley, you ſhall ſee good Sport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was ſomething toward by that Whiſper.

Dor. You know a worthy Principle of hers?

Med. Not to be ſo much as Civil to a Man, who Speaks to her in the Preſence of him ſhe profeſſes To love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to Night.

Med. Now you are here ſhe will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the Humour ſhe's in, her Love will make her Do ſome very extravagant thing doubtleſs.

Med. What was *Bellinda*'s Buſineſs with you at my Lady *Townley*'s?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in Order to an Eclerciſment; I made ſome difficulty of it, and have Prepar'd this Rancounter to make good my Jealouſie.

Med. Here they come! [*Enter* Lov. Bell. *and* Pert.

Dor. I'll meet her, and provoke her with a deal of Dumb Civility in paſſing by, then turn ſhort and be hind her, when Sir *Fopling* ſets upon her——

w unregarded now
piece of Beauty paſſes—— [*Ex.* Dor. *and* Med.

Bell. How wonderful reſpectfully he Bow'd!

Pert. He's always over mannerly when he has done a Miſchief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the ſame time he had a Strange deſpiſing Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky Look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have ſpoke to him, my Dear.

Lov. I would have dy'd firſt; he ſhall no more find Me the loving Fool he has done.

Bell. You love him ſtill!

Lov. No.

Pert. I wiſh you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think ſo: What Made you hale me to this odious place, *Bellinda?*

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a Coach; Walking is Much better.

Lov. Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the Advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimant*'s Suſpicion, my Dear.

Lov. He is not jealous, but I will make him ſo, and Be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bell. aſide. If ſhe ſhould make him jealous, that may Make him fond of her again: I muſt diſſuade her from It. Lord! my Dear, this will certainly make him hate You.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneaſie, though he does not Care for me; I know the Effects of Jealouſie on Men Of his proud Temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantaſtick Remedy, its Operations are Dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the ſtrongeſt Cordial we can give to dying Love, it often brings it back when there's no ſign of Remaining: But I deſign not ſo much the reviving him As my Revenge.

Enter

Enter Sir Fopling *and his Equipage.*

Sir *Fop.* Hey! bid the Coach-man ſend home Four of His Horſes, and bring the Coach to *Whitehal*, I'll walk Over the Park—— Madam, the Honour of kiſſing your Fair Hands is a Happineſs I miſs'd this Afternoon at my Lady *Townley*'s.

Lov. You were very obliging Sir *Fopling*, the laſt time I ſaw you there.

Sir *Fop.* The preference was due to your Wit and Beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was ſo ſweet an Evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the Rabble of the Town hither.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis pity there's not an Order made, that none But the Beau *Monde* ſhould walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the Beauty of the place: See what a ſort of naſty Fellows are coming.

[*Enter four ill-faſhion'd Fellows ſinging.*

'Tis not for Kiſſes alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! Their Perriwigs are ſcented with Tobacco So ſtrong——

Sir *Fop.* It overcomes our Pulvillio—— Methinks I Smell the Coffee-houſe they came from.

1 *Man.* *Dorimant*'s convenient, Madam *Loveit.*

2 *Man.* I like the Oylie—— Buttock with her.

3 *Man.* What ſpruce Prig is that?

1 *Man.* A Caravan, lately come from *Paris.*

2 *Man.* Peace, they ſmoak.

There's ſomething elſe to be done, &c.

[*All of them Coughing.*

[*Ex. Singing.*

Enter Dorimant *and* Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd.——

Med. She entertains him as if ſhe lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——ſeem earneſt in Diſcourſe, and ſhew our ſelves. Then you ſhall ſee how ſhe'll Uſe him.

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, my Dear.

Lov.

Lov. I ſee him, he comes inſulting; but I will Diſappoint him in his Expectation. [*Aſide.*

To Sir Fop.] I like this pretty nice Humour of yours, Sir *Fopling:* With what a loathing Eye he look'd on Thoſe Fellows!

Sir *Fop.* I ſat near one of 'em at a Play to Day, and Was almoſt poiſon'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves He wears.——

Lov. Oh! filthy Cordivant, how I hate the Smell! [*Laughs in a loud affected way.*

Sir *Fop.* Did you obſerve, Madam, how their Cravats Hung looſe an Inch from their Neck, and what Frightful Air it gave 'em.

Lov. Oh I took particular notice of one that is always Spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking Flajolets who haunt th Mall o' Nights.——

Lov. Oh! I remember him, h'has a hollow Tooth Enough to ſpoil the ſweetneſs of an Evening.

Sir *Fop.* I have ſeen the talleſt walk the Streets with a Dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Lov. And a little Foot-boy at his Heels Pocket high, With a flat Cap —— a dirty Face.

Sir *Fop.* And a ſnotty Noſe.——

Lov. Oh—— odious! there's many of my own Sex With that *Holborn* Equipage trig to *Gray's-Inn-Walks*; And now and then Travel hither on a *Sunday.*

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

Lov. Your Liveries are the fineſt, Sir *Fopling.*—— Oh that Page! that Page is the prettily'ſt dreſt—— They are all Frenchmen.

Sir *Fop.* There's one damn'd Engliſh Blockhead Among 'em, you may know him by his Mien.

Lov. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir *Fop.* Hey—— I know not what to call him.——

Lov. What's your Name?

Foot-

Foot-m. *John Trott*, Madam!

Sir *Fop.* O unſufferable! *Trott*, *Trott*, *Trott!* there's Nothing ſo barbarous as the Names of our Engliſh Serva . What Countryman are you, Sirrah?

Foot-m. *Hampſhire*, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Then *Hampſhire* be your Name. Hey, *Hampſhire!*

Lov. O that ſound, that ſour, becomes the Mouth Of a Man of Quality!

Med. *Dorimant*, you look a little baſhful on the matter!

Dor. She diſſembles better than I thought ſhe could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luſcious a Bait. She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earneſt.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The Fit has long been over——

Med. But I have known Men fall into dangerous Relapſes when they have found a Woman inclining to Another.

Dor. He gueſſes the Secret of my Heart! I am concern'd, But dare not ſhow it, leſt *Bellinda* ſhould miſtruſt all I Have done to gain her. [*To himſelf.*

Bell. aſide. I have watch'd his Look, and find no Alteration there. Did he love her, ſome ſigns of Jealouſie Would have appear'd.

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has reconcil'd You to the ſcandalous Mall, we ſhall have you now Hankering here again.——

Lov. Sir *Fopling*, will you walk? ——

Sir *Fop.* I am all Obedience, Madam——

Lov. Come along then——and let's agree to be Malicious on all the ill-faſhion'd things we meet.

Sir *Fop.* We'll make a Critick on the whole Mall, Madam.

Lov. *Bellinda*, you ſhall engage——

Bell. To the Reſerve of our Friends, my Dear.

Lov.

Lov. No, no Exceptions——

Sir *Fop.* We'll ſacrifice all to our Diverſion——

Lov. All——all——

Sir *Fop.* All.

Bell. All? Then let it be.

[*Ex. Sir* Fop. Lov. Bell. *and* Pert. *laughing.*

Med. Would you had brought ſome more of your Friends, *Dorimant*, to have been Witneſſes of Sir *Fopling*'s Diſgrace and your Triumph.——

Dor. 'Twere unreaſonable to deſire you not to laugh At me; but pray do not expoſe me to the Town this Day Or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

Dor. I know ſhe hates *Fopling*, and only makes uſe of Him in hope to work me on again; had it not been for Some powerful Conſiderations, which will be remov'd to Morrow Morning, I had made her pluck off this Mask, And ſhew the Paſſion that lyes panting under.

Enter a Foot-man.

Med. Here comes a Man from *Bellair*, with News of Your laſt Adventure.

Dor. I am glad he ſent him. I long to know the Conſequence of our parting.

Foot-m. Sir, my Maſter deſires you to come to My Lady *Townley*'s preſently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with You. My Lady *Woodvil* and her Daughter are there

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*——

Foot-m. They have ſent for the Fiddles, and mean to Dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not Know you, and would have you own your ſelf to be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by That Name.

Dor. That Foppiſh Admirer of Quality, who flatters The very Meat at Honourable Tables, and never offers Love to a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother.

Med. You know the Character you are to Act, I ſee.

Dor.

Dor. This is *Harriet's* contrivance —— wild, witty, Lovesome, beautiful and young —— come along, *Medley.*

Med. This new Woman would well supply the loss Of *Loveit.*

Dor. That Business must not end so before to morrow Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

And you and Loveit *to her Cost shall find,*
I'll tho' I call the Depths of Womankind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Country Dance.

Enter Dorimant, *Lady* Woodvil, *Young* Bellair, *and Mrs.* Harriet, *Old* Bellair *and* Emilia, *Mr.* Medley *and Lady* Townley; *as having just ended the Dance.*

O. *Bell.* SO, so, so, a smart Bout, a very smart Bout A-dod!

Town. How do you like *Emilia's* Dancing, Brother.

O. *Bell.* Not at all, not at all.

Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.

O. *Bell.* No matter for that, go, bid her Dance no More, it don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I say so; a-dod I love her. [*Aside.*

Dor. All People mingle now a Days, Madam. [*To L.* Wood. And in publick places Women of Quality have the least Respect show'd 'em.

Wood. I protest you say the Truth, Mr. *Courtage.*

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that Uphold Quality and Greatness, are now shamefully laid Aside and neglected.

Wood. Well! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em Think what they will, Lewdness is the Business now, Love Was the Business in my Time. *Dor.*

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding to the Young Men of this Age, they're generally only dull Admirers of themſelves, and make their Court to nothing But their Perriwigs and their Cravats, and would be more Concern'd for the diſordering of 'em, tho' on a good Occaſion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling Of her Head or Handkerchief.

Wood. I proteſt you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very aſſiduous to ſhow themſelves at Court well dreſs'd to the Women of Quality, but their Buſineſs is with the ſtale Miſtreſſes of the Town, who Are prepar'd to receive their lazy Addreſſes by Induſtrious old Lovers, who have caſt 'em off, and Made 'em eaſie.

Har. He fits my Mother's Humour ſo well, a little More, and ſhe'll dance a kiſſing Dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully obſerv'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty; By their Talk you would think they lik'd no Face, and Yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landreſs or Taylor's Daughter; they cry a Woman's paſt her Prime At Twenty, decay'd at Four and Twenty, old and Unſufferable at Thirty.

Wood. Unſufferable at Thirty! That they are in The wrong, Mr. *Courtage*, at Five and Thirty there are Living Proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay, Madam! there's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*, And my Lady *Lowd*; ſhew me among all our opening Buds, a Face that promiſes ſo much Beauty as the Remains Of theirs.

Wood. The deprav'd Appetite of this vicious Age Taſtes nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when 'tis Kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Elſe ſo many deſerving Women, Madam, would Not be ſo untimely neglected.

Wood. I proteſt, Mr. *Courtage*, a Dozen ſuch good Men as you, would be enough to atone for that wicked

Dori-

Dorimant, and all the under-Debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there?

[*Har. Emil. Y. Bell. Med. Lady* Town. *break out into a laughter.*

Med. A pleaſant Miſtake, Madam, that a Lady has Made, occaſions a little Laughter.

O. *Bell.* Come, come, you keep 'em idle, they are Impatient till the Fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

Wood. One Dance more; I cannot refuſe you, Mr. *Courtage*. [*They Dance.*

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

[*After the Dance, Old* Bellair, *ſinging and dancing up to* Emilia.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, Sirrah, when I was a young Fellow I Could ha' Caper'd up to my Woman's Gorget.

Dor. You are willing to reſt you ſelf, Madam——

Town. We'll walk into my Chamber and ſit down.

Med. Leave us Mr. *Courtage*, he's a Dancer, and the Young Ladies are not weary yet.

Wood. We'll ſend him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to ſend For Mr. *Dorimant*.

Wood. This Girl's Head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever running On that wild Fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good Husband, Madam, that will ſettle it.

[*Ex. Lady* Townley, Woodvil *and* Dorimant.

O. *Bell.* to *Emil.* A-dod, Sweet-heart, be advis'd, and Do not throw thy ſelf away on a young idle Fellow.

Emil. I have no ſuch Intention, Sir.

O. *Bell.* Have a little patience, thou ſhalt have the Man I ſpake of. A-dod he loves thee, and will make a Good Husband, but no Words.——

Emil. But Sir.——

O. *Bell.* No Anſwer——out a pize! peace and Think on't.

Exit

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Your Company is deſired within, Sir.

O. *Bell.* I go, I go, good Mr. *Courtage*——ſare you Well; go, I'll ſee you no more. [*To* Emil.

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. *Bell.* You are ugly, you are ugly; is ſhe not, Mr. *Courtage?*

Emil. Better Words, or I ſha'nt abide you.

O. *Bell.* Out a pize——a-dod, what does ſhe ſay? Hit Her a pat for me there. [*Exit Old* Bellair.

Med. You have Charms for the whole Family.

Dor. You'll ſpoil all with ſome unſeaſonable Jeſt, *Medley*.

Med. You ſee I confine my Tongue, and am content To be a bare Spectator, much contrary to my Nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* Is a little fond of you.

Dor. Wou'd her Daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her ſo, try her, you Have an Opportunity.

Dor. And I will not loſe it: *Bellair*, here's a Lady has Something to ſay to you.

Y. *Bell.* I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley*, we have both Buſineſs with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [*To* Harriet] That Demure Curt'ſy is not amiſs in jeſt, but do not think In earneſt it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your grave Bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that Scorn and Coldneſs in Your Look?

Har. From Nature, Sir, pardon my want of Art: I Have not learnt thoſe Softneſſes and Languiſhings which Now in Faces are ſo much in Faſhion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a Sweetneſs of your Own, if you would but calm your Frowns, and let it ſettle.

Har. [illegible] wild and wand'ring like my Paſſions, And cann[illegible]d to Rules of Charming.

Dor

[illegible] we commonly a Method of Managing thoſe Meſſengers of Love, now they will Look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if They were dying. They point and cheat their Glances, The better to invite us.

Har. I like this Variety well enough; but hate the ſet Face that always looks as it would ſay, come love me. Woman, who at Plays makes the Doux yeux to a Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle Smile, and let me ſee how well It will become you.

Har. I am ſorry my Face does not pleaſe you as it is; But I ſhall not be Complaiſant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obſtinate, I know 'tis capable of Improvement, and ſhall do you Juſtice, Madam, if I Chance to be at Court, when the Criticks of the Circle Paſs their Judgment; for thither you muſt come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my Features examin'd, every Motion cenſur'd, and on the Whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of The loweſt rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women, nay the very Lovers who belong To the Drawing-room will malicſouſly allow you more Than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they May the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd Faults they cannot eaſily be diſprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a riſque expos'd at Court, As Wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the Fooliſh all are free to Cenſure.

Dor. aſide. I love her, and dare not let her know it; I fear ſh'as an Aſcendant o'er me, and may revenge the Wrongs I have done her Sex. Think of making a Party, Madam, Love will engage. [*To her.*

Har. You make me ſtart! I did not think to have heard Of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a ſettled Ague yet; But now and then have had irregular Fits.

Har. Take heed, Sickneſs after long Health is Commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the Infection from her, and feel the Diſeaſe now ſpreading in me——— [*Aſide.*

Is the Name of Love ſo frightful, that you dare not Stand it? [*To her.*

Har. 'Twill do little Execution out of your Mouth on Me, I am ſure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Har. To ſome eaſie Women, but we are not all Born To one Deſtiny; I was inform'd you uſe to Laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I muſt ſpeak——

Har. If it be on that idle Subject, I will put on my Serious Look, turn my Head careleſly from you, drop My Lip, let my Eye-lids fall and hang half o'er my Eyes—— Thus, while you buzz a Speech of an Hour Long in my Ear, and I anſwer never a Word; why do You not begin?

Dor. That the Company may take notice how Paſſionately I make Advances of Love, and how Diſdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown ſtrong enough to make You bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble Me with it. 'Till when, pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling, *and others in Masks.*

Dor. What's here, Maſquerades?

Har. I thought that Foppery had been left off, and People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on Foot ſtill by ſome, Who find themſelves the more acceptable the leſs they Are known.

Y. Bell. This muſt be, Sir *Fopling*.

Med. That extraordinary Habit ſhews it.

Y. Bell. What are the reſt?

Med

Med. A Company of French Raſcals whom he pick'd up in *Paris*, and has brought over to be his Dancing Equipage on theſe Occaſions. Make him own himſelf; A Fool is very troubleſom when he preſumes he is Incognito.

Sir *Fop.* Do you know me? [*To* Harriet.

Har. Ten to one but I gueſs at you.

Sir *Fop.* Are you Women as fond of a Vizard as we Men are?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face I do not like, Sir.

Y. *Bell.* Here are no Masks you ſee, Sir, but thoſe which came with you; this was intended a private Meeting, but becauſe you look like a Gentleman, if you diſcover your ſelf, and we know you to be ſuch, you ſhall be welcome.

Sir *Fop.* Dear *Bellair.* [*Pulling off his Mask.*

Med. Sir *Fopling!* how came you hither?

Sir *Fop.* Faith I was coming late from *Whitehal*, after the King's Coucheé, one of my People told me he had Heard Fiddles at my Lady *Townley*'s, and——

Dor. You need not ſay any more, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* *Dorimant*, let me Kiſs thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir *Fopling?* [*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Fop.* Enough, enough, *Courtage.* A pretty kind of Young Woman that, *Medley*, I obſerv'd her in the Mall More Eveliè than our Engliſh Women commonly are; Prithee what is ſhe?

Med. The moſt noted Coquetté in Town; beware Of her.

Sir *Fop.* Let her be what ſhe will, I know how to Take my Meaſures; in *Paris* the Mode is to flatter the Prudè, laugh at the Faux-proudè, make ſerious Love to The Demi-proudè, and only railly with the Coquetté. *Medley*, what think you?

Med. That for all this ſmattering of the Mathematicks, You may be out in your Judgment at Tenis.

Sir *Fop.* What a Coque a Laſne is this? I talk of Women, and thou anſwer'ſt Tennis.

Med. Miſtakes will be for want of Apprehenſion.

Sir *Fop.* I am very glad of the Acquaintance I have With this Family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

Sir *Fop.* Ah! *Dorimant*, *Courtage*, I would ſay, wou'd Thou hadſt ſpent the laſt Winter in *Paris* with me: When thou wer't there *La Corneus* and *Sallyes* were the Only Habitudes we had, a Comedian would have been a Boné Fortune. No Stranger ever paſs'd his Time ſo Well as I did ſome Months before I came over. I was Well receiv'd in a Dozen Families, where all the Women Of Quality us'd to Viſit; I have Intrigues to tell thee, More pleaſant than ever thou read'ſt in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women; our Language wants ſuch little Stories,

Sir *Fop.* Writing, Madam, is a Mechanick part of Wit, A Gentleman ſhould never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. Buſſie was a Gentleman.

Sir *Fop.* Who, *D'Ambois?*

Med. Was there ever ſuch a brisk Blockheak?

Har. Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rabutin.* He who writ The Loves of *France.*

Sir *Fop.* That may be, Madam, many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, *Courtage*, Women are the prettieſt things we can fool Away our Time with.

Har. I hope ye have wearied your ſelf to Night at Court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any Body here.

Sir *Fop.* I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam—— *Dorimant*——

Dor. Again!

Sir *Fop. Courtage*, a Pox on't, I have ſomething to tell Thee. When I had made my Court within, I came Out and flung my ſelf upon the Mat, under the State

I'th

I'th outward Room, i'th' midſt of half a Dozen Beauties. Who were withdrawn to jeer among themſelves, as they Called it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir *Fop.* No one of 'em, by Heavens! not I. But They're all your Friends.

Dor. How are you ſure of that?

Sir *Fop.* Why we laugh'd at all the Town; ſpar'd no Body but your ſelf, they found me a Man for their Purpoſe.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your Power.

Sir *Fop.* And Faith I had Occaſion to ſhew it, for I Never ſaw more gaping Fools at a Ball, or on a Birth-Day.

Dor. You learn'd who the Women were?

Sir *Fop.* No matter; they frequent the Drawing-room.

Dor. And entertain themſelves pleaſantly at the Expence of all the Fops who come there.

Sir *Fop.* That's their Buſineſs; Faith I ſifted 'em, and Find they have a ſort of Wit among them—— Ah Filthy. [*Pinches a Tallow Candle.*

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir *Fop.* How can you breathe in a Room where there's Greaſe frying? *Dorimant*, thou art intimate with my Lady, adviſe her for her own ſake, and the good Company that comes hither, to burn Wax Lights.

Har. What are theſe Maſquerades who ſtand ſo Obſequiouſly at a diſtance?

Sir *Fop.* A Set of Bulladins, whom I pick'd out of The beſt in *France*, and brought over with a Flutes-deux Or two, my Servants; they ſhall entertain you.

Har. I had rather ſee you Dance your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* And I had rather do it—— all the Company Knows it—— but Madam——

Med. Come, come, no Excuſes, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* By Heavens, *Medley*.——

Med. Like a Woman, I find you muſt be ſtruggl'd With, before one brings you to what you deſire.

Har. Can he Dance? [*Aſide.*

Emil. And Fence and Sing too, if you'll believe him.

Dor. He has no more Excellence in his Heels than in His Head. He went to *Paris* a plain baſhful *Engliſh* Blockhead, and is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fop.*

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir *Fop.* Do not think it want of Complaiſance, Madam

Har. You are too well bred to want that, Sir *Fopling.* I believe it want of Power.

Sir *Fop.* By Heavens and ſo it is. I have ſat up ſo Damn'd late, and drunk ſo curſed hard ſince I came to This lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low Dancing now, a Corant, a Boreè, or a Minnuét; but St. *Andrè* tells me, if I will but be regular, in one Month I ſhall riſe again. Pox on this Debauchery.

[*Endeavours at a Caper.*

Emil. I have heard your Dancing much commended.

Sir *Fop.* It had the good Fortune to pleaſe in *Paris.* I was judg'd to riſe within an Inch as high as the Baſqué, In an Entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool; let us ſit: Here's a Seat, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* At your Feet, Madam; I can be no where ſo Much at eaſe; by your leave, Gown.

Har. and *Emil.* Ah! you'll ſpoil it.

Sir *Fop.* No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures. I Make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey— [*Dance.* Quon Comencè, to an Engliſh Dancer Engliſh Motions. I was forced to entertain this Fellow, one of my Set Miſcarrying—— Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner Of Dancing, and put on the French Air; have you no a Pattern before you——pretty well! Imitation in time May bring him to ſomething.

After the Dance enter Old Bellair, *Lady* Woodvil, *and Lady* Townley.

Y. *Bell.* Hey a-dod! what have we here, a mumming?

Wood. Where's my Daughter—— *Harriet?*

Bell. Here, here, here, Madam. I know not but under these Disguises there may be dangerous Sparks, I gave the Young Lady warning.

Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. *Courtage.*

Har. Lord! how you admire this Man.

Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fop.

Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant Fellow Of the Times.

Har. He's a Man made up of Forms and common Places, suck'd out of the remaining Lees of the last Age.

Wood. He's so good a Man, that were you not Engaged——

Town. You'll have but little Night to sleep in.

Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect Day——

Dor. The Hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, And I am not so foppishly in Love here to forget; [*Aside.* I am Flesh and Blood yet.

Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look, in what struggle is my poor Mother, Yonder?

Y. *Bell.* She has much ado to bring out the Compliment.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her Head tottering, her Eyes staring, And her under Lip trembling——

Dor. Now, now she's in the very Convulsions of her Civility. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall lose *Bellinda:* I must fright her hence! she'll be an Hour in this Fit of good Manners else. [*To Lady* Wood.] Do you not know Sir *Fopling* [illegible]?

Har. [illegible] seen that Face—— Oh heaven! 'tis the Same we met in the Mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call; no Sooner it ſtrikes up, but the Houſe is beſieg'd with an Army of Maſquerades ſtraight.

Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtage*, for certain *Dorimant* is in the Company.

Dor. I cannot confidently ſay he is not, you had beſt Begon. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the Hands of Mr. *Bellair.*

Wood. I'll ſee her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

Y. *Bell.* Lights! Lights!

Town. Light down there.

O. *Bell.* A-dſ it needs not——

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvil's* Coach to the Door quickly.

O. *Bell.* Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do That Duty; we will drink a Glaſs of Wine together. 'Tis Good after Dancing; what mumming Spark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few Words.

Sir *Fop.* Hey! *La Tower.*

Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling?*

Sir *Fop.* I have Buſ'neſs with *Courtage*——

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their Coach, and Come up again.

O. *Bell.* In the mean time I'll call for a Bottle.

[*Ex. Old* Bellair.

Enter Young Bellair.

Med. Where's *Dorimant?*

Y. *Bell.* Stoln home; he has had Buſineſs waiting for Him there all this Night, I believe, by an Impatience I Obſerved in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but diſſembling Drunkenneſs, Railing at his Friends, and the kind Soul will embrace the Bleſſing, and forget the tedious Expectation.

Sir *Fop.* I muſt ſpeak with him before I ſleep.

Y. *Bell.* *Emilia* and I are reſolved on that Buſineſs.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter

Enter Old Bellair, *and Buttler with a Bottle of Wine.*

O. *Bell.* The Women are all gone to Bed. Fill Boy; Mr. *Medley*, begin a Health.

Med. To *Emilia*. [*Whiſpers.*

O. *Bell.* Out a pize! ſhe's a Rogue, and I'll not Pledge you.

Med. I know you well.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, drink it then.

Sir *Fop.* Let us have the new Bachic——

O. *Bell.* A-dod, that is a hard Word; what does it Mean, Sir?

Med. A Catch or drinking Song.

O. *Bell.* Let us have it then.

Sir *Fop.* Fill the Glaſſes round, and draw up in a Body. Hey! Muſick!

They Sing.

THE Pleaſures of Love, and the Joys of good Wine,
To perfect our Happineſs wiſely we join.
We to Beauty all Day
Give the Soveraign Sway,
And her Favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.
At the Plays we are conſtantly making our Court,
And when they are ended we follow the Sport.
To the Mall and the Park,
Where we love 'till 'tis dark;
Then ſparkling Champaign
Puts an end to their Reign;
It quickly recovers
Poor languiſhing Lovers,
Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow.
But alas! we relapſe again on the Morrow.

Let

Let ev'ry Man ſtand
With his Glaſs in his Hand,
And briskly diſcharge at the Word of Command—
Here's a Health to all thoſe
Whom to Night we depoſe.
Wine and Beauty by turns great Souls ſhould inſpire.
Preſent all together, and now Boys give Fire.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, a pretty Buſineſs, and very merry.

Sir *Fop.* Hark you, *Medley*, let you and I take the Fiddles, and go waken *Dorimant.*

Med. We ſhall do him a Courteſie, if it be as I gueſs. For after the Fatigue of this Night, he'll quickly have his Belly full, and be glad of an Occaſion to cry, Take away, *Handy.*

Y. *Bell.* I'll go with you, and there we'll conſult about Affairs, *Medley.*

O. Bell. *looks on his Watch.*] A-dod, 'tis ſix a Clock.

Sir *Fop.* Let's away then.

O. *Bell.* Mr. *Medley*, my Siſter tells me you are an Honeſt Man, and a-dod I love you. Few Words and Hearty, that's the way with old *Harry*, old *Harry.*

Sir *Fop.* Light your Flambeux. Hey.

O. *Bell.* What does the Man mean?

Med. 'Tis Day, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* No matter. Our Serenade will look the Greater. [*Ex. Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Scene, Dorimant's *Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet, &c.* Handy *tying up Linnen.*

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown, and* Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone ſo ſoon?

Bell. Why did you ſtay out ſo late?

Dor.

Dor. Call a Chair, *Handy*; what makes you tremble ſo?

Bell. I have a thouſand Fears about me: Have I not Been ſeen think you?

Dor. By no Body but my ſelf and truſty *Handy*.

Bell. Where are all your People?

Dor. I have diſpers'd 'em on ſleeveleſs Errands. What Does that Sign mean?

Bell. Can you be ſo unkind to ask me? --- well--- [*Sighs.* Were it to do again——

Dor. We ſhould do it, ſhould we not?

Bell. I think we ſhould; the wickeder Man you to Make me love ſo well——will you be diſcreet now?

Dor. I will——

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell. You have no more Power to keep the Secret, Than I had not to truſt you with it.

Dor. By all the Joys I have had, and thoſe you keep In ſtore——

Bell. You'll do for my ſake what you never did before——

Dor. By that Truth thou haſt ſpoken, a Wife ſhall Sooner betray her ſelf to her Husband——

Bell. Yet I had rather you ſhould be falſe in this, than In any other thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never ſee *Loveit* more but in Publick Places, in the Park, at Court and Plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a Man ſhould be fond of ſeeing a Damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not truſt your Promiſe.

Dor. You may——

Bell. This does not ſatisfie me. You ſhall ſwear you Never will ſee her more.

Dor. I will! a thouſand Oaths——By all——

Bell. Hold——you ſhall not, now I think on't better.

Dor.

Dor. I will ſwear——

Bell. I ſhall grow jealous of the Oath and think I Owe your Truth to that, not to your Love.

Dor. Then, by my Love, no other Oath I'll ſwear.

Enter Handy.

Handy. Here's a Chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly, I fear.

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promiſe Me again?

Bell. Not this Fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your Word.

Bell. I think I ſhall. Will it not make you Love me leſs? [*Starting.*

Hark! what Fiddles are theſe? [*Fiddles without.*

Dor. Look out, *Handy.* [*Ex.* Handy, *and returns.*

Handy. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*, They are coming up.

Dor. How got they in?

Handy. The Door was open for the Chair.

Bell. Lord! let me fly——

Dor. Here, here, down the back Stairs. I'll ſee you Into your Chair.

Bell. No, No, ſtay and receive 'em, and be ſure you Keep your Word, and never ſee *Loveit* more. Let it be A Proof of your Kindneſs.

Dor. It ſhall——*Handy*, direct her. Everlaſting Love go along with thee. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

[*Ex.* Bellinda *and* Handy.

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, *and Sir* Fopling.

Y. *Bell.* Not a Bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular Fit, *Dorimant.*

Dor. I have.

Y. *Bell.* And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen, when She kindly to Work; great Cures are effected in little Time, you know. Sir

Sir *Fop.* We thought there was a Wench in the Caſe by the Chair that waited. Prithee make us a Confidance.

Dor. Excuſe me.

Sir *Fop.* Le ſage *Dorimant*——was ſhe pretty?

Dor. So pretty ſhe may come to keep her Coach, and Pay Parish Duties, if the good Humour of the Age Continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by Publick ſpirited Men, for the good of the whole Town.

Sir *Fop.* Well ſaid, *Medley.* [*Sir* Fop. *dancing by himſelf.*

Y. *Bell.* See, Sir *Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practiſing, and have a Mind to recover, I ſee.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee, *Dorimant,* why haſt not thou a Glaſs Hung up here? A Room is the dulleſt thing without one.

Y. *Bell.* Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir *Fop.* But I mean in Caſe of being alone. In a Glaſs a Man may entertain himſelf——

Dor. The Shadow of himſelf indeed.

Sir *Fop.* Correct the Errors of his Motions and his Dreſs.

Med. I find, Sir *Fopling,* in your Solitude you remember The Saying of the Wiſe Man, and ſtudy your ſelf.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis the beſt Diverſion in our Retirements. *Dorimant,* thou art a pretty Fellow, and wear'ſt thy Cloaths well, but I never ſaw thee have a handſom Cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give Another Air to thy Face. Prithee let me ſend my Man To Dreſs thee but one Day. By Heavens an Engliſh Man cannot tye a Ribbon.

Dor. They are ſomething Clumſie-fiſted——

Sir *Fop.* I have brought over the prettieſt Fellow that Ever ſpread a Toilet; he ſerved ſome time under *Merille,* The greateſt Genie in the World for a Valet d'Chambré.

Dor. What, he who formerly belonged to the Duke Of *Candale?*

Sir *Fop.* The ſame, and got him his Immortal Reputation

Dor.

Dor. Y'ave a very fine *Brandenburgh* on, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* It ſerves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of A Ball.

Med. I ſee you often in it, with your Perriwig tuck'd up.

Sir *Fop.* We ſhould not always be in a Sweat, like *Monſieur* More en Cavalier to appear now and then in a Caſſaque.

Med. Pray how goes your Buſineſs with *Loveit?*

Sir *Fop.* You might have anſwered you ſelf in the Mall Laſt Night. *Dorimant*! did you not ſee the Advances She made me? I have been endeavouring at a Song.

Dor. Already!

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis my Coup'd Eſſay in Engliſh; I would Fain have thy Opinion of it.

Dor. Let's ſee it.

Sir *Fop.* Hey Page, give me my Song——*Bellair*, Here, thou haſt a pretty Voice, ſing it.

Y. *Bell.* Sing it your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* Excuſe me.

Y. *Bell.* You learnt to Sing in *Paris*.

Sir *Fop.* I did, of *Lambert* the greateſt Maſter in the World; but I have his own Fault, a weak Voice, and Care not to ſing out of a Ruél.

Dor. A Ruél is a pretty Cage for a ſinging Fop, indeed.

Young *Bellair* reads the Song.

HOW Charming Phillis *is! how Fair!*
Ah that ſhe were as willing,
To eaſe my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes leſs killing.
I ſigh! I ſigh! I languiſh now,
And Love will not let me reſt,
I drive about the Park, and Bow
Still as I meet my deareſt.

Sir *Fop.* Sing it, ſing it Man, it goes to a pretty new Tune, which I am confident was made by *Baptiſt*.

Med.

Med. Sing it your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*, he does not know the Tune.

Sir *Fop.* I'll venture. [*Sir* Fopling *ſings.*

Dor. Ay marry, now 'tis ſomething. I ſhall not Flatter you, Sir *Fopling*, there is not much Thought in't, But 'tis passionate, and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir *Fop.* That I aim'd at —— does it not give you a Lively Image of the thing? Slap down goes the Glaſs, And thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed: I perceive, Sir *Fopling*, you'll Be the very Head of the Sparks, who are lucky in Compoſitions of this Nature.

Enter Sir Fopling's *Foot-man.*

Sir *Fop. La Tower*, is the Bath ready?

Foot-m. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Adieu don Mes cheres. [*Ex. Sir* Fopling.

Med. When have you your Revenge on *Loveit*, *Dorimant?*

Dor. I will but change my Linnen, and about it.

Med. The powerful Conſiderations which hinder'd Have been remov'd then.

Dor. Moſt luckily this Morning; you muſt along with Me, my Reputation lyes at ſtake there.

Med. I am engaged to *Bellair.*

Dor. What's your Buſineſs?

Med. Ma-tri-mony, an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. *Bell.* It may in time, *Dorimant*, what think you Of Mrs. *Harriet*?

Dor. What does ſhe think of me?

Y. *Bell.* I am confident ſhe loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. *Bell.* Why ſhe's never well but when ſhe's talking Of you, but then ſhe finds all the Faults in you ſhe can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then ſhe ſpeaks Ill of all who do not.

Dor.

Dor. Women of her Temper betray themſelves by Their over Cunning. I had once a growing Love with A Lady, who would always quarrel with me when I Came to ſee her, and yet was never quiet if I ſtay'd a Day from her.

Y. *Bell.* My Father is in Love with *Emilia*—

Dor. That is a good Warrant for your Proceedings, Go on and proſper, I muſt to *Loveit*. *Medley*, I am Sorry you cannot be a Witneſs.

Med. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the ſame Place, and uſe him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about, I think. I'll be At your Aunt's anon, and give you Joy, Mr. *Bellair*.

Y. *Bell.* You had not beſt think of Mrs. *Harriet* too Much, without Church Security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But——

The Wiſe will find a difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, *the Men ſet it down and open it.* Bellinda *ſtarting.*

Bell. ſurpriz'd. Lord! where am I? in the Mall! Whither have you brought me?

1 *Chair-m.* You gave us no Directions, Madam?

Bell. The Fright I was in made me forget it. [*Aſide.*

1 *Chair-m.* We uſe to carry a Lady from the Squires Hither.

Bell. This is *Loveit*, I am undone if ſhe ſees me. [*Aſide.* Quickly carry me away.

1 *Chair-m.* Whither, an't like your Honour?

Bell. Ask no Queſtions.——

Enter Loveit's *Foot-man.*

Foot-m. Have you ſeen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am juſt come to wait upon her.——

Foot-m.

Foot-m. She will be glad to ſee you, Madam. She ſent
[illegible]le to you this Morning to deſire your Company,
[illegible]d I was told you went out by Five a Clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky! [*Aſide.*

Foot-m. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll diſcharge my Chair and follow, [*Ex.* Foot-man. Tell your Miſtreſs I am here. [*Gives the* Chair-men *Mony.* Take this, and if ever you ſhould be examin'd, be ſure You ſay, you took me up in the *Strand* over againſt the *Exchange*, as you will anſwer it to Mr. *Dorimant.*

Chair-men. We will, an't like your Honour. [*Ex.* Chair-m.

Bell. Now to come off, I muſt on——

In Confidence and Lies ſome hope is left;
'Twere hard to be found out in the firſt Theft. [Exit.

A C T. V.

Enter Miſtreſs Loveit, *and* Pert *her Woman.*

Pert. WELL! in my Eyes Sir *Fopling* is no ſuch Deſpicable Perſon.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handſom a Man as Mr. *Dorimant*, and as Great a Gallant.

Lov. Intolerable! is't not enough I ſubmit to his Impertinences, but I muſt be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed, Madam——

Lov. 'Tis falſe, mercenary Malice—— [*Enter her* Foot-m.

Foot-m. Mrs. *Bellinda*, Madam——

Lov. What of her?

Foot-m. She's below.

Lov. How came ſhe?

Foot-m. In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

Lov. He bring her! His Chair ſtands near *Dorimant*'s Door, and always brings me from thence—— Run and

Ask

Ask him where he took her up; go, there is no Truth In Friendſhip neither. Women as well as Men, all are Falſe, or all are ſo to me at leaſt.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had beſt tell her I am. 'Twill become me Liberty you take of late. This Fellow' bringing of her, Her going out by Five a Clock——I know not what to Think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riſer.

Bell. Do you not wonder, my Dear, what made me Abroad ſo ſoon?

Lov. You do not uſe to be ſo.

Bell. The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddeſt Diverſions!) would never Let me reſt 'till I promis'd to go with them to the Markets This Morning, to eat Fruit and buy Noſegays.

Lov. Are they ſo fond of a filthy Noſegay?

Bell. They complain of the Stinks of the Town, and Are never well but when they have their Noſes in one.

Lov. There are Eſſences and ſweet Waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon Perfumes they are Unwholſome, one of 'em was falling into a Fit with the Smell of the *Tuberolii*.

Lov. Methinks in Complaiſance you ſhould have had A Noſegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could be ſo loathſome To trick my ſelf up with Carnations and Stock-Gillyflowers? I begg'd their Pardon, and told them I never wore any Thing but Orange-Flowers and Tuberoſe. That which Made me willing to go was a ſtrange Deſire I had to eat Some freſh *Nectarens*.

Lov. And had you any?

Bell. The beſt I ever taſted.

Lov. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach, and took a Chair to come and ſee you, my Dear.

Lov.

Lov. Whither did you ſend for that Chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Lov. Where do theſe Country Gentlewomen Lodge, pray?

Bell. In the *Strand*, over againſt the *Exchange*.

Pert. That Place is never without a Neſt of 'em, They are always as one goes by ſtearing in Balconies, Or ſtaring out of Windows.

Enter Foot-man.

Lov. [*To the* Foot-m.] Come hither. [*Whiſpers.*

Bell. aſide. This Fellow, by her Order, has been Queſtioning the Chair-men; I threaten'd 'em with the Name of *Dorimant*, if they ſhould have told Truth I Am loſt for ever.

Lov. In the *Strand* ſaid you?

Foot-m. Yes, Madam, over againſt the *Exchange*. [*Ex.* Foot-man.

Lov. She's innocent, and I am much to blame.

Bell. aſide. I am ſo frighted, my Countenance will Betray me.

Lov. Bellinda! what makes you look ſo pale?

Bell. Want of my uſual Reſt, and tolting up and down So long in an odious Hackney. [Foot-man *returns*.

Foot-m. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant!*

Lov. What makes him here?

Bell. aſide. Then I am betray'd indeed, h'as broke his Word, and I love a Man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord! you faint, *Bellinda*.

Bell. I think I ſhall! ſuch an Oppreſſion here on the ſudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much Fruit, I warrant you.

Lov. Not unlikely!

Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

Lov. Have her into my Chamber, give her ſome Surfeit Water, and let her lye down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam, I was a ſtrange Devourer.

Of Fruit when I was young, ſo
Ravenous—— [*Ex.* Bell. *and* Pert *leading her off.*

Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while! That I might receive this Man with all the Scorn and Indignation he deſerves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey——Page——Give poſitive Order that none of My People ſtir——Let the Canaile wait as they ſhould Do——ſince Noiſe and Nonſence have ſuch powerful Charms,

I, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you love.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from What you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with ſo good a Grace as Sir *Fopling*. Hey, *Hampſhire*——Oh——that ſound, that ſound Becomes the Mouth of a Man of Quality.

Lov. Is there a thing ſo hateful as a ſenſeleſs Mimick?

Dor. He's a great Grievance indeed to all who like Your ſelf, Madam, love to play the Fool in quiet.

——A ridiculous Animal, who has more of the Ape, Than the Ape has of the Man in him.

Dor. I have a mean an Opinion of a Sheer Mimick As your ſelf, yet were he all Ape I ſhould prefer him to The Gay, the Giddy, Brisk, Inſipid, Noiſie Fool you Doat on.

Lov. Thoſe noiſie Fools, however you deſpiſe 'em, Have good Qualities, which weigh more (or ought at Leaſt) with us Women, than all the pernicious Wit you Have to boaſt of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a juſt value for their Merit, pray do me the Favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll deſpiſe 'em as the dull Effects of Ignorance And Vanity, yet I care not if I mention ſome. Firſt, They really admire us, while you at beſt but flatter Us well.

Dor.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can diſſemble too——

Lov. They may, but not ſo artificially as you——
There is no fear they ſhould deceive us: Then they are
Aſſiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their Service,
And always waiting on our Will.

Dor. You owe that to their exceſſive Idleneſs, they
Know not how to entertain themſelves at home, and
Find ſo little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to
You who Countenance 'em, as a Refuge againſt the
Solitude they would be otherwiſe condemn'd to.

Lov. Their Converſation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your Fan, ſmelling to your Gloves,
Commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut
And ſhaded after the new way.——

Lov. Were it ſillier than you can make it, you muſt
Allow 'tis pleaſanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd
At our ſelves, though never ſo wittily. Then though
They want Skill to flatter us, they flatter themſelves ſo
Well, they ſave us the Labour; we need not take that
Care and Pains to ſatisfie 'em of our Love, which we
So often loſe on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of
Themſelves, and always better of you than you deſerve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit
Faith in us which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into
Our Secrets, and ſaves us the Vexatious Trouble of
Clearing Doubts, which your ſubtle and cauſeleſs Jealouſies
Every Moment raiſe.

Dor. There is an inbred Falſhood in Women, which
Inclines 'em ſtill to them whom they may moſt eaſily
Deceive.

Lov. The Man who loves above his Quality, does not
Suffer more from the inſolent Impertinence of his Miſtreſs,
Than the Woman who loves above her Underſtanding,
Does from the arrogant Preſumptions of her Friend.

Dor. You miſtake the uſe of Fools, they are deſign'd
For Properties, and not for Friends; you have an

Indifferent ſtock of Reputation left yet. Loſe it all at A Frank Gameſter on the Square, 'twill then be time Enough to turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a good Subſtantial Bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for Properties indeed, but young and handſom Fools have Met with kinder Fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the Shame of your Sex be it Spoken, 'twas this, the thought of this, made me, by a Timely Jealouſie, endeavour to prevent the good Fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopling*—— But Againſt a Woman's Frailty all our Care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear Experience bought the Knowledge of your Falſhood, you might have fool'd Me yet. This is not the firſt Jealouſie you have feign'd To make a Quarrel with me, and get a Week to throw Away on ſome ſuch unknown inconſiderable Slut, as you Have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a Man, never want th' Addreſs to turn the Fault on him.

Lov. You take a Pride of late in uſing of me ill, that The Town may know the Power you have over me. Which now (as unreaſonably as your ſelf) expects that I (do me all the Injuries you can) muſt love you ſtill.

Dor. I am ſo far from expecting that you ſhould, I begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Wou'd the Memory of it were ſo wholly worn Out in me that I did doubt it too; what made you Come to diſturb my growing Quiet?

Dor. To give you Joy of your growing Infamy.

Lov. Inſupportable! inſulting Devil! this from you, The only Author of my Shame! this from another had Been but Juſtice, but from you 'tis a Helliſh and Inhuman Outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my Scorn, and Makes my Anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov.

L. I walk'd laſt Night with Sir *Fopling*.

D. You did, Madam, and you talk'd and laugh'd l, ha, ha, ha, —— Oh that Laugh, that Laugh nes the Confidence of a Woman of Quality.

L. You, who have more Pleaſure in the Ruin of a an's Reputation, than in the Indearments of her Lo.; reproach me not with your ſelf, and I deſie you To name the Man can lay a Blemiſh on my Fame.

Dor. To be ſeen publickly ſo tranſported with the Vain Follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an Infamy Below the Sin of Proſtitution with another Man.

Lov. Rail on, I am ſatisfied in the Juſtice of what I Did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the Effect of a Paſſion, whoſe Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the Effect of a Paſſion You may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you ſo indifferent grown?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll ſend you back Your Letters you have ſo often ask'd for: I have Two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You ſnatch as if you thought I would not—— There—— And may the Perjuries in [illegible] mine if e'er I ſee you more.

Lov. Stay! [*Offers to go, ſhe catches him.*

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You ſhall.

Dor. What have you to ſay?

Lov. I cannot ſpeak it yet.

Dor. Something more in Commendation of the Fool. Death! I want Patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can ſooner part with the Limbs That hold him. [*Aſide.*
I hate that nauſeous Fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the Scandal you were fond of then?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my Anger equal to my Love, a Thing you ne'er could do before, and in Revenge I Did—— I know not what I did:—— You'd you wou'd Not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I ſhall be daily Minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the Town To laugh at me; and *Medley*, when he is rhetorically Drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my Ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous ſpite! Come, Forget it.

Dor. Let me conſult my Reputation, you are too Careleſs of it. [*Pauſes.*] You ſhall meet Sir *Fopling* in The Mail again to Night.

Lov. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you muſt. 'Tis Neceſſary to juſtifie my Love to the World; you can Handle a Coxcomb as he deſerves, when you are not out Of Humour, Madam.

Lov. Publick Satisfaction for the Wrong I have done You! This is ſome new Device to make me more Ridiculous.

Dor. Hear me.

Lov. I will not.

Dor. You will be perſuaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you ſo obſtinate?

Lov. Are you ſo baſe?

Dor. You will not ſatisfie my Love?

Lov. I would die to ſatisfie that, but I will not, to ſave You from a thouſand Racks, do a ſhameleſs thing to pleaſe Your Vanity.

Dor. Farewel, falſe Woman.

Lov. Do! go!

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquiſite Fiend! I knew you came but to Torment me.

Enter

Enter Bellinda *and* Pert.

Dor. Surpriz'd. *Bellinda* here!

Bell. Aye. He ſtarts! and looks pale, the ſight of me Has touch'd his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a Qualm, as I ſaid, a little Indigeſtion; The Surfeit Water did it, Madam, mix'd with a little Mel.

Dor. I am confounded, and cannot gueſs how ſhe Came hither!

Lov. 'Tis your Fortune, *Bellinda,* ever to be here, When I am abus'd by this Prodigy of ill Nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here! How has he the Face to come near you?

Dor. aſide. Here is fine Work towards! I never was at Such a loſs before.

Bell. One who makes a publick Profeſſion of Breach Of Faith and Ingratitude, I loath the ſight of him.

Dor. There is no Remedy, I muſt ſubmit to their Tongues now, and ſome other time bring my ſelf off as Well as I can.

Bell. Other Men are wicked, but then they have ſome Senſe of Shame; he is never well but when he triumphs, Nay, glories to a Woman's Face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda*; but methinks your Kindneſs for me makes you concern your ſelf too much With him.

Bell. It does indeed, my Dear; his barbarous Carriage To you yeſterday made me hope you ne'er wou'd ſee Him more, and the very next Day to find him here Again, provokes me ſtrangely; but, becauſe I know you Love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handſomly, and I Deſerve it for coming hither, but——

Pert. You muſt expect it, Sir, all Women will hate You for my Lady's ſake.

Dor. Nay, if ſhe begins too, 'tis time to flie, I ſhall Be ſcolded to Death elſe. [*Aſide to* Bellinda.

I am to blame in ſome Circumſtances, I confeſs; but as To the Main, I am not ſo guilty as you imagine. I Shall ſeek a more convenient time to clear my ſelf.

Lov. Do it now! what Impediments are here?

Dor. I want Time, and you want Temper.

Lov. Theſe are weak Pretences!

Dor. You were never more miſtaken in your Life. And ſo farewel. [Dorimant *flings off.*

Lov. Call a Foot-man, *Pert,* quickly, I will have him Dogg'd.

Pert. I wiſh you would not for my Quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous Cauſe of all our Quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expoſe her bare-fac'd To the World.

Bell. Let me but eſcape this time, [*Aſide.* I'll never venture more.

Lov. Bellinda! you ſhall go with me.

Bell. I have ſuch a Heavineſs hangs on me with what I did this Morning, I would fain go home and ſleep, My Dear.

Lov. Death and Eternal Darkneſs! I ſhall never ſleep Again. Raging Feavers ſeize the World, and make Mankind as reſtleſs all as I am. [*Ex.* Loveit.

Bell. I knew him falſe, and help'd to make him ſo: Was not her Ruin enough to fright me from the Danger? It ſhould have been, but Love can take no warning. [*Ex.* Bell.

SCENE II.

Scene, Lady *Townley*'s Houſe.

Enter Medley, *Young* Bellair, *Lady* Townley, Emilia *and* Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, *Bellair,* and do not let us ſee that Repentance in thine, we daily do in married Faces.

Town. This Wedding will ſtrangely ſurprize my Brother when he knows it.

Med

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam, ſince Marriage has loſt its good Name; prudent Men ſeldom expoſe their own Reputations, 'till 'tis Convenient to juſtifie their Wives.

O. *Bell.* [*without.*] Where are you all there? Out a-dod, will no Body hear?

Town. My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk* into this Cloſet, you muſt not be ſeen yet. [*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Enter Old Bellair *and Lady* Townley's *Page.*

O. *Bell.* Deſire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlor, I will be with him preſently —— Where have You been, Sir, you could not wait on me to Day? [*To Young* Bellair.

Y. *Bell.* About a Buſineſs.

O. *Bell.* Are you ſo good at Buſineſs? A-dod, I have A Buſineſs too you ſhall diſpatch out of Hand, Sir. Send for a Parſon, Siſter; my Lady *Woodvil* and her Daughter are coming.

Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

O. *Bell.* Out a piſe, Youth is apt to play the Fool, And 'tis not good it ſhould be in their Power.

Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. *Bell.* H'has been idling this Morning, and a-dod I Do not like him. How doſt thou do, Sweet-heart? [*To* Emilia.

Emil. You are very ſevere, Sir, marry'd in ſuch haſte.

O. *Bell.* Go too, thou'rt a Rogue, and I will talk With thee anon. Here's my Lady *Woodvil* come. [*Enter Lady* Woodvil, Harriet *and* Buſy.

Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb*'s below with the Writings.

Wood. Let us down, and make an end then.

O. *Bell.* Siſter, ſhew the way. [*To Young* Bellair, *who is talking to* Harriet.

Harry, your Buſineſs lyes not there yet; excuſe him 'till We have done, Lady, and then a-dod he ſhall be for Thee. Mr. *Medley*, we muſt trouble you to be a Witneſs.

Med.

Med. I luckily came for that purpoſe, Sir.

[*Ex. Old* Bellair, Medley, *Young* Bellair *Lady* Townley *and Lady* Woodvil.

Buſy. What will you do, Madam?

Har. Be carried back, and mew'd up in the Country Again, run away here, any thing rather than be marry'd To a Man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia*, do thou Adviſe me.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engaged, you know.

Har. I do; but know not what the fear of loſing an Eſtate may fright him to.

Emil. In the deſp'rate Condition you are in, you Should conſult with ſome judicious Man; what think You of Mr. *Dorimant?*

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Buſy. She thinks of nothink elſe, I am ſure——

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage!*

Har. Becauſe I contriv'd the Miſtake to make a little Mirth, you believe I like the Man.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

Har. Men are ſeldom in the right when they gueſs At a Woman's Mind; would ſhe whom he loves lov'd Him no better.

Buſy aſide. That's e'en well enough on all Conſcience.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of Wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of Pains to ſhew it.

Emil. He's extreamly well faſhion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculouſly wild and apiſh.

Buſy. You defend him ſtill againſt your Mother.

Har. I would not, were he juſtly rallied, but I cannot Hear any one undeſervedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your Woman learnt the Song you were So taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at ſecond Hearing.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

Buſy.

Buſy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me ſing it At leaſt a Dozen times this Morning.

Har. Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy Fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Buſy. 'Tis but ſinging the Song and I ſhall appeaſe her.

Emil. Prithee do.

Har. She has a Voice will grate your Ears worſe than A Cat-call, and dreſſes ſo ill ſhe's ſcarce fit to trick up a Yeoman's Daughter on a Holy-day.

Buſy Sings.

Song by Sir *C. Sedley.*

AS Amoret with Phillis *ſat*
One Ev'ning on the Plain,
And ſaw the Charming Strephon *wait*
To tell the Nymph his Pain.

The threatning Danger to remove
She whiſper'd in her Ear,
Ah Phillis, *if you would not love,*
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art,
His Paſſion to convey
Into a liſtning Virgin's Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occaſion for your Fate.
In vain, ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the Mind.

Har. That not one Arrow does Reſiſtance find.

Dor. Let us make uſe of the lucky Minute then.

Har.

Har. aſide turning from Dorimant.] My Love ſprings With my Blood into my Face, I dare not look upon Him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the Picture of celebrated Beauty, giving Audience in Publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fop, and make the Piece Compleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd? The whole Myſtery of making Love pleaſantly deſign'd, And wrought in a Suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needleſs to execute Fools in Effigy, who Suffer daily in their own Perſons.

Dor. to Emilia *aſide.*] Mrs. Bride, for ſuch I know this Happy Day has made you.

Emil. Defer the formal Joy you are to give me, and Mind your Buſineſs with her. —— [*Aloud.*] Here are Dreadful Preparations, Mr. *Dorimant*, Writings ſealing, And a Parſon ſent for.——

Dor. To Marry this Lady?——

Buſy. Condemn'd ſhe is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generouſly engage in a Reſcue.

Dor. In this ſad Condition, Madam, I can do no leſs Than offer you my Service.

Har. The Obligation is not great, you are the common Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my Arms open to receive the Diſtreſſed. But I will open my Heart and receive you, Where none yet did ever enter —— You have fill'd it With a Secret, might I but let you know it.——

Har. Do not ſpeak it, if you would have me believe it; Your Tongue is ſo fam'd for Falſhood, 'twill do the Truth an Injury. [*Turns away her head.*

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and gueſs it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no Credit to be Given to Faces? that Women now-a-days have their Paſſion As much at will as they have their Complexions, and put on

for

Joy and Sadneſs, Scorn and Kindneſs, with the ſame eaſe They do their Paint and Patches —— Are they the only Counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you ſuſpect my Eyes; by all the hope I have in you, the inimitable Colour in your Cheeks is not more free from Art, than Are the Sighs I offer.

Har. In Men who have been long harden'd in Sin, we Have reaſon to miſtruſt the firſt Signs of Repentance.

Dor. The Proſpect of ſuch a Heav'n will make me Perſevere, and give you Marks that are infallible.

Har. What are thoſe?

Dor. I will renounce all the Joys I have in Friendſhip And in Wine, ſacrifice to you all the Intereſt I have in Other Women——

Har. Hold——though I wiſh you devout, I would Not have your turn Fanatick—— Could you neglect Theſe a while, and make a Journey into the Country?

Dor. To be with you I could live there, and never Send one Thought to *London.*

Har. What-e'er you ſay, I know all beyond *High-Park's* A Deſart to you, and that no Gallantry can draw you Farther.

Dor. That has been the utmoſt Limit of my Love—— But now my Paſſion knows no Bounds, and there's no Meaſure to be taken of what I'll do for you from any Thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampſhire,* I ſhall Begin to think there may be ſome Truth inlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all —— will you not promiſe me——

Har. I hate to promiſe! what we do then is expected From us, and wants much of the Welcome it finds, when It ſurprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis Your purpoſe to forbid it. [*Turns to* Buſy.

Buſy.

Buſy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman Loves you too, e'en let him know your Mind, and Torment your ſelves no longer.

Har. Doſt think I have no Senſe of Modeſty?

Buſy. Think, if you loſe this you may never have Another Opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a Curſe that frights me when I ſpeak it!) if ever I do a thing againſt the Rules of Decency and Honour.

Dor. to *Emil.* I am beholding to you for your good Intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage from Her might have done you better Service.

Dor. Try her again——

Emil. What have you reſolv'd, Madam? The time draws near.

Har. To be obſtinate, and proteſt againſt this Marriage.

Enter Lady Townley *in haſte.*

Town. to *Emil.* Quickly, quickly, let Mr. *Smirk* out Of the Cloſet. [Smirk *comes out of the Cloſet.*

Har. A Parſon! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your Opinion of my Eaſineſs may coſt you dear.

Enter Old Bellair, *Young* Bellair, Medley *and Lady* Woodvil.

O. *Bell.* Out a pize! the Canonical Hour is almoſt Paſt; Siſter, is the Man of God come?

Town. He waits your leiſure——

O. *Bell.* By your Favour, Sir. A-dod, a pretty ſpruce Fellow! what may we call him?

Town. Mr. *Smirk*, my Lady *Biggot*'s Chaplain.

O. *Bell.* A wiſe Woman! a-dod ſhe is. The Man Will ſerve for the Fleſh as well as the Spirit. Pleaſe You, Sir, to Commiſſion a young Couple to go to Bed Together a God's Name?—— *Harry.*

Y. *Bell.* Here, Sir——

O. *Bell.*

O. *Bell.* Out a pize, without your Miſtreſs in your Hand!

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. *Bell.* Yes, Sir.

Smirk. Are you not miſtaken, Sir?

O. *Bell.* A-dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir.

O *Bell.* You look as if you wou'd forbid the Banes, Mr. *Smirk*, I hope you have no Pretention to the Lady.

Smirk. Wiſh him Joy, Sir! I have done him the good Office to Day already.

O. *Bell.* Out a pize, what do I hear?

Town. Never ſtorm, Brother, the Truth is out.

O. *Bell.* How ſay you, Sir! is this your Wedding-Day?

Y. *Bell.* It is, Sir.

O. *Bell.* And a-dod it ſhall be mine too; give me Thy Hand, Sweet-heart, [*To* Emilia. What doſt thou mean? Give me thy Hand, I ſay.

[Emilia *kneels, and Young* Bellair.

Town. Come, come, give her your Bleſſing, this is The Woman your Son lov'd and is marry'd to.

O. *Bell.* Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your Contrivance, Siſter!

Town. What would you do with her? She's a Rogue, And you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. *Bell.* A-dod you are all Rogues, and I never will Forgive you.

Town. Whither! whither away?

Med. Let him go and cool a while.

Wood. to *Dor.* Here's a Buſineſs broke out now, Mr. *Courtage*, I am made a fine Fool of.

Dor. You ſee the old Gentleman knows nothing of it.

Wood. I find he did not. I ſhall have ſome Trick put Upon me if I ſtay in this wicked Town any longer. *Harriet!* dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country ſtraight.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, Madam, you ſhall hear me firſt.——

Enter Loveit *and* Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dogg'd him.——

Bell. Yonder he ſtands, my Dear.

Lov. I ſee him.——— [*Aſide*

And with the Face that has undone me! Oh that I were But where I might throw out the Anguiſh of my Heart, Here it muſt rage within, and break it.

Town. Mrs. *Loveit!* are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to ſee ſo much Company here in a Morning, the Occaſion ſure is extraordinary.——

Dor. aſide. Loveit and *Bellinda!* the Devil owes me a Shame to Day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia!* how am I tranſported With the News?

Har. to *Dor.* I little thought *Emilia* was the Woman Mr. *Bellair* was in Love with—— I'll chide her for not Truſting me with the Secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit?*

Har. She's a fam'd Miſtreſs of yours, I hear.——

Dor. She has been on Occaſion.

O. *Bell.* A-dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

[*To Lady* Woodvil.

Wood. You need make no more Apologies, Sir.

Emil. to *Lov.* The old Gentleman's excuſing himſelf To my Lady *Woodvil.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing ſo Pleaſant.

Har. She's extreamly over-joy'd at ſomething. [*To* Dor.

Dor. At nothing; ſhe is one of thoſe hoyting Ladies, Who gayly fling themſelves about, and force a Laugh, When their aking Hearts are full of Diſcontent and Malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never ſo near killing my ſelf With Laughing——Mr. *Dorimant,* are you a Brideman?

Wood. Mr. *Dorimant!* is this Mr. *Dorimant,* Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your Daughter can reſolve you, I ſuppoſe.

Wood. I am cheated too, baſely cheated.

O. *Bell.*

O. *Bell.* Out a pize, what's here more Knavery yet?
Wood. Harriet! on my Bleſſing come a way I charge
Har. Dear Mother, do but ſtay and hear me.
Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone, I fear.
Har. Do not fear it —— I have not, nor never will do
Any thing againſt my Duty——believe me, dear Mother do.
Dor. to Lov. I had truſted you with this Secret, but that I knew the Violence of your Nature would ruin my Fortune, As now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.
Lov. She's an Heireſs I know, and very Rich.
Dor. To ſatisfie you, I muſt give up my Intereſt wholly To my Love; had you been a reaſonable Woman, I Might have ſecur'd 'em both, and been happy——
Lov. You might have truſted me with any thing of This kind, you know you might. Why did you go Under a wrong Name?
Dor. The Story is too long to tell you now, be Satisfy'd, this is the Buſineſs; this is the Mask has kept Me from you.
Bell. He's tender of my Honour, though he's [*Aſide.* Cruel to my Love.
Lov. Was it no idle Miſtreſs then?
Dor. Believe me, a Wife, to repair the Ruins of my Eſtate that needs it.
Lov. The Knowledge of this makes my Grief hang Lighter on my Soul, but I ſhall never more be happy.
Dor. Bellinda!
Bell. Do not think of clearing your ſelf with me, it is Impoſſible —— Do all Men break their Words thus?
Dor. Th' extravagant Words they ſpeak in Love; 'tis As unreaſonable to expect we ſhould perform all we Promiſe then, as do all we threaten when we are angry—— When I ſee you next.——
Bell. Take no notice of me, and I ſhall not hate you.
Dor. How came you to Mrs. *Loveit?*

Bell. By a Miſtake the Chair-men made for want of My giving them Directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleaſant one. We muſt meet again.—

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are falſe.

Town. Men of Mr. *Dorimant*'s Character always ſuffer In the general Opinion of the World.

Med. You can make no Judgment of a witty Man from Common Fame, conſidering the prevailing Faction, Madam.

O. *Bell.* A-dod he's in the right.

Med. Beſides 'tis a common Error among Women, to Believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them They don't.

O. *Bell.* A-dod he obſerves well.

Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. *Dorimant* As civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage*.

Har. If you would but know him better——

Wood. You have a Mind to know him better; come Away —— You ſhall never ſee him more.——

Har. Dear Mother ſtay——

Wood. I wo'not be conſenting to your Ruin.——

Har. Were my Fortune in your Power——

Wood. Your Perſon is.

Har. Could I be Diſobedient I might take it out of Yours, and put it into his.

Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you would marry This *Dorimant*.

Har. I cannot deny it; I would, and never will Marry any other Man.

Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never Marry him againſt your Will---

Wood. She knows the way to melt my Heart. [*Aſide.*

Upon your ſelf light your Undoing. [*To* Harriet.

Med. to O. *Bell.* Come, Sir, you have not the Heart Any longer to refuſe your Bleſſing.

O. *Bell.*

Old Bell. A-dod I ha'not —— Riſe, and God bleſs you Both! —— Make much of her, *Harry*, ſhe deſerves thy Tenderneſs —— A-dod, Sirrah, I did not think it had been In thee. [*To* Emilia.

Enter Sir Fopling *and his* Page.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis a damn'd windy Day; hey, Page? Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Pox o'this Apartment, it wants an Anti-chamber To adjuſt one's ſelf in. Madam, I came from [*To* Loveit. Your Houſe, and your Servants directed me hither.

Lov. I will give Order hereafter they ſhall direct you Better.

Sir *Fop.* The great Satisfaction I had in the Mail laſt Night has given me much Diſquiet ſince.

Lov. 'Tis likely to give me more than I deſire.

Sir *Fop.* What the Devil makes her ſo reſerv'd? Am I guilty of an Indiſcretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your Miſtake, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Something puts you out of Humour.

Lov. The moſt fooliſh inconſiderable thing that ever did.

Sir *Fop.* Is it in my Power?

Lov. To hang or drown it; do one of 'em, and Trouble me no more.

Sir *Fop.* So fiere Serviteur, Madam —— *Medley!* Where's *Dorimant?*

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you thoſe Advances to Day ſhe did laſt Night, Sir *Fopling* ——

Sir *Fop.* Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a bone Fortune.

Sir *Fop.* Not to me, at preſent.

Med. How ſo?

Sir *Fop.* An Intrigue now would be but a Temptation to Me, to throw away that Vigour on one, which I mean ſhall nobly make my Court to the whole Sex in a Ballet.

Med. Wiſely conſider'd, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* No one Woman is worth the loſs of a Cut in a Caper.

Med. Not when 'tis ſo univerſally deſign'd.

Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has ſpoke ſo much in your Behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Lov. There's nothing but Falſehood and Impertinence in This World, all Men are Villains or Fools; take Example from my Misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou wou'dſt Be happy, give thy ſelf wholly up to Goodneſs.

Har. to Lov. Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another——

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my ſelf up in my Houſe, and never ſee the World again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more faſhionable place for ſuch A Retreat, and has been the fatal Conſequence of many A Belle Paſſion.

Lov. Hold Heart 'till I get home; ſhould I anſwer 'Twould make her Triumph greater. [*Is going out.*

Dor. Your Hand, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir *Fop.* Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [*Ex.* Lov.

Med. Dorimant! I pronounce thy Reputation clear—— And henceforward when I would know any thing of Woman, I will conſult no other Oracle.

Sir *Fop.* Stark Mad, by all that's handſom! *Dorimant* Thou haſt engag'd me in a pretty Buſineſs.

Dor. I have not leiſure now to talk about it.

O. *Bell.* Out a pize, what does this Man of Mode do Here again?

Town. He'll be an excellent Entertainment within, Brother, and is luckily come to raiſe the Mirth of the Company.

Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

Town. What do you mean, Madam?

Wood. To go this Afternoon part of my Way to *Hartly*——

O. *Bell.* A-dod you ſhall ſtay and Dine firſt; come, we Will all be good Friends, and you ſhall give Mr. *Dorimant*

Leave

Leave to wait upon you and your Daughter in the Country.

—*Har.* If his Occaſions bring him that way, I have Now ſo good an Opinion of him, he ſhall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone Houſe, that looks as it Were not Inhabited, the Family's ſo ſmall; there you'll Find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my ſelf, Sir, Perch'd up on Chairs at a diſtance in a large Parlour; Sitting moping like three or four melancholy Birds in a Spacious Vollary --- Does not this ſtagger your Reſolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam: The firſt time I ſaw you, You left me with the Pangs of Love upon me, and this Day my Soul has quite given up her Liberty.

Har. This is more diſmal than the Country, *Emilia*, Pity me who am going to that ſad place. Methinks I Hear the hateful Noiſe of Rooks already —— Knaw, Knaw, knaw —— There's Muſick in the worſt Cry in *London*; my Dill and Cucumbers to pickle.

O. *Bell.* Siſter, knowing of this Matter, I hope you Have provided us ſome good Chear.

Town. I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too——

O. *Bell.* Let 'em ſtrike up then, the young Lady ſhall Have a Dance before ſhe departs. [*Dance.*

[*After the Dance.*

So, now we'll in, and make this an arrant Wedding-Day----

And if theſe honeſt Gentlemen rejoice, [*To the Pit.*

A-dod the Boy has made a happy Choice. [*Ex. Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

MOST Modern Wits, ſuch monſtrous Fools have ſhown,
They ſeem'd not of Heav'n's making, but their own:
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in Farce may paſs,
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial Aſs;
Something of Man muſt be expos'd to View,
That, Gallants, they may more reſemble you:
Sir Fopling *is a Fool ſo nicely writ,*
The Ladies would miſtake him for a Wit.
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I now methinks he's pretty Company;
So brisk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd!
As he took Pains to graff upon his Kind.
True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School
To file and finiſh God-a'mighty's Fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling *him, or him can call;*
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets he culls what e'er he can,
Legion's his Name, a People in a Man.
His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a Snow-Ball grows.
His various Modes from various Fathers follow;
One taught the Toſs, and one the new French *Wallow.*
His Sword-knot this, his Cravat this deſign'd,
And this, the Yard-long Snake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred Perriwig he gain'd,
Which Wind ne'er blew, nor touch of Hat prophan'd.
Another's diving Bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the Hair before;
Till he with full Decorum *brings it back,*
And riſes with a Water-Spaniel ſhake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear Delight)
Thoſe ſure he took from moſt of you who Write.
Yet ev'ry Man is ſafe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the Herd.

POEMS.

POEMS.

A LETTER TO THE EARL of *MIDDLETON.*

SINCE Love and Verſe, as well as Wine,
Are brisker where the Sun does ſhine,
'Tis ſomething to loſe two Degrees,
Now Age it ſelf begins to freeze:
Yet this I patiently could bear,
If the rough *Danube*'s Beauties were
But only two Degrees leſs fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle *Thames*,
Who warm me hither with their Beams:
Such Pow'r they have, they can diſpence
Five hundred Miles their Influence.
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Though no Temptation's in the Meat.
How would the ogling Sparks deſpiſe
The darling Damſel of my Eyes;

Shou'd

Shou'd they behold her at a Play,
As ſhe's trick'd up on Holy-day:
When the whole Family combine
For publick Pride to make her ſhine?
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
Are on this Day comb'd out and plaited:
A Diamond Bodkin in each Treſs,
The Badges of her Nobleneſs.
For ev'ry Stone, as well as ſhe,
Can boaſt an ancient Pedigree.
Theſe form'd the Jewel erſt did grace
The Cap of the firſt *Grave* o'th' Race,
Preſerr'd by *Graffin Marian*
T'adorn the Handle of her Fan,
And, as by old Record appears,
Worn ſince in *Renigunda*'s Years,
Now ſparkling in the Frokin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air
Can with her ſtarry Head compare.
Such Roaps of Pearl her Arms incumber,
She ſcarce can deal the Cards at *Ombre*,
So many Rings each Finger freight,
They tremble with the mighty weight.
The like in *England* ne'er was ſeen,
Since *Holben* drew *Hal* and his Queen.
But after theſe fantaſtick Flights,
The Luſtre's meaner than the Lights.
The Thing that bears this glitt'ring Pomp
Is but a tawdry ill-bred Ramp,
Whoſe brawny Limbs and martial Face
Proclaim her of the *Gothick* Race,
More than the mangled Pageantry
Of all the Father's Heraldry.
But there's another ſort of Creatures,
Whoſe ruddy Look and Groteſque Features
Are ſo much out of Nature's way,
You'd think 'em ſtamp'd on other Clay

No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*.
Mongſt theſe behold a City Madam,
With Guins in Mittins, Head in Muff,
A dapper Cloak and rev'rend Ruff:
No Farce ſo pleaſant as this Maukin,
And the ſoft Sound of *High-Dutch* talking.
Here unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a ſad Caſe is.
Nature, her active Miniſter,
Neglects Affairs, and will not ſtir;
Thinks it not worth the while to pleaſe,
But when ſhe does it for her Eaſe.
Ev'n I, her moſt devout Adorer,
With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her.
And when I'm making an Oblation,
Am fain to ſpur Imagination
With ſome ſham *London* Inclination.
The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,
The Arrow flies at *Engliſh* Game.
Kindneſs, that can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm,
Has in the very tendereſt Hour
Over my Gentleneſs a Power.
True to my Country-women's Charms,
When kiſs'd and preſs'd in Foreign Arms.

A Second

LETTER

TO THE

LORD *MIDDLETON.*

FROM hunting Whores, and haunting Play,
And minding nothing elſe all Day,
And all the Night too, you will ſay;
To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
Converſe with Fools, and write dull Letters;
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And ſleep away my precious Time,
In ſuch a ſneaking idle Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,
And in a troubleſome Diſguiſe,
The Wife ſeems honeſt, Husband wiſe.
For Pleaſure here has the ſame Fate
Which does attend Affairs of State,
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Ev'n in Love, the ſofter Sex;
Who an Eſſential will neglect,
Rather than loſe the leaſt Reſpect.
In regular Approach we ſtorm,
And never viſit but in form;
That is, ſending to know before
At what a Clock ſhe'll play the Whore.
The Nymphs are conſtant, Gallants private,
One ſcarce can gueſs what 'tis they drive at

This ſeems to me a ſcurvy Faſhion,
Which have been bred in a free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Paſſion.
Yet can or forbear to ſpark it,
And make the beſt of a bad Market.
Meeting with one, by chance, ſkind-hearted,
Who no Preluminaries ſtarted,
I enter'd, beyond Expectation,
Into a cloſe Negotiation:
Of which hereafter a Relation.
Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I ſtill was pleas'd with what ſhe gave;
And, with a firm and cheerful Mind,
I ſteer my Courſe with ev'ry Wind,
To all the Ports ſhe has deſign'd.

A SONG.

YE happy Swains, whoſe Hearts are free
From Love's Imperial Chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T'avoid th'inchanting Pain.
Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
Fierce Winds to Bloſſoms prove,
To careleſs Seamen hidden Rocks,
To Human Quiet Love.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliſs you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
That taſted Quiet more?
How fatal is the Lover's Joy!
How conſtant is their Care!
Tho' arm'd with Blood do deſtroy,
Tho' arm'd with Help'leſs Fear.

The Forſaken Miſtreſs.

A

DIALOGUE

Between

PHILLIS and STREPHON.

PHILLIS.

TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly?
Does my Love thy Love deſtroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.
Stay, O ſtay, and I will feign
(Though I break my Heart) Diſdain;
But, leſt I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll ſhed a Tear.
And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at leaſt, thy Pity move:
Ah! while I ſcorn vouchſafe to woo;
Methinks you may diſſemble too.

STREPHON.

Ah! *Phillis*, that you would contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;

But

But all your other Charms muſt fail,
When Kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.
Alas! no leſs than you, I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Thoſe Pleaſures I enjoy'd in you,
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our Breaſts and Veins with Fire.
'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Diſdain;
But ſecond Love has ſtill Allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for loſing more
Than Love and Beauty can reſtore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

SONG of *BASSET*

LET Equipage and Dreſs deſpair,
Since *Baſſet* is come in;
For nothing can oblige the Fair
Like Mony and Morine.

Is any Counteſs in Diſtreſs,
She flies not to the Beau;
'Tis only Cony can redreſs
Her Grief with a Rouleau.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and ſold:

Ara-

And that which ſhould be a free Trade
Is now ingroſs'd by Gold.

Ev'n Senſe is brought into Diſgrace,
Where Company is met;
Or ſilent ſtands, or leaves the Place,
While all the Talk's *Baſſet*.

Why, Ladies, will you ſtake your Hearts,
—Where a plain Cheat is found?
You firſt are rook'd out of thoſe Darts,
That gave your ſelves the Wound.

The Time, which ſhould be kindly lent
To Plays and witty Men,
In waiting for a Knave is ſpent,
Or wiſhing for a Ten.

Stand in defence of your own Charms,
—Throw down this Favourite,
That threatens, with his dazzling Arms,
Your Beauty and your Wit.

What Pity 'tis, thoſe Conqu'ring Eyes,
Which all the World ſubdue,
Shou'd, while the Lover gazing dies,
Be only on *Alpue*.

FINIS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018